

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 43

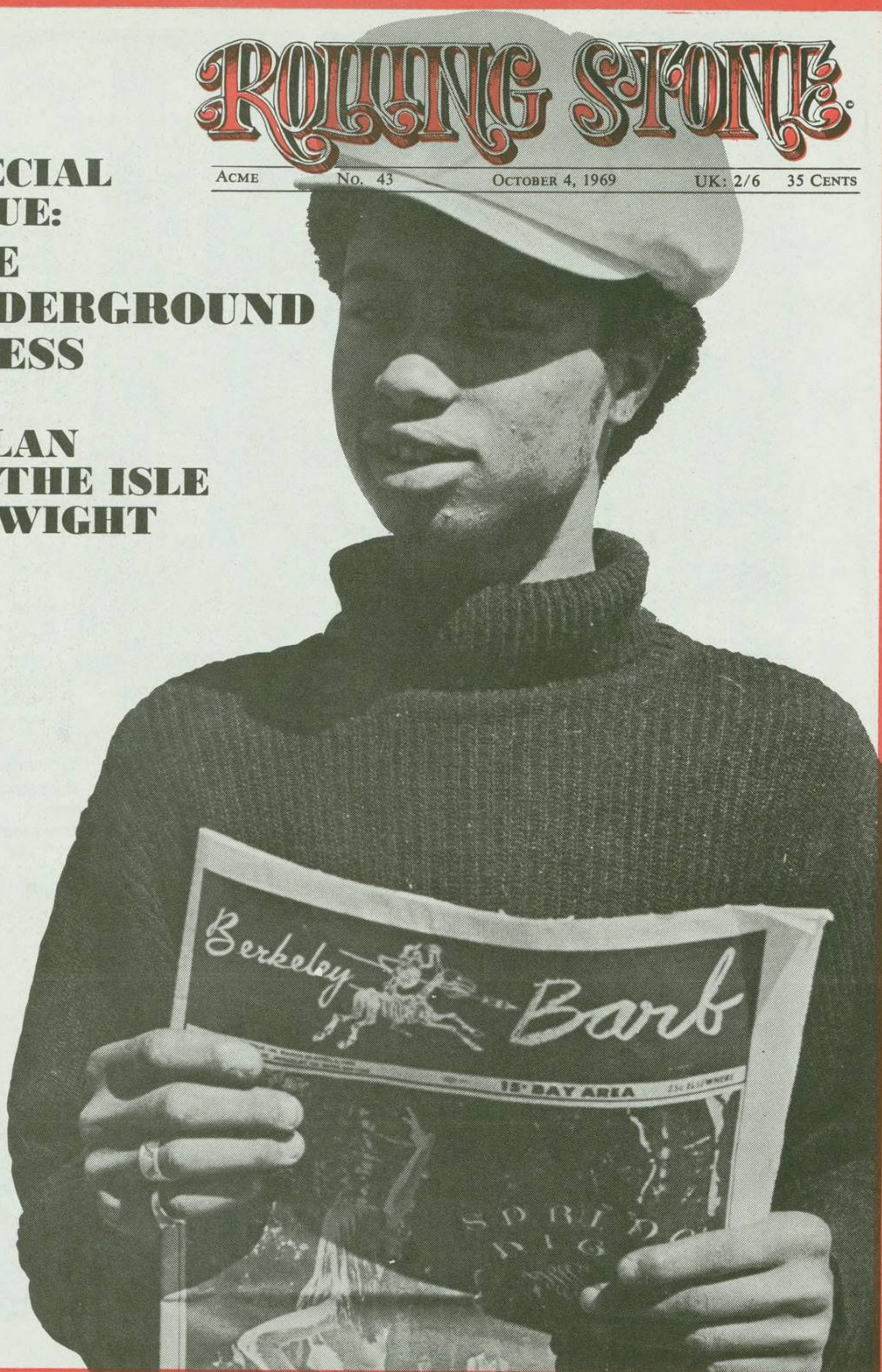
OCTOBER 4, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**A
SPECIAL
ISSUE:**

**THE
UNDERGROUND
PRESS**

**DYLAN
ON THE ISLE
OF WIGHT**



STEVEN SHAMES

ROLLING STONE

'All the News
That Fits'

No. 43
OCTOBER 4, 1969

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AMALIE ROTHSCHILD

'GREAT TO BE HERE, GREAT TO BE HERE, IT SURE IS'

RYDE, Isle of Wight—The Isle of Wight Festival of Music was Bob Dylan's personal possession long before his appearance there. Indeed, before the festival ever began. Not that there weren't plenty of other good reasons for buying a ticket to Ryde—the Who, Joe Cocker, the Band, Richie Havens, Tom Paxton and dozens more.

But this was Dylan's first scheduled public performance in more than three years. It was clearly going to be the Event of the festival, no matter what Dylan had done. On TV, the resemblance to Woodstock was striking—the same traffic clog-ups, the same hordes trudging afoot toward the pre-hallowed festival turf.

British TV newsmen, as bewildered as their American counterparts had been three weeks earlier, asked some of the 200,000 who came to Ryde why they were there. "Oh, Dylan, it's Dylan," exulted one 16-year-old Manchester girl. "I'm very heavy into Dylan and, oh, if I couldn't be here with him that would end it for me. It's going to be so fah-out!"

The press had caught the scent and had actually tried to get up close to the

29-year-old singer (who reportedly got something around \$84,000 for his performance) during the week he spent rehearsing with the Band at the 16th century Forland Farm, at Bembridge. Despite a pair of guards at the boarded-up, wrought-iron gates, one reporter, Chris White, of the London Daily Sketch, did get in to talk with Dylan, who told him he'd always wanted to come to the Isle of Wight because it was the home of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Dylan said he had no thoughts about future engagements after the festival. "We will consider any offers we get," he told the reporter. "But basically we're just having a holiday."

That "holiday," according to guitarist Robbie Robertson of the Band, consisted in almost non-stop jamming. In fact, Dylan's appetite for music-making far exceeded the Band's. "He just likes to play all the time," Robertson said. "We had to say, 'Give us a rest.' We could hardly finish our first album because he wanted to play all the time."

For his part, Dylan said: "It's nice to be working with the Band again. We're just getting in a bit of practice."

The Wednesday prior to the festival, Dylan had given a 20-minute press conference. He turned up in jeans and a white shirt, his hair trimmed comparatively short, his beard a gold-miner's stubble. For his part, Dylan seemed amused and annoyed with the irrelevance of most of the questions on dope and his marriage.

What about the huge expected crowd? "The more the better, I just hope it's a good show." Some new arrangements of Dylan's material had been worked up during the week at Forland Farm, but "everything we will do is on record."

Somebody asked about his change in attire and style. Dylan said his old style was gimmicky and that he no longer needed gimmicks. Another reporter asked whether Dylan had perhaps turned square; does he think of himself as square now? Dylan suggested that this was a question for his fans.

Was there anyone in England that Dylan was eager to meet? "Anyone who is around. I'd like to meet Georgie Fame." What kind of performance could the I.O.W. audience expect? "My job is to play music," he said, evenly, calmly.

"I'm just going to take it easy. You've got to take it easy if you're going to do your job well."

What of the Beatles' offer to use their recording facilities. "I'd sure like to, I love the Beatles."

There was some disappointment along Fleet Street that Dylan had not been prophetic, according to their lights. The British press gave Dylan unprecedented coverage during his stay—front page photos, however ill-conceived (there were some beauties), were the rule—and they had hopes that Dylan would fit the mold which had been set for him.

To place the festival in its proper socio-political context, it is worth noting that three times as many came to Ryde as had attended the huge anti-Vietnam demonstration at Trafalgar Square a year ago—one of the largest British tribal gatherings of its sort prior to the festival.

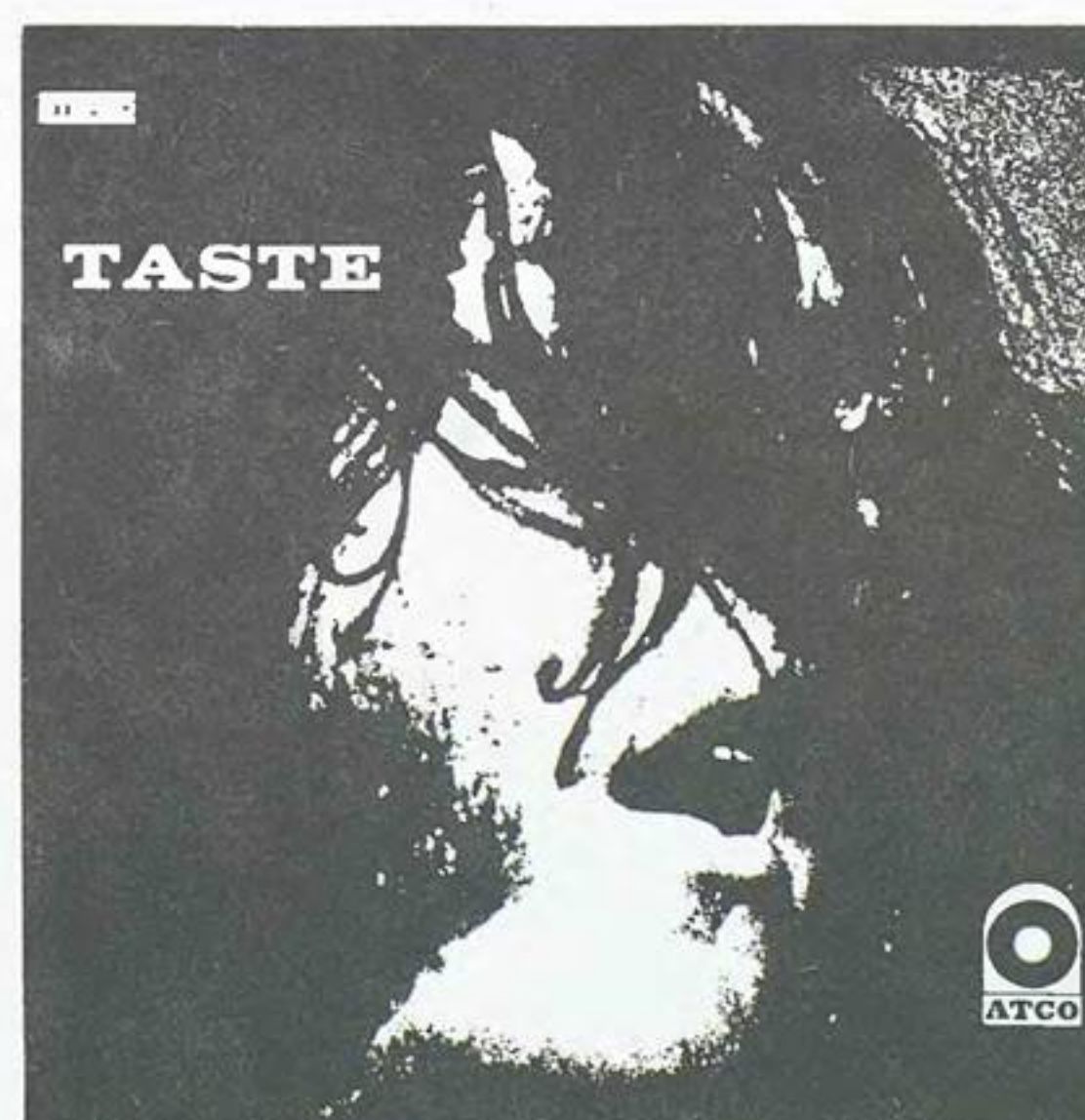
The nomads arrived from all over England, not to mention Europe, Scandinavia, the United States and Canada, and quickly turned the 100-acre site into

—Continued on Page 6

Can a blues group from Ireland find true happiness in the United States?



Yes, if the name is Taste. They found true happiness on their tour with Blind Faith, when they won cheers from audiences who had never heard them before. Taste's first album, recorded in England, displays more of their original blues works, sparked by exciting performances by Rory Gallagher, Richard McCracken, and John Wilson. Taste... a broth of a group.



Also available on 8 track stereo cartridges



From San Francisco CAMERA, a magazine of photography

DENNIS HEARN

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I want to thank Peter Guralnick for his fine review of *Elvis in Memphis*. He's sure right when he says that Elvis is trying very hard to please us and needs our attention.

I think the future is bright for Elvis now that he's choosing the material he wants to do on his albums. I hear he's recorded "Hey Jude" for the next. After his great version of "Gentle on My Mind," I'm sure he will come up with a special treatment for this song too.

ROGER HALL
WATERTOWN, MASS.

SIRS:

It seems incredible that all the positive people involved in the San Francisco Wild West Festival could have succumbed to the "speed-freak politicos" you describe. I hope the people who wanted and planned for it to happen realize that they were only defeated as a whole after they were each defeated individually. If all those very heavy heads had been really together as a whole, they would have had the mental strength alone to scatter any attack by negative assholes.

In the last paragraph of your article on the death of Wild West you say "And the Wild West Show—like the world—ended not with a bang, but with a whimper." Look around—the world hasn't ended. I for one am still banging away. It is up to us first individually and then universally to get our heads together. We do not end.

CHER COTTLE
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Isn't it interesting that Chet Helms ("groovy guy") is well-known for hiring people and failing to pay them, while Bill Graham ("exploiter") has never cheated anyone, works harder than most performers to please his audience, and almost singlehandedly supports and maintains the entire national rock scene.

Exploiter? Don't you realize that running the Fillmore is an art as well as a business, and that it takes a genius to do it successfully? Why is it cool for

light show artists to make a profit but a sin for Bill Graham to do the same?

Who is more indispensable to the music scene? If you don't know now, you may find out in 1970 and be defunct by '71, as you'll deserve for not recognizing and appreciating one of the most honest, creative and valuable members of the rock community. JOAN AND DAVID MAY
ELDRIDGE, CALIF.

SIRS:

As long as you are on the subject of plagiarism in songs, the Airplane song "Crown of Creation," written by Paul Kantner, is taken in most part from an English novelist's science fiction story called *Rebirth*. The author is John Wyndham, and the book was written in 1955. I read it about four years ago, and recently reread it, and realized that Kantner had stolen from it.

I quote from the book: "Your work is to survive. Neither his kind, nor his kind of thinking will last long. They are the crown of creation, they are ambition fulfilled, they have nowhere to go. But life is change, that is how it differs from the rocks, change is its very nature."

There's more: "Soon they will attain the stability they strive for, in the only form it is granted—a place among the fossils." The book is unique for its time and for now; the theme of the book is more than just similar to that of the song. Kantner should have given credit where it is due.

FRANK J. KORNELUSSEN
FLUSHING, NEW YORK

SIRS:

NEW LEFT SHOCKED AT GLARING OMISSION STOP WHO WROTE OUTSTANDING COVER ARTICLE ON WOODSTOCK.

CHRISTINA HODENFIELD
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Just read your article on the dope crisis, and it was all so very true. The fact is that since there is no weed, people are doing reds and really are hurting themselves. Also the sprayed grass is very true. A couple of weeks ago I paid \$10 for a righteous-sized can, rolled a number, smoked it, and puked to shit.

But I know the problem is getting better for here at least you can score some great weed for \$12. Though it's expensive and small, the price is right in this dry age.

S. MILITTEH
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

SIRS:

Recently upstate New York has been plagued by a series of anti-acid-grass-and-other-dangerous-drugs commercials over the straight media. One in particular, put out by the State Bank of Albany, utilizes the first few bars of Jeff Beck's "Rice Pudding." (Does Beck know this?)

This is not only sacrilege, but a real down when the bullshit story cuts in on your head. I really hope that you can do something to stop this or at least demand equal time.

JOHN KRAUSS
HILLSDALE, N.Y.

SIRS:

I'd just like to tell you, it's happening in Australia too. Grass goes for \$10 to \$30, most of it smuggled in by the 5000 American GIs a week who come to spend R and R here. We have \$5 to \$10 acid and local-grown mushrooms.

There's an underground scene with groups like Nutwood Rug Band, Samael Lilith, Taman Shud and Turkish Green Electric Band, and ex-Steppenwolf and ex-Early Canned Heat bassist Jim Stanley has just joined a Sydney group called Heart 'n' Soul.

Australia is also a place for 18- to 26-year-old Americans to hang out instead of being drafted. Many are over here. One thing I must say, Sydney and Melbourne are the only places. The rest of the country is full of the fuckwits who elect our Government and its censorship board. Sydney is the leading city for heavy groups and Melbourne has the pop groups and dances-discos.

So all you young Americans, spend a little money and come to Australia for a few years. But don't forget, bring some stuff with you, stocks are getting low.

DAVID LILLICOT
KOGARRAH, NEW SOUTH WALES
AUSTRALIA

SIRS:

I came across a letter last issue knocking B. Mitchell Reed of KMET and praising Brother John of KABC. I was astonished—I thought, "KABC must have really changed." I turned on KABC (LOVE), which I had given up shortly after it first was aired, and listened for a few hours.

It hadn't changed. The commercials areas longwinded as ever. The music is a scattered, disarranged assortment of both AM and FM standards, not terribly bad, but incoherent. There were all the typical commercialism of AM radio—"swinging" musical production number of the station's name and number, and its name, love, a cheapening exploitation of a beautiful experience.

So I switched back to KMET. The ads were mostly local promotion (record stores, album plugs, music shows), the "messages of interest" were of interest, the music was programmed with something in mind. B. Mitchell Reed plays entire albums at times, often records not yet released, and he comes across as human being with likes and dislikes, desires, feelings and taste.

RICHARD HICKCOX
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I want to thank you for the great article on Ronnie Hawkins. For once we are treated to an honest interview that deals with a real person, and not some egotistical maniac that rock seems to breed so easily these days.

Ronnie's accounts of the early days with the Band are so down to earth you can do nothing but respect him and each and every member of his band. His humor is unprecedented.

Let's hear more about Ronnie Hawkins in the future. He certainly paid his dues. But what a way to pay.

JOHN W. ROWE
FPO NEW YORK

SIRS:

How come you never write about me?

RICH HOWORTH
WEST LOS ANGELES

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Show biz: Donovan's latest LP, *Barabajagal*, was all set to shoot its merry way up the hype parade—Billboard had reviewed it, and another trade magazine was set to list it Number 85 on its chart. Then it was discovered that the record didn't even exist yet. True, jacket art had been printed up and sample records had been shipped out to the media. Then Donovan himself saw the album and went dippy: The sequence wasn't right, he said, and one song had to be removed entirely. Fortunately for Epic Records, the LP hadn't yet gone into mass pressing, and the trade journal, presumably, was able to dig up a record actually in circulation to be crowned Number 85.

So darn nice: The Richard Nixon of television, Ed Sullivan, has released a rock and roll record. Right. It's called "Sulli-Gulli," and it is, of course, a new dance sensation (complete with a special sleeve with photos of cool teens doing the boss steps). "Sulli-Gulli" is done by The Ed Sullivan Singers and Orchestra with the toast of the town himself doing narration. What next, groupies with varicose veins? . . . Also on the rock wagon, Theodore Bikel, who's dropped his ethnic folk-song repertoire to do an album with producer Richard Perry. His LP, *A New Day*, includes such numbers as "For No One," "Mother's Nature's Son," "Piggies," "Lady Jane," "The Great Mandala," and "Urge for Going." . . . And Tommy Sands (remember "They call it a teenager's romance"?), who's now successful in Hawaii, is working on a mind-blower of his own, an LP including "Catch the Wind," "Feelin' Groovy," and "Abraham, Martin, and John."

Aretha Franklin has now canceled all engagements through the end of the year. She had been scheduled to go back to work in August, but her hospitalization for mental and physical exhaustion and her arrest in July for disorderly conduct plus the split from her husband Ted White have been too much for her. She is now, according to one observer, only eating, drinking and sleeping.

Meanwhile those trying to reach her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin, who barely survived the Soul Bowl debacle, report that he is not answering his telephone. While the phone is ringing, he sits and looks at it. When the ringing stops, he picks it up to dial outside calls. Consequently, anyone calling the Reverend has to hope that he'll happen to pick up at the exact moment the incoming call comes through. Then the caller has to shout "Reverend Franklin, Reverend Franklin!" Sometimes there is a response. Sometimes not.

Entertainment for men: A revolting item from Playboy's "After Dark" column: "A usually reliable source in Washington, D.C., notes that an increasing number of Federal job applicants see the world in terms of a multiple-choice quiz. When asked, 'Do you advocate overthrow of the Government by subversion or violence?', for example, many of them write 'Violence.'"

Jon Landau, who disappeared without notice from our masthead two months ago, is now producing the MC5. He has spent the last two months in the Detroit area working with them on their next record (their first record for Atlantic). He reports that it will be totally different than their first LP, consisting mainly of fast-moving three minute rock and roll numbers. Jon will continue to contribute articles from time to time.

Also on the record front, our editor, Jann Wenner, has recently produced a rock and roll album himself. The al-

Random Notes



SATTY

bum is Boz Scaggs (Atlantic 8239) just released this week. Boz, who wrote the songs and sang them, was formerly with the Steve Miller Band, and was on their first two albums. (Among the tunes Boz wrote on the Miller albums were "Dime A Dance Romance," and "Baby's Calling Me Home"). The record was made in Muscle Soals, Alabama, with the musicians who usually back Aretha Franklin and Wilson Pickett. It goes without saying . . .

"The Youngbloods were supposed to play," Johnny Carson told his Tonight audience near the end of his September 4th show, "but they complained about the set, the lighting, the sound, the show—everything, so we wiped their noses, told them they'd been in show business a day and a half and sent them home." Slick, as usual, but if Carson had shown the proposed set and lighting scheme, for all to see, even his middle-class America audience would probably have puked. As band manager Stu Kutchins reports, "It was really disgusting. They had this set with these really garish blinking lights and a metal strip leading up to a big flashing board. Banana was right saying it looked like a set for a high school psychedelic production of *Wizard of Oz*. We were told where to put our equipment—like the set was the main thing and we'd be fitted into it. We

weren't treated like guests as much as like niggers—you know, 'Come on, do your song, and split.' They were the rudest, most desperate people we'd ever met."

More than Carson's estimate, the Youngbloods have been in the game—including several good TV gigs—for four years. "But we got 15 years of show-biz education that one day," Kutchins said. As for Carson's show, which also wrecked Jimi Hendrix in one of his rare TV appearances a couple of months ago, the Youngbloods are in agreement: "Fuck him and his show."

Society notes: Paul McCartney and Linda Eastman are now a pater and a mater, respectively, Linda having given birth to a six-pound, eight-ounce girl in London. They've named her Mary . . . David Crosby has found a house in Inverness in Marin County; he's the first of several musicians planning to settle in the Bay Area. The others are named Stills, Nash, and Young . . .

Mexican government officials are planning to ask the World Health Organization to include poliporaceas alucigenicas—the magic mushroom—on its list of dangerous drugs. The magic button, used in prehispanic times during religious rituals, has attracted mushroom connoisseurs from all over the world to Mexico.

That certainly *does* sound dangerous . . . Meanwhile, Tijuana may become an "off limits" town to 150,000 military men and women based in Southern California, effective September 15th, because of dope traffic there. Orders came from the 11th Naval District, which supervises all military personnel. The Mexican government is reportedly balking at this cutoff of potential tourists. "How about Los Angeles, and Hollywood, and San Francisco? They're drug-traffic centers, too." But, then, of course, so are all Army, Air Force, and Navy bases . . .

Move over, James Brown: Elaine Brown, Deputy Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party in Southern California, has signed a contract with Vault Records; her first LP, consisting of political songs written by Miss Brown, is called *Seize the Time*. Tunes, done in a soul/jazz vein, include "The Black Panther National Anthem," "The End of Silence," "The Panther," and "A Very Black Man." The LP, Miss Brown says, is a political act designed to give the Panther Party a new avenue of communicating to people. "Hopefully the album will remind people that they have power and the ways and means to regain their lost status," she says. Profits from the LP sales will go to the Party's treasury to continue the Panthers' program of free breakfasts for ghetto kids.

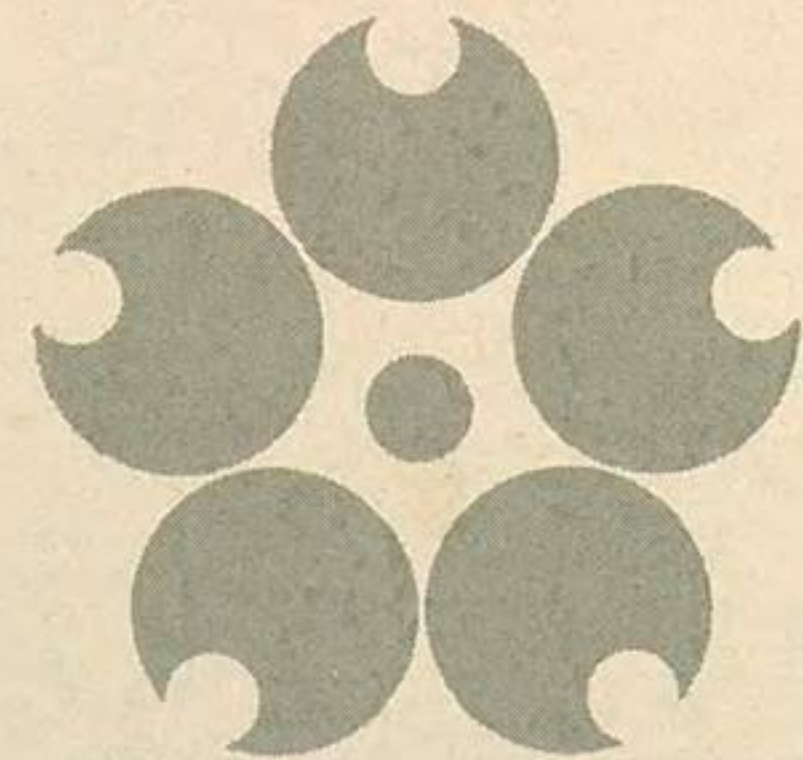
It was bound to happen. A machine has earned a Gold Record. *Switched-On Bach*, the Moog-Synthesized LP developed by composer-performer Walter Carlos, was certified as a million-dollar-seller LP by RIAA (Record Industry Association of America). It hit the album charts for several months and remains Numero Uno on the classical surveys. So roll over, Beethoven . . .

On the ole teevee: *The Music Scene* bows in on September 22nd at 7:30 PM on ABC, with the Beatles, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, James Brown, and Buck (Hee Haw) Owens scheduled as guests . . . The hosting team, now that the Committee is out of the picture, will consist of David Steinberg (from Chicago's Second City); Chris Ross, formerly a Committee member; and Lily Tomlin, off-Broadway and nightclub comedienne . . . The Smothers Brothers, meantime, are reported ready to produce their first show in exile from Toronto; the talk has them trying to book the Beatles and Simon and Garfunkle for their first program. It'll be taped next month at CFTO-TV, the flagship station of the Canadian Television Network. The shows would take the form of 90-minute specials and be made available for syndication among independent stations in the U.S.

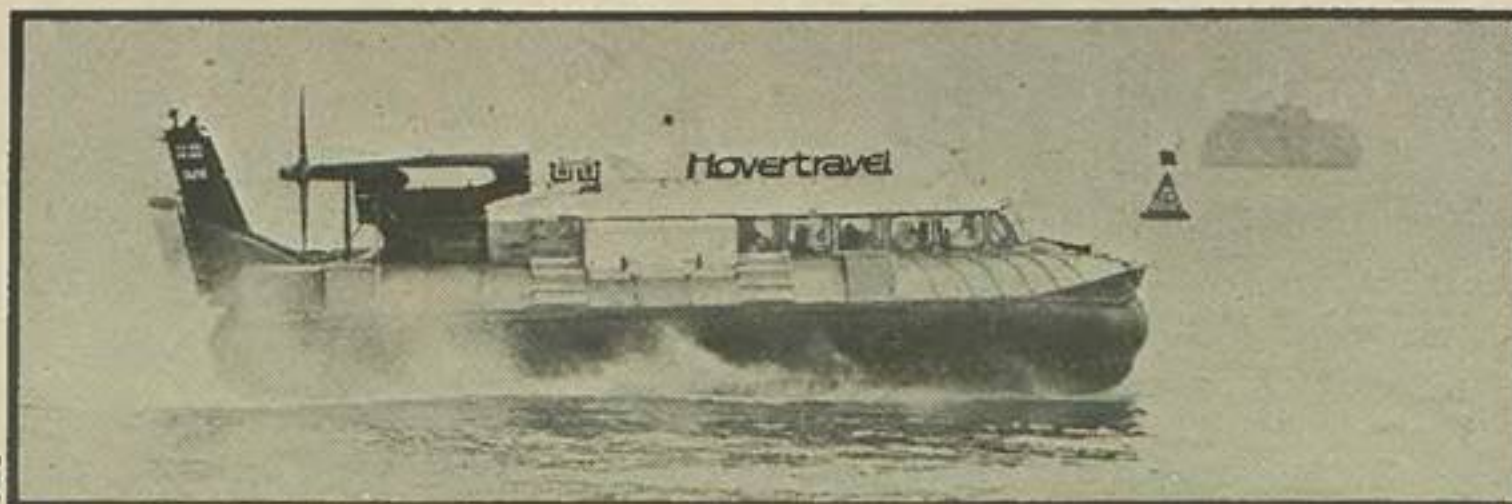
Better than Life: Country Joe and the Fish are in the November ish of one of the bloodier members of the Marvel Comics Group, "Nick Fury, Agent of SHIELD." Fury, the well-muscled, eyepatched hero of the comic book version of the CIA, has been lured by his fresh-faced girl friend, Laura, to a "happening" at the "Central Park Summer Music Festival," where he sits and suffers through several panels of McDonald's lyrics, including a protest number and a snip from "Sweet Martha Lorraine." Of course, Marvel has him there for a purpose: "Little does Fury suspect that lurking in a tree a mere fifty yards away is a sinister figure who intends to see that he does not live long enough to appreciate the NOW SOUND." In the end, the whole Wolman Rink area is ripped by machine-gun bullets, both Fury and his tightly-costumed assassin are killed by a series of big red "Ba-tow's" and "Btam's." And just when festivals were getting peaceful, too.



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ERIC HAYES



Waiting for Bob At Wight Festival

Continued from Page One

a vast tent city along Woodstock lines. One shack built by Americans and Canadians of iron sides, plastic sheeting and a grass roof, was called, appropriately enough, "Desolation Row."

As is usual at large—attendance festivals of this sort, a feeling of community soon developed at the festival grounds. "We came," explained a girl of 18 from Ealing, London, "mainly for the groups but also because we are all the same kind of people here. We all think more or less the same way."

The highest pre-Dylan points—which were provided by Tom Paxton, the Who and Richie Havens—almost made the festival audience forget that they were, essentially, waiting for Bob.

Paxton, hardly a super-star back in the States, was a surprising knockout before the British audience, performing songs like "Rambling Boy," "Last Thing on My Mind," and "Crazy John." His "Talking Vietnam Potluck Blues" got a terrific standing ovation. One of his two encores was a song called "Forest Lawn," which deals with the bullshit America puts you through even after you're dead. Even after being told, in the most emphatic terms, that Paxton was not coming back onstage, the audience continued

standing, chanting "Paxton, Paxton, Paxton, Paxton..." for a full four minutes. Overwhelming delirium prevailed, and there were tears in many eyes, when the singer-songwriter did re-appear one last time to say: "Thank you, thank you—you have made me happier than I have been in my whole life." A wonderfully emotional moment.

It was an excellent night for Pete Townshend of the Who, who got off some of the nastiest guitar heard during the entire festival (and in the Who's whole history, one critic wrote). The Who had arrived at the last possible moment via helicopter, which slopped in on a near-crash landing, following contractual negotiations. They wound up getting paid twice what they'd been signed for—but less than one-sixth Dylan's \$84,000.

"Young Man Blues," a section from *Tommy*, then "Summertime Blues" and "My Generation"; all these were frequently interrupted by standing ovations. The encore, "Shaking All Over," swept up the whole audience on the sheer momentum of its thundrous riffs, shook them, left them exhausted, as finally the Who receded from the stage, leaving the stage strewn with bashed and wasted equipment.

It is understood that Dylan told Wight's promoters he'd not appear unless Richie Havens (who, like Dylan, is represented by Albert Grossman) was also on the bill. As the last rays of sun glowed upon the horizon on the festival's

closing night, Havens, accompanied handsomely by Paul Williams on guitar and Daniel Benzebulon on congas, wove a charged, spell-binding set out of "Maggie's Farm" and "Window of Experience" and "Hey Jude." One song spring-boarded the next, building in intensity to his second and final encore, an exciting, powerful "Strawberry Fields Forever."

And then followed a one-hour wait, while the Band set up. It was to be a set by the Band, and then Dylan, maybe two, maybe three hours of Dylan.

In all, it had been a placid festival, and as technicians arranged the Band's equipment and instruments onstage, the audience prepared itself with various combinations of speed, acid and hash. Dope had been readily available, often for free, and lovingly consumed all through the week-end. Now it was time for one final set-up.

Perhaps all the dope, coupled with the good vibes, was responsible for keeping Wight trouble-free. Islanders had anticipated, with no little trepidation, something on the order of soccer fan booze crazies, except with long hair and loud music. The 150 men who constitute the Isle of Wight police force had their week-end leaves canceled, and braced themselves for the worst. The festival security force, with their haughty Alsatian hounds, looked a bit out of place. But all in all, Wight authorities were pleased. Said Superintendent Arthur Maynard: "Everything has been very good-tempered. The kids have been well-behaved and there has been no trouble of a serious nature."

During Dylan's performance, a lovely 19-year-old girl, who said her name was Vivian and that she came from "nowhere," appeared naked with a similarly naked young man, in the midst of a sea of foam pumped into a recreation area, and before 200 persons, made love. There was no attempt to stop them—but there was plenty of encouragement. "Beautiful," bellowed several who saw it: "Freaky, baby!"

And then: the Band. A nice hand for them, as they jiggled and thumped right into "We Can Talk About It Now." They were in soaring good form, pouring good country rock and roll into the damp night air: "Long Black Veil," "Chest Fever," "The Weight," "I Shall Be Released," "Loving You," "Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos," and "Don't Tell Henry." Forty-five minutes of solid good-rocking Anglo-Saxon music.

On came Bob Dylan, one of the very few artists who could afford not to wear skin-tight, flared, sexy trousers. Boy Dylan in a loose white suit (Buddy Holly probably owned a suit like that), white shoes, white tie and yellow shirt, behind a sparkling stainless steel chin-height barricade of microphones. The stomping and the cheering and the crying and the crush toward the front-stage area was still strong as Dylan began his first song, "She Belongs to Me."

"Great to be here, great to be here," he said as he finished the song. "It sure is."

There was a slightly more down-home resilience to "I Threw It All Away" and "Maggie's Farm" than on the recordings, possibly due to the Band's mellow, sinewy backings. "Highway 61" positively rocked.

Then the Band departed for a time, allowing Dylan to play acoustically: "Will Ye Go, Lassie Go," a hardy perennial on the British folk scene; "It Ain't Me Babe"; "To Ramona"; "Mr. Tambourine Man."

In "Like a Rolling Stone," Dylan hit upon a new device of adding the world "girl" at judicious places—"You mustn't let other people get your kicks for you, girl!" the sang, goosing the song along all the better, with the Band, who had re-joined him now, adding their resonant voices to the chorus.

"I Pity The Poor Immigrant" took on sea chantey tones with Garth Hudson's accordion accompaniment. Song after song rolled on, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine," "Lay Lady Lay," "One Too Many Mornings." And then Dylan announced: "We're going to do one more for you." Just the slightest sardonic grin. "This was a big hit over here by Manfred Mann, a great group, a great group."

A whoop of anticipation, and sure enough, it was "Mighty Quinn," mighty funky.

Bob smiled broadly and waved his goodbye as the audience fell into their chant: "More, more, more more, more..." So he did an encore of two more



ERIC HAYES

songs, the first of them a new Dylan song, a slow, gentle ballad called "Who's Gonna Throw That Next Throw," then followed it with a prancing "Rainy Day Women No. 12 and No. 35."

And that was it. He had sung for one solid hour, from 11 PM to midnight. "Thank you, thank you, great!" he told the audience, still smiling, as he left for the last time.

Beatles' Next LP Due in October

LONDON—The Beatles' next LP, preceding their bulky *The Beatles: Get Back* December package, will be a late October release featuring 18 tunes on one record.

The album is titled *Abbey Road*, in apparent dedication to a recording studio in London's St. John's Wood where most of the Beatles' earlier recordings were made.

Of the 18 songs, 10 are woven together in a 15-minute long medley on Side Two. "It lasts as long as it takes you to have a bath," Paul commented—"the time you take to have a bath, get out, and get dressed." McCartney wrote all the songs on the LP, save one by Ringo and a pair by George.

On Sides One are "Come Together," "Something" (by Harrison), "Maxwell's Silver," "Oh Darling," "Octopus' Garden" (by Ringo) and "I Want You (She's So Heavy)".

Side Two, the medley, opens with Harrison's "Here Comes the Sun," then goes non-stop through "Because," "You Never Give Me Your Money," "Sun King," "Mean Mister Mustard," "Poly-thene Pan," "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window," "Golden Slumbers," "Carry That Weight," and "The End."

Rolling Stones to Tour the States

LONDON—The Rolling Stones are mapping out a tour through the United States that may span as long as five weeks.

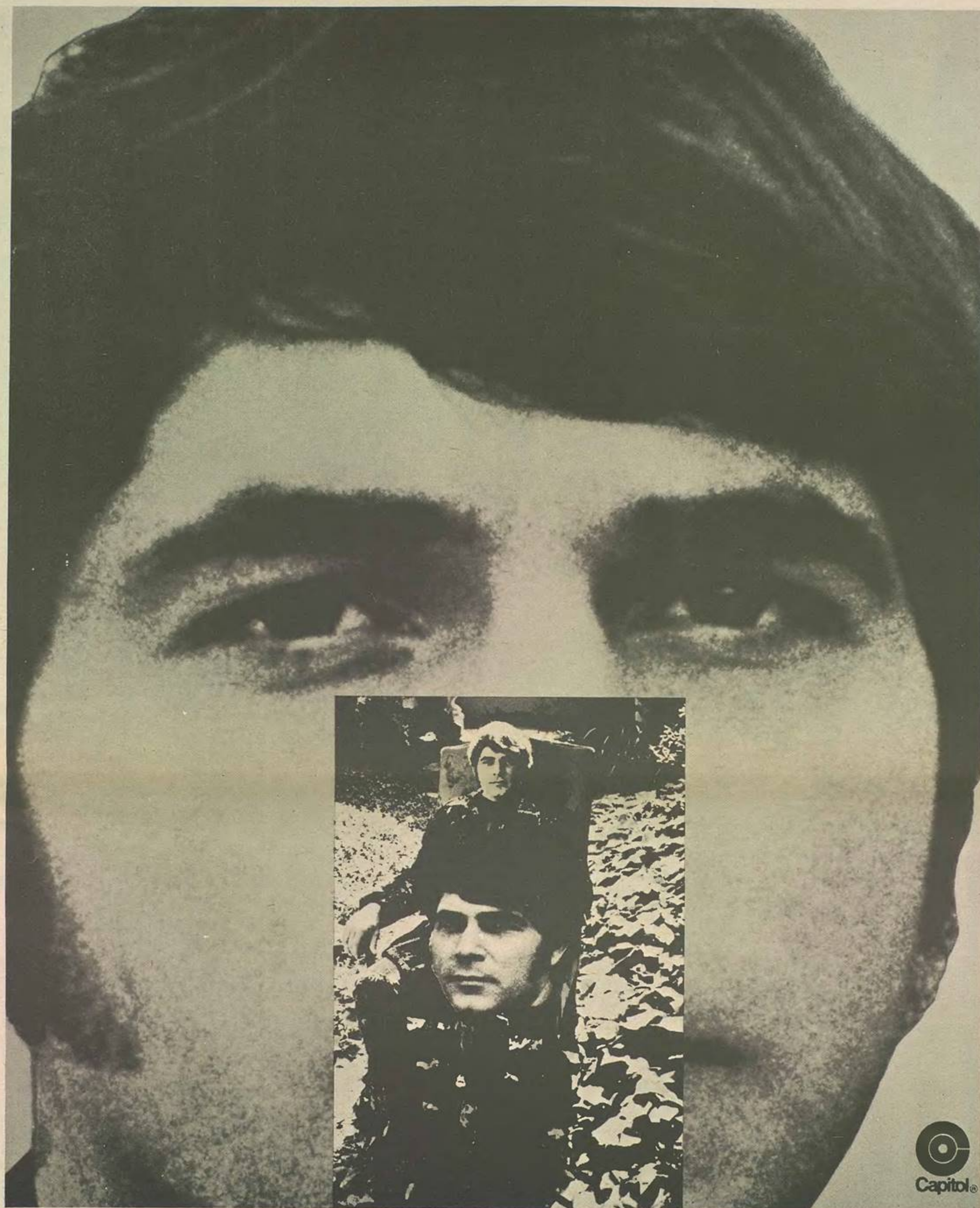
The tour, scheduled to begin in mid-October, would be the band's first trip through the States since the summer of 1966.

At this point, according to spokesmen at Stones' business manager Allen Klein's offices in New York, negotiations are being conducted with various promoters around the country, and nothing close to an itinerary has been set.

It is known, however, that the group will convene next month in Los Angeles, after Mick Jagger's completion of work in the Australian film, *The Life of Ned Kelley*, and a week's vacation.

The tour will start either in Los Angeles or San Francisco, will definitely include a New York City date. The only other city being discussed at this point is Detroit. Other spots are simply too uncertain to mention.

According to a Klein spokesman, plans are for "touring two weeks in October, then probably going two or three weeks into November." Concerts will take place at the largest stadiums in each locale, it is reported, "to accommodate as many people as possible."



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JOE SOUTH



National harvesters: Kentfield, Indiana, has lots of marijuana patches, but not much jail space. So the town's eight-cell jail is currently packed with wall-to-wall heads, 24 of them, all together, awaiting trial on charges of possession of cannabis leaves. The jailed youths reportedly came to Kentfield from all parts of the country, and some of them carried crude maps of various weedy ditches and pastures when they were busted.

UPI

LSD: Psychedelics And Beyond

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

SAN FRANCISCO—The number of psychedelic drugs which can now be synthesized in the laboratory is virtually endless. As much as 90 percent of the acid sold on the street is in fact speed mixed with little or no LSD. Though expectant mothers should still avoid dope, the evidence linking LSD to birth defects or chromosomal breakage in reproductive cells is inconclusive. These are some of the findings disclosed at an LSD symposium here August 16th and 17th which included presentations by Dr. Timothy Leary, Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld (Dr. Hip Pocrates), and Dr. Alexander Shulgin—the discoverer of STP and numerous other psychedelic chemicals.

On hand for the proceedings were 400 doctors, pharmacologists, psychiatrists and laymen who paid \$25 each for the four half-day sessions at the University of California Medical Center. Titled "LSD, the Psychedelic Experience and Beyond," the symposium initially focused on the chemistry and psychotherapeutic value of LSD, then shifted to the social impact of psychedelic drugs, and concluded with a discussion and demonstration of various non-drug turn-ons. According to conference head Dr. David Smith the symposium was unique in bringing together experts to discuss only LSD and closely related substances rather than drugs in general.

Even within this narrow scope there was plenty to talk about. Professor emeritus Dr. Alexander Shulgin, who first synthesized STP, MDA, MMDA, TMA-2 and others, opened the session with a brilliant discussion of psychedelic drug types. Many of the drugs sold on the black market, he reported, fall in the general category of psychotomimetic amphetamines. One of these, STP, which he first synthesized in 1964, is actually a street name for DOM (short for 2,5-Dimethoxy - 4-methylphenylethylamine). He confessed he doesn't know how the formula for DOM got into the head community but using slides of chemical structures, he showed that by manipulating the phenol ring of the potent chemical more than 39 flavors could be synthesized from DOM alone — most of which the public doesn't know exist.

Shulgin also cited a long list of plants throughout the world with hallucinogenic properties. Here again few are known outside scientific circles. Most are more powerful than marijuana but can also produce nausea, vomiting and/or delirium. In comparing the amount needed to get high with the amount beyond that which produces serious side effects (the so-called therapeutic index) *cannabis sativa* still rates as one of the best buys in botanical hallucinogens. As for Shulgin's impressive list of credentials, it's an ill wind that blows no good: he once worked for Dow Chemical.

Dr. Leary highlighted the first afternoon session with an anecdotal — and hilarious — lecture on the blessings of acid. Wearing an open collar shirt (super cerise silk), white pants and sandals, he mixed erudition with mysticism before TV cameras. The press stayed only long enough to hear him announce that "LSD is magic." In refusing to play "responsible spokesman" Leary put a minority of his listeners up tight and in the process displayed a thorough command of medical-psychiatric terminology.

The head of the psychiatric wing of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic, Dr. Stuart Loomis, discussed the post-LSD syndrome and the spectrum of the psychological problems arising from bad trips. Having treated a good percentage of the more than 40,000 patients who have visited the clinic since its founding two years ago, Loomis reported that in many instances the institutional sterility and depersonalization of emergency rooms in county hospitals often prolong or accentuate the severity of bad trips. He emphasized the need for mutual trust while working within the framework of the patient's own life style — without moralizing.

The use of acid as a potential psychotherapeutic tool was given cautious endorsement by Dr. Stanley Grof, a psychiatrist at Maryland's Spring Grove Hospital—one of the two places in this country where the federal government has authorized research with LSD (the other is a VA hospital near Topeka, Kansas). Grof reported administering the drug to an extremely neurotic patient over a two-year period of eventually successful analysis. The safety of this procedure was buttressed by data offered by a symposium colleague indicating that LSD usage does not cause long-term organic brain damage.

Though acid heads might take heart at these findings, the panelists repeatedly stressed the real dangers of indiscriminate drug usage and the need for much more research. As Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld pointed out in his survey of the hysterical newspaper and magazine articles on LSD, the evidence of permanent damage directly attributable to acid is inconclusive. Moreover, the highly touted government studies which purportedly confirm acid's impact on chromosomal structure are simply not true. Several symposium members had done original research in this area and found that LSD seems to cause chromosomal breakage in the peripheral blood but that the condition is transient and does not affect reproductive cells. In the absence of more study, however, expectant mothers were advised to refrain from taking any kind of dope.

Privately, several panelists expressed hope that once the chromosome question is cleared up the day will come when there will be psychedelic centers where people can come to take LSD and perhaps go through some of the immensely beneficial psychological changes which the drug has been known to cause in the proper environment. But they concede that before such a plan can be seriously contemplated a major effort must be made to quell the public's hysteria and correct the misleading folklore about the nature of psychedelic drugs.

On the street level drug mythology thrives in the absence of hard information on LSD, DOM and its derivatives. The problem is continuing and serious. Dr. Smith, who is also a founder of the Haight-Ashbury Clinic (as well as its medical director) says that a lot of wedges sold as LSD are really STP or PCP. "We've done a lot of sample analysis and found that about nine out of ten times the stuff sold on the street as acid is only a little acid mixed with a lot of speed. The market is extremely unstable."

Why the squeeze on acid? "Four years ago everybody was saying it's easy to make LSD. That's true, if you have a lysergic acid base. If you don't it's a bitch, because you have to take Ergot (an organic compound) and ferment it. They've raided places where there have been big vats of Ergot fermenting, from which would be extracted lysergic acid. But it's a long, long process."

The irony of the problem is that as the use of illegal drugs continues to grow, so do the restrictions on drug research. One

pharmacologist complained that "people are shell-shocked by kids throwing down their throats anything they can get their hands on, and some of us who have been working in the field for a long time are resentful. It's weird, the kids aren't cool about drug use and they're ruining the drug scene and stifling LSD research."

Though the claim is doubtless true, Dr. Smith points out that the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic indirectly owes its existence to those for whom it cares in the rock and roll/drug world. The non-profit treatment center would have gone out of business had not it received \$5,000 from Monterey Pop Festival proceeds. The clinic is now starting to get straight money through private grants. Among its future efforts will be the publication of the full proceedings of the symposium in the fall issue of the *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*.

Learys Escape A Felony Rap

RIVERSIDE, Calif. — Gubernatorial candidate Timothy Leary and his wife Rosemary have won another round in their continuing scrap with the narcs, this time having felony possession charges dropped because of insufficient evidence.

The local district attorney abandoned his charges following the testimony of Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, better known as Dr. Hip Pocrates, the syndicated medical columnist headquartered in Berkeley. Dr. Schoenfeld told the court in a preliminary hearing he had given Mrs. Leary a prescription for the diet pills that led to the charge.

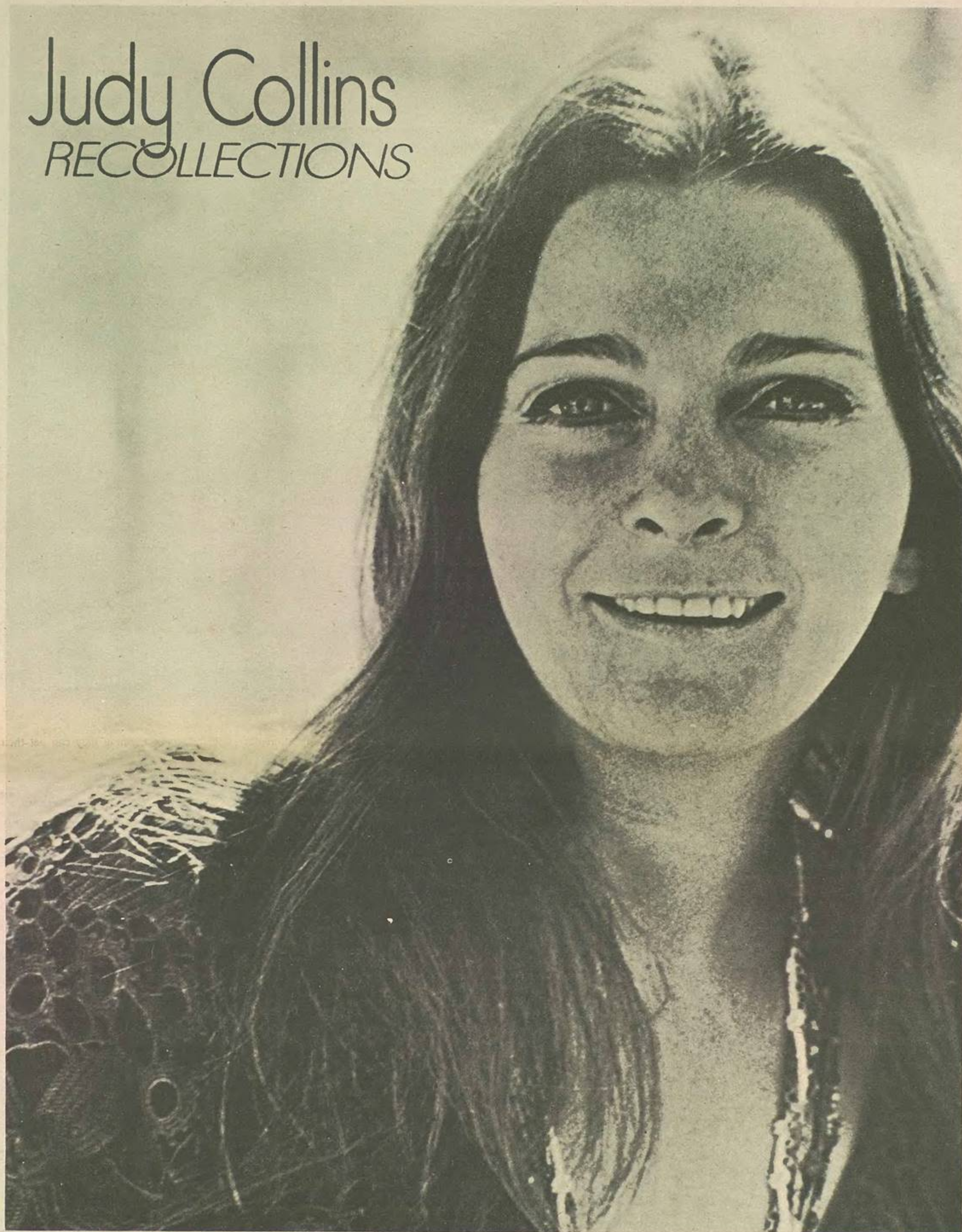
At the same time, however, a misdemeanor complaint against Leary has been refiled, charging Leary with contributing to the delinquency of a 17-year-old girl who drowned at a mountain commune in July. The commune property, not far from here, is owned by Leary's Brotherhood of Eternal Love Corporation and the Learys were living there at the time of the girl's death.

The complaint now charges Leary "by threat, command and persuasion," induced Charlene Almeida to be in danger of leading an "idle, dissolute and immoral life."

The coroner's office here claims an autopsy showed the girl had ingested LSD a short time prior to her death.

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Chicago Blues: Peace at Last

BY DON DeMICHEAL

CHICAGO—He was first seen during Luther Allison's set, squatting behind Luther's guitar amp, which was as good a place as any to hear what was going on at the all-day concert someone misnamed Bringing the Blues Back Home (they never left). He was paid little heed, since there were maybe 50 other people sitting around the large stage of Grant Park's bandshell. But as Luther got into some down-home blues, the young man rose, staggered through the musicians and came to the edge of stage center. Obviously spaced out, he sat down and assumed the lotus position. He rolled his eyes far back in his head, took a deep breath and let the blues wash over him.

Peace at last had come to Grant Park.

There was, of course, the Chicago reflex: ushers and cops rushed to get him the hell out of there. The crowd yowled its disapproval of the mop-up action. The concert's producers, after short deliberation, agreed with the People, and the Protectors back off, much to the delight of the nearly 20,000 witnesses. The young man stayed where he was, occasionally joined by a companion who assumed a similar position on the asphalt apron in front of the stage, until the concert ended three hours later in utter uproar as Muddy Waters and Big Mama Thornton raced through *Got My Mojo Workin'* for the second time. He was still sitting there long after the musicians had packed up and the crowd had dispersed.

The Guru Incident was rather typical of the happy and relaxed concert, held August 30th, a sunny Saturday, and sponsored by the city's Operation Reach Out, a program to help poor young people find jobs and recreation. Willie Dixon and Murphy Dunne (a Second City actor and son of Cook County president George Dunne) produced the 8 1/2 hour event that featured nearly 80 musicians and singers.

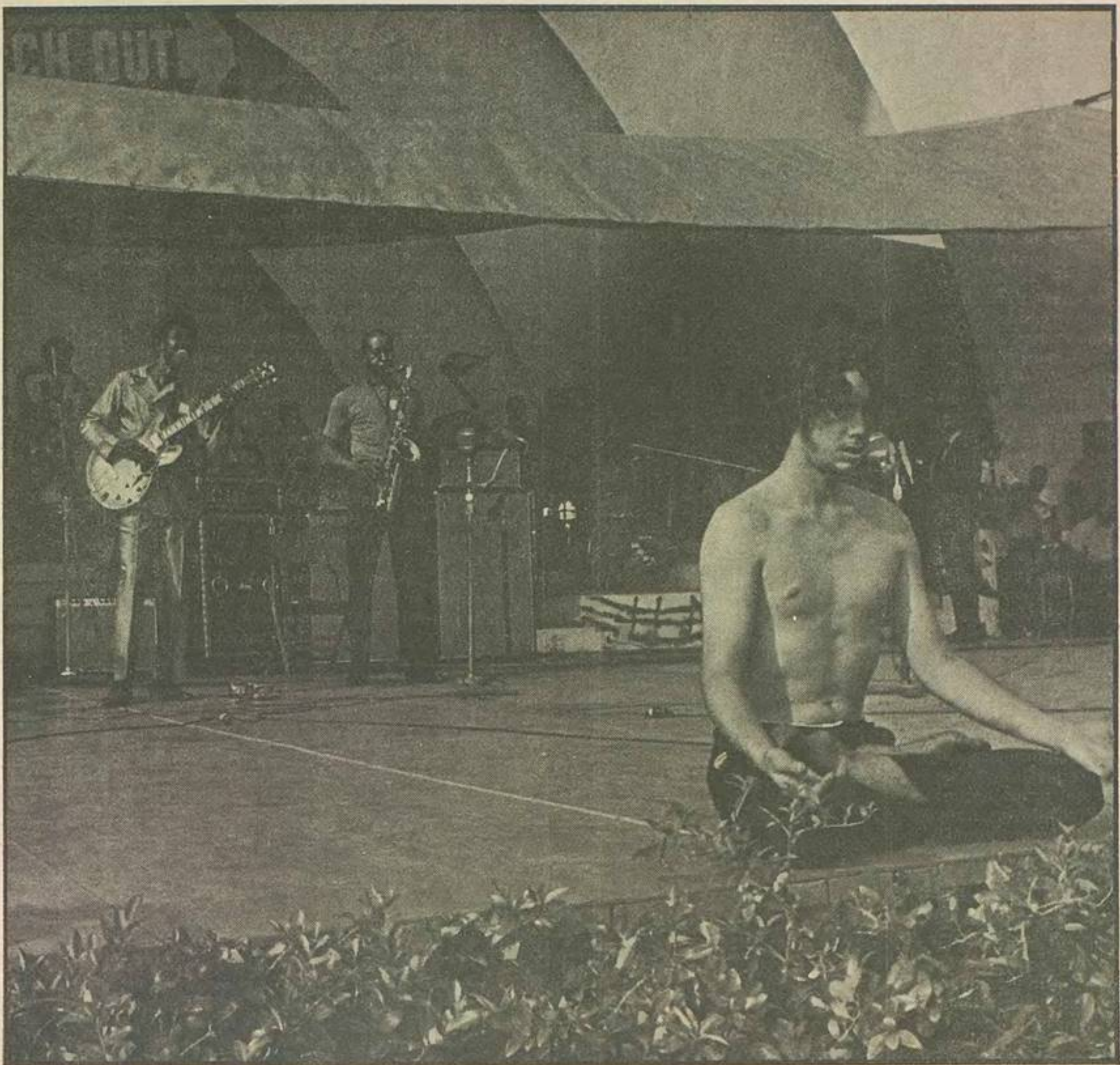
There was little extraordinary music played, but that didn't matter. What was important was the warm joyous feeling that suffused both audience and performers. Oh, it wasn't all love and nirvana. Big Mama bitched about the jam band backing her during her solo appearance and, after a few insulting remarks, stalked off after one mediocre number—but that's nothing new. The beautiful man from Brownsville, Tennessee, Sleepy John Estes, got dropped into—of all things—a jam set with an inept harp player/singer and the old man got to sing only two of his blues. Big Joe Williams' set was less than successful because his guitar kept falling apart. But all that fades into inconsequence when one considers the total.

The big names, of course, roused the crowd to near-hysteria—Bo Diddley, Little Milton, Junior Wells and Muddy—but some of the best music came from the second-liners.

Otis Spann's set was out of sight. He gave up trying to sing from the piano and did a stand-up show that rocked the crowd. The highlight was a slow, slow blues (12 bars lasted a minute and 15 seconds) that brought forth the best solo of the day: two exquisite choruses by young guitarist Peter Malick that were the equal of anything I've heard come out of the white blues camp in the last year. Spann's wife Lucille brought the set and the crowd to climax with a mid-afternoon *Mojo*.

Two other gasser sets were Mighty Joe Young's (with singer Koko Taylor) and Little Mac's (except when he brought out a male ballad singer who had little to do with anything). Later in the day, Luther Allison laid everybody low (obviously) with great in-the-alley guitar work. Another of Chicago's superb guitarists, Phil Upchurch, was an asset to several groups, but not on guitar, on bass—his lines behind Little Milton were gems, though I doubt if many in the throng noticed them in the happy uproar.

And it was that uproar, the dancing, loving couples, the laughing, ecstatic people, the guru a-quiver with pleasure vibes, the foot-patting fuzz—all rolled into a great, good feeling that made Bringing the Blues Back Home a roaring success. It was almost enough to restore one's faith in Chicago. Almost.



The Guru Incident at the 'Bringing the Blues Back Home' festival

After Woodstock: Money and Smiles

BY JAN HODENFIELD

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.—The Woodstock Music and Art Fair was, and in the end, the party of the year.

The hosts are worn out but elated. For the guests, the melody and good vibrations linger on. The uninvited grown-up adults are still carrying on. The creditors are being paid. The last of the litter is being cleared.

But, once was enough.

"No," says Dairy Farmer Max Yasgur, who provided 600 of his 2,000 acres for the Aquarian exposition, "we won't have it here next year. All 2,000 acres would not be enough for half a million kids."

Now a veteran of the Merv Griffin show and countless newspaper interviews, Yasgur says, with heavy conviction, that he is very tired. A past victim of heart attacks, he was forced into an oxygen tent after the fair.

"I'm going to Canada for a vacation, to a fishing camp we have there."

Artie Kornfeld, 26-year-old former A&R man for Capitol Records and one of the four principals in Woodstock Ventures, is exuberantly spaced out.

"The whole trip was a phenomenal thing to go through, man. It was just such a heavy number that went down. Michael [24-year-old Executive Producer Michael Lang] and myself are just trying to think out where we're going with our heads. We're trying to figure out what we're going to do when we grow up."

A onetime Coconut Grove, Florida, head shop operator, Lang had announced at a press conference four days after the festival that there would be another next year, on August 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Eight days later, he flew off to London and the Isle of Wight, bubbling: "We're going to make it an international happening, man." On his return, he was still sure that there would be another Woodstock fair on the domestic scene. "Of course," he said, "we'll need more room."

"I don't think there could be another Woodstock Music and Art Fair," says Kornfeld. "That trip's been had."

"Of course, I only talk for Mike and myself. At the present, we're all still together (with the other two Woodstock Ventures principals, 24-year-old John

Roberts and 26-year-old Joel Rosenman), but I think it will end up as some kind of amicable separation. We're trying to affect a livable situation. But it's hard to marry money and smiles."

Roberts' money, from a family fortune built on Polydent and other products of the Block Drug Co. is what is keeping everyone out of debtor's prison and in smiles.

John Morris, managing director of the fair's production, says Roberts has taken loans against his own personal fortune to the tune of \$1.3 million to pay debts incurred. These included unexpected expenses for power, emergency food and medical supplies, helicopters, limousines, telephones and moving everything from the original site in Wallkill. (The cost of the performers is estimated to be close to \$300,000, with each act collecting from \$10,000 to \$15,000.)

To pay off the debts, Woodstock Ventures is counting on the profits of a film to be released by Warner Bros., hopefully at Christmas. Approximately 25 per cent of the film's net profits are earmarked for the company. The cost of the film, including fees to the entertainers, is expected to be \$500,000.

The film was originally planned by Wadleigh-Maurice productions, a small independent Manhattan film-makers group, which put \$120,000 of its own money into setting the production up. Running out of money, they took a gamble that someone would step in with an offer. Two days before the festival got underway, Warners made a verbal commitment, and now has the distribution rights. Wadleigh-Maurice will get the credit and a small cut of Woodstock Ventures' slice.

Other revenues are hoped for from a line of jackets, t-shirts, flags and silver pins, all to carry the Woodstock emblem of a dove on a guitar neck, as well as a corporation-blessed book on the festival.

As for the future partnership, Morris admits that the two camps have divergent interests and different ideas of what can be made from the festival.

"Michael created the energy," says Morris, "John the wherewithall. The energy was a success. The wherewithall was massacred."

This far, Woodstock Ventures has stayed clear of lawsuits, save one from the Monticello Raceway, 12 miles from Bethel, which is asking for \$300,000 it claims to have lost during the fair week-

end because of the jammed highways. Their suit is not regarded as much more than a crank case.

The New York State Attorney General's office has poked into the question of ticket refunds and dope, but with little pressure to goad it into hard action, is not expected to make waves.

But if officials in New York were relatively unconcerned by what went down at Bethel, the City Council of Hallandale, Florida, wasn't. The Tuesday after the fair, it revoked the license it had issued the month before for this year's Miami Pop Festival, scheduled for December 27th, 28th and 29th.

That festival's promoters, consulting their lawyers and looking for another location in the Miami area, maintain that Woodstock has nothing to do with any other festival.

Closer to home, the town of Woodstock itself, 60 miles northeast of Bethel, is moving to have its name disassociated from any future music events, advertising and/or corporations. State Assemblyman C. Clark Bell and a local attorney, Abram Moyneaux, are trying to "protect Woodstock's good name from devious publicity promotion." Otherwise, they say, the town's reputation as a peaceful retreat will be irreparably tarnished.

A happier postscript to the three-day party was a half-page advertisement in the New York Times from the Shortline, the only bus company servicing the Aquarian Exposition. Six drivers were quoted on the pleasure they found driving the festival-goers and the ad concluded: "We think we were pretty lucky. To be the bus line that served the Bethel area. We got to move thousands of kids to and from the festival. But better than that—they moved us. Deeply! Their generosity, patience and good humor turned what might have been a difficult task into a revealing and enjoyable trip. We learned a lot about the young people around us. We love what we learned."

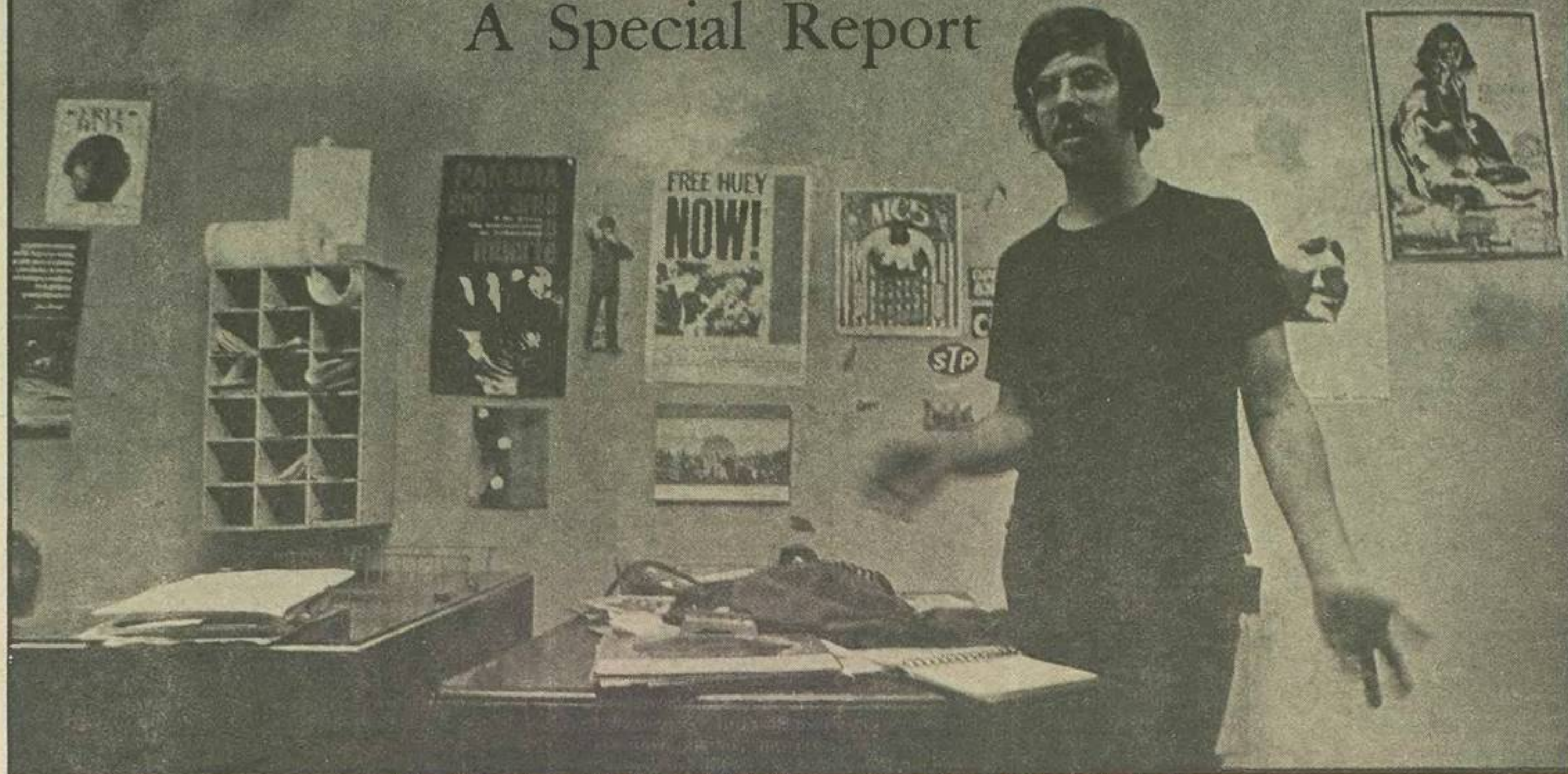
Errata:

The byline was inadvertently omitted from the lead article on the Woodstock Pop Festival last issue. The Page One story should have been credited to Jan Hodenfield.

In Issue No. 41, the cover photograph credited to Steven Shames was actually the work of Joseph Sia.

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

A Special Report



Peter Werbe at the Fifth Estate, Detroit: "You could see the flames in all directions."

By John Burks

It is an old storefront on West Warren Boulevard, with the John C. Lodge Freeway roaring by its flank. Plywood has taken the place of glass in its front windows, giving it a blind appearance, and right near the door someone has painted **FREE LSD FOR THE COMMUNITY**. Across the boulevard is Wayne State University, a huge Detroit campus with something like 30,000 students. Big and faceless, clumsy in its sprawl, formless, like the Motor City itself.

There is no sign to announce it, but this is the office of the Fifth Estate, the Detroit underground newspaper which, with its circulation of 20,000, its White Panther view of life, its ties with the MC-5, is among the most devotedly revolutionary of the 200-some underground papers. Also, at age three, one of the oldest.

They are waiting. Editor Peter Werbe greets me with a shotgun leveled at about my right knee. He keeps the shotgun in his office, he tells me later, because he wants to be ready "when the shit starts coming down." ("It's gonna happen; Detroit's that kind of city; got to have your piece.") Werbe isn't going to get *offed* without any chance of self-defense. Members of the Fifth Estate staff, wearing their purple and white White Panther buttons, some in black berets and faintly oldstyle biker blues and leathers, most of them in boots, begin shooting questions, demanding answers.

Awhile later, after opening procedural preliminaries are ironed out, the shotgun is put back in its mount at one side of Werbe's desk and we can finally rap.

[A GREAT BUNCH OF MOTHERFUCKERS!]

But instantly we are interrupted when—like a great storm—John Sinclair, ex-manager of the MC-5, poet, revolutionary prophet to Detroit's hip/rock/radical community, comes swooping into the Fifth Estate office with his entourage. This was just after Sinclair had been given an involuntary haircut by local jailers—his vast teased crown of hair cut down to respectable bank clerk length, only a tracery of mustache remaining—"them fuckin' pigs, man—those goddamn punks—chickenshit goddamn punks!"—and before he was sent up on a nine-and-one-half year stretch at Jackson State Pen on his third holding bust.

Sinclair is old buddies with the Fifth Estate. He was music editor from the paper's earliest days way back in 1966, and has known Werbe since then. The Fifth Estate was most important in helping Sinclair push the MC-5, during their formative period. Today the 5 are (were) a national phenomenon, and Sinclair has gathered a measure of celebrity to himself. Sinclair said he was in a hurry. He really had to be on his way to Philadelphia for an MC-5 recording session. We spoke very briefly about the underground press.

"Far out—you're going around the country talking with people in the underground press," said Sinclair. "A great bunch of motherfuckers, man!" he assayed. Very shortly thereafter he was gone, leaving conversation at the Fifth Estate office centered on the MC-5—how they had moved beyond the whole co-optation scene and thus afford a good model for the revolution. That's what White Panther Art Johnson, best known as a reporter for the Berkeley Barb, now a Detroit correspondent for the new Berkeley Tribe (the paper

that resulted from the strike at the Barb), was saying about the MC-5. I asked exactly what he meant.

"We've got to build it on cooperation and love, the way MC-5 did," Johnson explained. "The 5 came from the community and they still share with the community."

Formerly, the 5 gave all their income to Trans-Love Energies, the commune that grew up around John Sinclair. The commune's most successful revolutionary tool was the MC-5. So successful, indeed, that the band moved out of the commune into their own house, outside Ann Arbor, a distance from Trans-Love, to live on their own and keep their own money. The 5 are now giving Trans-Love 10 per cent of their income as Sinclair's portion, until he's out of jail, but have refused to support the commune further.

When Trans-Love asked the band to channel their donations to the John Sinclair Defense Fund through Trans-Love, the MC-5 said they would lay the money directly on Sinclair's attorneys. White Panther Art Johnson says it's cool that the MC-5 should enjoy the fruit of their labors—"Nobody's sayin' they shouldn't get *nothin'* out of it"—but the shift away from Trans-Love's vision of *super killer revolution* augers a substantial change in the 5's public image, and the viability of Trans-Love Commune.

Out in back of the Fifth Estate office sits a burnt-out MC-5 Volkswagen bus, on an otherwise vacant lot overlooking the freeway. It seems somehow symbolic of something, but what?

The underground press around the country today is searching for a new role, a new way of relating to its readership, a new readership—or *something*. After talking with scores of editors over the past two months, it can be said that they're all thinking about doing it a new way—and that no one has a clear idea exactly what that will be. Either they talk changes or they get morbid, and a kind of boredom with the routine of weekly (or bi-weekly) journalism seems at the root of it.

Art Kunkin's Los Angeles Free Press (healthiest in the underground, with 90,000 in circulation), has been in operation a full five years, and Kunkin finds that "as the paper becomes a more stable organization, and more of it staff-written, it isn't as much full of surprises as it was before. The paper becomes more made up of professional journalists. This is what happened to the one paper that was established in Paris during the May events, a paper called Action. During the events they had hundreds of people come in and contribute information. But then as the events stopped and the paper continued it became removed from the struggle and the people outside found the paper wasn't reflecting the truth of the thing any more."

[THEY'RE CALLED GREASERS AROUND HERE]

The routine, the long hours, the low pay, the continuing harassment by police and authorities make for fairly high staff turnover on all underground papers. And for constant re-assessment to make certain each paper is as effective as its staff can make it. Actually, self-analysis and self-consciousness is on the upswing today, as the underground becomes less a trip and more a mission to radicalize/revolutionize America.

Cathy West, a high school student when she first came to the Fifth Estate and 19 now, thinks it important that the Detroit paper change direction. "We want

to have much more about what's going on in the streets and the high schools," she says. Her concern is that they've concentrated too heavily on Movement people, people they know. The revolution lies with the workers and the working class.

Editor Pete Werbe says there's been a lot of talk about doing that. "We want to try to relate the paper to working class kids, non-middle class kids. They're called greasers around here. Those are the kids you want to reach. All you have to do is look at the fantastic power the workers have got. They can control the means of production. It's very important to get inside their heads." The Fifth Estate will soon have its own means of production. After years of worrying and hassling over printers, the paper is soon to buy its own 32-page offset printing press.

A college dropout in the days before it was fashionable, Werbe went to Michigan State for three years,



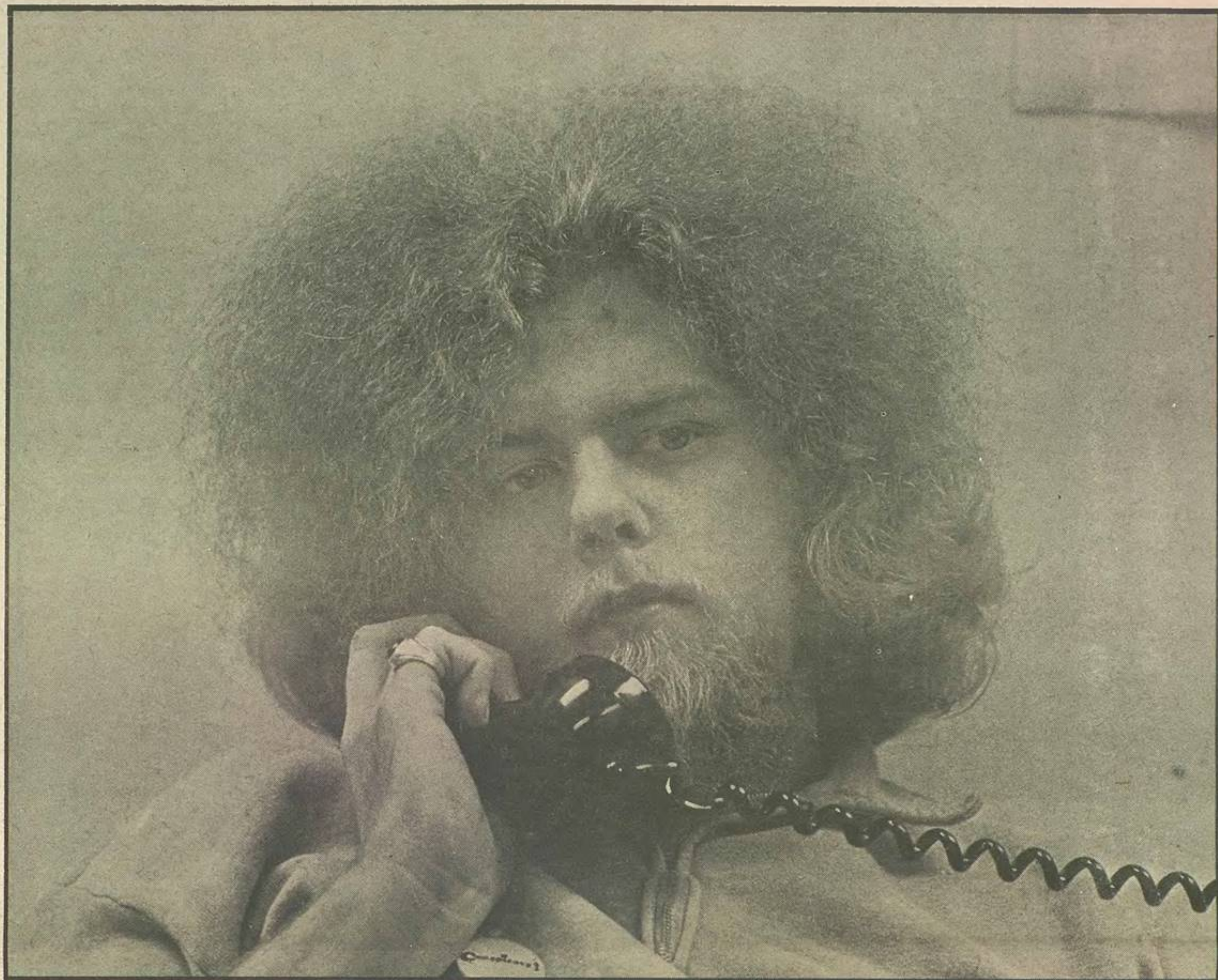
then off and on at Wayne State during 1963, "staying high a lot of the time" while his old lady worked. He was part of the Northern Student Movement—a lot of underground people can trace their roots back to the civil rights movement days, and the frustrations that followed—and had worked on Detroit's North Side, where, frankly, "I didn't accomplish much that mattered." That led to participation on the local committee to end the War in Vietnam, which in turn brought him to the Fifth Estate in March of 1966, four months after it had started. The original idea was that he'd get a lot of anti-war stuff into the paper.

One thing led to another, the original editor quit and Werbe's had the job ever since.

Like all the other people on the Fifth Estate, Werbe feels Detroit to be a place of unique uptightness and racial tension. And he's more or less glad it's that way. He seems to revel in the imminent peril in the streets, the possibility, every day of the week, that rioting will begin anew.

We are on our way now to a dance/celebration for a group of Wayne State student-employees who had just completed a camp-in strike for better conditions. This is a celebration not so much because they had won their demands—they hadn't—but because they had demonstrated unity and solidarity. Werbe has rounded up a guitarist and bassist who live upstairs from the Fifth Estate, communally, to play the dance. The car is

—Continued on Next Page



JOHN BURKS

Kelley of the Argus: "I had no idea what to do. None of us did. We just did it."

loaded with guitars, amplifiers, speakers, two musicians, me and Werbe, who looks almost conservative compared to the magnificently outlandish Detroit-style rock musicians with all their hair and leather trousers and vests. Werbe, 29, wears his hair early-Beatle length, has a trim moustache, and favors jeans and tee-shirt.

As we drive by the General Motors Building, a huge chunky gray structure looming against the skyline, Werbe smiles and says: "Here we are, man, the father—no, the grand-daddy—of American imperialism." It's as if he's saluting an old adversary.

The riot/fire that swept Detroit two years ago was a joyous time for Peter. "When it was burning, man, you could get up on the rooftops and see the flames in all directions. It was beautiful. So beautiful. You've never seen anything like it." He thought about the fires for a minute, then added—just to make sure I hadn't missed the point—"I hate this fuckin' town so much . . . I've lived in the Motor City a long time—long enough really to know what it's about, and, you know, I really hate it."

[KOSSACK-KICKING AND WHOOPING]

The Fifth Estate's coverage of the Detroit riots and the subsequent Algiers Motel Case (in which a black man was killed by a cop, who later got off on grounds that the police were involved in a near-war) was solid. And its coverage of Movement activities in the area is always sound and to the point. But the Fifth Estate radiates little joy. It may be that it works too hard at White Panthering.

"The thunder of the drums is building," began one recent report on a demonstration march. "By now, under the full Sagittarius moon, they are waiting with sticks, rocks, beer cans, shovels and bloody fists at trash cans, wash tubs, concrete and steel grates, their bodies writhing—Strip Naked and Faint!—hugging the flesh of every dirty wet pores-open brother and hard-nipples sister in the joy that we have finally overcome their separation, kossack-kicking and whooping around the campfires of Insurrection City. Don't step in the vegetable garden. Rhythm molds the powah! . . ." All the makings of poetry there except for the essence; in that regard the Fifth Estate reminds you of the MC-5.

It's an altogether different story 30 miles west on Highway 94, at Ann Arbor, where strapping Ken Kelley is getting out the Ann Arbor Argus, whose circulation has risen to 14,000 (to challenge the Fifth Estate's 20,000) since its birth this February. At 18, Kelley stands about 6-foot-3, 200 bear-like pounds, wears the look of a Michigan farm boy (which, in fact, he is) on the big, comfortable face beneath his frizzed-out freaky blond White Panther natural. He'd look right behind a tractor—or onstage with the Mothers of Invention.

His family were the first homesteaders in Monroe County, Michigan. In fact, Kelley's great-great-grandfather named the county. Kelley is so intrigued with Michigan history that he has written a book about it.

"I love Michigan," he tells you. "It's a great place. I love Detroit. I love Ann Arbor. That's why I named the paper the Argus. That was the name of the first paper in Michigan—the Ann Arbor Argus. The name means something."

He's really a different cat from Werbe over at the Fifth Estate. He's over ten years younger, and possibly because he just started at underground newspapering, his outlook is a lot more optimistic, a lot cheerier.

His father, Kelley recalls, used to hold Birch-type cell meetings out on the 200-acre farm when he was a kid growing up. All sorts of heavy right-wingers would show up. "Isn't that far-out?" he laughs. Ken always got along better with his mother. Because of his activities with the Argus, his parents get hate mail all the time and are hassled from time to time. This must cause considerable embarrassment, inasmuch as Kelley's father is a physicist with security clearance for his work at a nuclear power plant. But they never complain.

[DRUGS: A REVOLUTIONARY FIRST STEP]

Just a year ago, Kelley was a University of Michigan freshman and he "wasn't into anything." No political activities or anything. This past year, during the fall semester, he worked on the student paper, the Michigan Daily. But he dropped out before Christmas break, went to New York for a time, where he saw the Living Theater's production of *Paradise Now*. The performance had a profound effect on him. It changed his life. "It blew my mind," he says, shaking his head and grinning with his two front teeth. He left the theater after it was over, stoned on the experience, and started walking. When he stopped, he was some six miles uptown from the theater.

"I sat down on a bench for a long, long time and thought about it. I just couldn't get over what I'd seen."

When he got back to Ann Arbor, he and a friend scraped some money together and started the Argus in Kelley's small apartment, on one desk in a single room. "I had no idea what to do. None of us did. We just did it."

The paper's offices are located downstairs from an Episcopal-operated coffee house called Canterbury House. The Episcopalians have taken a lot of abuse

for housing the Argus, "but they don't give a shit," says Kelley. "They're the heaviest church in the United States, man. Heavy cats." The offices formerly were occupied by churchmen, and are some of the nicest you'll find in the underground: plush blue carpet, comfortable, modern sofas, steel desks, Mary Corita posters on the wall, OK bookshelves. It's about half a block from the University campus, an ideal location. Kelley thinks the success of the paper is at least partly due to the university, "a home base for radicals, man." Tom Hayden edited the daily student paper there. Carl Oglesby went to school there, along with other historic Movement figures. To young Kelley these are historic events anyway. In those days he wasn't old enough to drive a car.

Kelley holds a low regard for SDS and (though he wears both a Conspiracy! and White Panther button) generally sees the Argus' role as something beyond the Movement. He is 18, a tough and dedicated newspaperman/editor, crisp and efficient as he deals with the non-stop stream of phone calls at his desk. His paper is one of the newest in the underground. The people who started SDS are a good ten years older than Kelley, many of them graying and near/over 30. It will be three years before Kelley is eligible to vote—if he cares to. Where will the revolution be by the time he is 30?

One discovers a good deal of uncertainty about what's going down within the freak community among the underground. Where are we at? Where's Dylan at? What comes next? Nobody claims to have firm answers, and it's plainly annoying (particularly to those with heavy theoretical backgrounds) not to have all the answers. Says George Cavaletto of Liberation News Service, in New York: "We're going through a lot of cultural crisis. A lot of the papers are trying to cope with it. Three years ago there was something really revolutionary about using drugs—and the propaganda about lifestyle and drugs and sex and liberation and dropping out was good. People were exploring whole different ways of relating to each other. In those days, the papers were mainly turn-ons. What's happened now is that that function has been taken over by the mass media."

"Drugs had a lot to do with placing people in a historical context—of placing people in a radical position. Using drugs was the revolutionary first step a lot of people took, but today we're beyond that, and today we're even beginning to question confrontation with the authorities as a way of life. I mean, you can't have a lifestyle based on constant theory and constant confrontation, because life isn't very satisfying that way. That's the crisis of the Movement."

[A LOT OF FUCK-OFFS HERE]

Many of the papers choose not to concern themselves with all that motivational soul-searching. "One of the requirements to get on this paper," says laconic John Kois, the bearded father of Milwaukee Kaleidoscope, "is that you have to dig fucking and doping. If a person's got that going for him, he's human, at least, and maybe he can learn to do something useful."

That spirit also defines the underground communes (like those at Vancouver's Georgia Straight and the Washington Free Press) better than any theorizing about commonly shared goals or Marxist analysis. That and the fact that few underground people take work seriously. Not that a lot of them don't work their asses off—but there is no careerism to be found anywhere; none of the American work-for-work's-sake ethic.

"Traditionally," says Peter Leggeri, the present publisher-editor of the East Village Other, we've had a lot of fuck-offs working here. People who couldn't work anyplace else. You can never depend on anything getting done. They're really lazy cats, and if they're spaced or something comes up, you just don't see them for a couple of weeks." The first collage that appeared in EVO was a result of a combination of bad planning and a story somebody never got around to writing. There were two empty pages to be filled. So they just tossed together a collage out of old newspapers and magazines that were lying around the office. It was the start of a new graphic tradition for EVO and then for the whole underground. EVO's collages generally have been rather clumsy, compared to the work of established collagists, but they make up for it with their political



impact. EVO had another minor calamity recently when another cat failed to arrive with all the photos for that issue. It took some scuffling, but the staff pieced together a couple of collages, borrowed some graphics from other papers lying around the office, and that issue came out looking just fine—or just as good as EVO ever looks, anyway.

At the Washington Free Press, I inquired why it was that they do next to no investigative reporting into the workings of the federal government. They're the only underground paper in the national's capitol—Liberation News Service doesn't do much substantive out of Washington—and it would seem to be the WFP's responsibility by default to take care of business. Well, explained Tato, a WFP staffer, who wears an open white shirt and his hair tied in back pirate-style, that would be a full-time gig for somebody, and to get in to see Senators and agencies and all that, he'd have to wear a suit, get a haircut, drive a car, and become part of a Washington reporter's scene. "And I'm not," Tato said, almost in anger, "going to ask somebody to lead a false lifestyle just to get coverage of the fucking government!"

[FAINT ODOR OF CAT PISS]

The WFP's lifestyle is worth considering, since it best approximates the straight world's vision of what the underground is like.

WFP (current circulation: 23,000) started three years ago as a liberal venture by people who'd been involved in civil rights activities at each of the five District of Columbia colleges. It was going to be a community paper for Movement people, but, in the opinion of Chris, another present WFP staffer, "it wasn't really relevant, and it was dull artistically." The staff went through lots of changes, lots of new people coming and going to the point that today, nobody on the paper is even acquainted with any of the founders. There was a split in the staff about three years ago, the "politicals" on one side, the Yippies (more or less Yippies) on the other. It came around to an arrangement where one faction was to publish one issue, the other the next, alternating. But the hassling within the commune was so intense that no WFP came out at all for over a month. The present staff, which seems to represent the most militant elements of the earlier struggle, emerged out of the crisis.

Kittens scramble around the floor of their high-ceilinged, three-story, old commune, darting through the litter of socks and shirts and magazines and records and beer cans and cigarets. The graffiti on the wall is dense and spacey: "It is difficult to say the truth for there is only one but it is living and therefore has a living face." Except for the long communal

dining table, there is little furniture. A flag serves as the front curtain, and on the door is a metal sign, evidently ripped off from the zoo: "Monkeys Bite And Are Surprisingly Strong. Please stay completely on your side of the guardrail. Toss food, don't hand it to the animals." The commune has a faint odor of cat piss about it.

[DYLAN & RUBIN: FAR-OUT]

Conversation with the WFP people is not unlike an interview with Jean-Luc Godard. Everything comes back around to how to make the best, or most, or toughest—or least co-opted—revolution. Not to say they're without humor. Chris laughs heartily telling about the telegram from Chairman Mao that appeared on the rear cover of the WFP this spring.

"We decided," he says, squinting through rimless glasses, tugging at a strand of his long, black hair, "to put out this really outsize Mao page, and conveniently enough this telegram from Chairman Mao materialized."

Had it in fact come from China?

"Well, it materialized here, very shortly after we got the idea to do the page." Much laughter all around the table.

The page is a beauty, when you know how it came about. Over a red sun is printed THE RED SUN BURNS IN OUR HEARTS, and the headline, adjacent a gesticulating photo of Mao, reads *When Chairman Mao Gives the Signal, We Advance!*

TO THE AMERICAN LIBERATION ARMY, WASHINGTON, D.C. COMRADES!

YOUR COURAGEOUS STRUGGLE IS INSPIRING THE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FIGHTING TO LIBERATE THEMSELVES FROM THE YOKE OF THE AMERICAN IMPERIALISTS AND ALL THEIR LACKEYS . . .

At the office of the WFP, where the walls are painted in eye-jogging red, white and blue patterns, two signs catch the eye. One enormous number, in the layout room, bellows STAND UP FOR AMERICA! A smaller one, over the phonograph (which is usually playing Dylan or Jeff Beck or something like that), is hand-written testimony that rock has its place in the WFP's revolution. It says: "HEY FUCKER—don't let no-one catch you ripping off records of the Free Press collection (free doesn't mean stealing from a brother—that's how it's done in the system)."

Chris at Washington Free Press layout table

Layout time at the Free Press takes on aspects of carnival to the outsider. The object is to paste all the stories and accompanying photos and artwork onto the makeup page, the way it will look in the paper. There are near-infinite ways of accomplishing this. You can create a very quiet page with small headlines and small photos and everything in its place. Or you can do a dazzler, with type running all directions, merging with the artwork. One way is to put the reader first in your mind: consider what will be the tastiest presentation to get the news across to him. Another way is to make a game of it: see how much fun you can have, pasting little thingies here and there because it feels good.

They tend toward the latter approach at the Free Press. Chris, Tato and David, a long-faced fellow who keeps his Tonto-length hair in place by a means of a thin leather band, each had a couple of pages to work with. These pages had been laid out earlier, in fact, but later news had arrived, so they were in the process of juggling and shifting. David worked solemnly at his page, fixing a dope bust story into place, as Chris came alongside him to make a few suggestions. Soon enough, Chris was working on that page, and David had walked over to another makeup table against the far wall, shifting around a page Tato had begun on minutes earlier. Tato, meanwhile, was looking through underground comic books (Gothic Blimp Works, Zap, Snatch) looking for a good drawing to go with something else. When he found it, he went over to a page Chris had been working on before and began re-arranging it.

They worked with great enthusiasm and impatience, the rap sliding unconsciously in the direction of the Marx Brothers, as stories slipped off the table to the floor, a photo that was supposed to be used with one story found a place over another, and comics were cut out to be used in holes that somebody else had already filled with something else. It didn't seem like any way to run a newspaper. But gradually, page by page, Chris, Tato and David were increasingly satisfied, more or less, with the communal product. Until, at the end, there was no more juggling to be done and the paper was laid out—except, of course, for a few little things they might want to add later, when they got back home. It was not beautiful. The Free Press is not noted for its layout. But it was done.

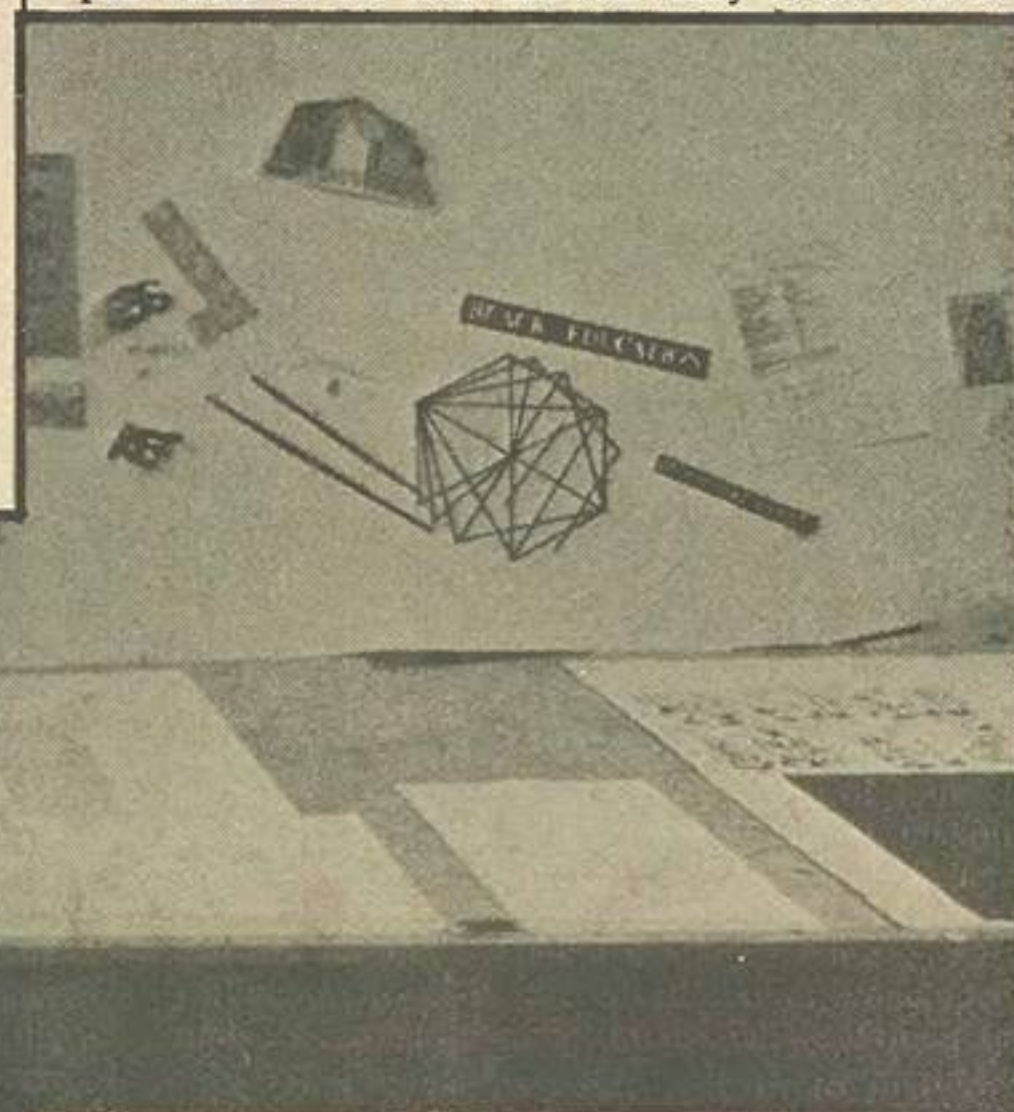
Everyplace you travel in the underground press, you find that at least some of the writers are into rock and roll, many of them very deeply. You hear the same question time and again: "What do you think of Nashville Skyline?" And: "What is Dylan's trip this time? I can't figure it." Country music and Johnny Cash represent something that the underground writers have not been programmed to dig. Country music, Nashville—that's reactionary stuff, isn't it? And Dylan's a revolutionary? They don't see it.

Some are more open, or accepting, or maybe less questioning. "Dylan and the Band," says Steve Diamond, of San Francisco's Dock of the Bay, "are the key to it all, where it's all going." Don't ask him to explain it, Diamond says, but they're the key.

At the Washington Free Press, they're a bit upset with the current state of rock. "It's such a drag, man, such a drag," says Tato, "to have to sit in a chair surrounded by pigs at a concert to listen to music. The only thing that's missing is the applause signs. That's not where it's at." And Tato is equally pissed at Frank Zappa for playing right through a dope bust where he was performing in DC. Zappa told the audience that if they were stupid enough to be holding it was their tough shit. This brands him as a creep forever in the eyes of the WFP.

These perturbations considered, it is perhaps not surprising that the WFP carries hardly any rock coverage.

But then again, since rock does seem to be a constant item of conversation, maybe it is surprising at that. Another cat named Chris at the WFP (this one with long brown hair) sits and talks for hours about Dylan, and rock, and Jerry Rubin, a most amazing rap. "The greatest thing," he thinks, "that could happen would be for rock and roll really to take an ac-



tive role in the revolution. The way Jerry Rubin does. There's one cat who's really got it together. He really knows how to make the media work for him. Like, it would really be a beautiful, beautiful thing if Dylan were to do a duet album with Jerry Rubin instead of Johnny Cash. Like, you know where Johnny Cash stands. And it isn't for the revolution. But an album with Dylan and Rubin—that would be so far-out. Beautiful."

[WHITE RACISM IN OURSELVES]

One of the best rock and roll writers the underground has produced is Miller Francis, Jr., of the Great Speckled Bird in Atlanta. Francis is unique in his ability to place rock in the perspective of the revolution.

Equally committed to the Movement and to rock and roll, Francis demands nothing but the best from both. This was how he reviewed the first MC-5 album: "The new, long-awaited MC-5 album is a disaster. Its very existence demonstrates perhaps the greatest weakness of the Movement in this country: its inability to understand, thus to make use of, the communications media, particularly the one that is by its very nature a 'Movement music'—rock and roll music . . . At its best the MC-5 is an emasculated version of what the Who did years ago; at its worst it is a pasty-faced derivative of black music (as if we needed yet another minstrel group!). The MC-5, who I understand were a white rhythm and blues group before they were 'revolutionized' by John Sinclair, have simply wheeled their grimy Detroit vehicle up to a Black Power station and said 'Fill 'er up.' They play with their hands and feet, not with their guts and soul. They are smug, not proud . . . That white radicals can be turned on by this farce sadly demonstrates how far we must go before we can approach the problem of white racism in ourselves and in our communities without guilt and intimidation."

One example of the difference in styles can be drawn from the following report of the Radical Media Conference at Ann Arbor, written by Don DeMaio, editor of the Philadelphia Distant Drummer. Since the meeting was held in Ann Arbor, and fell under the jurisdiction and protective wing of Trans-Love Energies, the White Panthers, et alia, it took on decided aspects of revolutionary motherfucker armed love which would have been absent (or differently expressed) in Atlanta or San Francisco. It is worth noting, too, that DeMaio's Distant Drummer (circulation: 9,000) represents a minority in the underground: it is not overtly aligned with the Movement.

BY DON DEMAIO

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—There were no banners waving; no signs at the bowling alleys reading "Welcome Underground Press Editors." Indeed, Ann Arbor had not laid any red carpet out for the convention of underground editors there this summer, but it had prepared a welcome in its own way.

Cops, for one thing. Although the conference was not due to start until Thursday, July 10th, the first of the delegates to arrive Wednesday had been picked up on a charge of possession of marijuana. At this point, concern over the behavior of the Ann Arbor constabulary was growing among the underground press representatives, but not one suspected that 30 armed police and sheriff's deputies would be back to give the group an official send-off.

Ann Arbor has been having its problems. Only three weeks before, a group of Ann Arbor people had rioted when police tried to break up a street party. The confusion lasted several days and ended only after 70 had been arrested and were confined in jail (where the state paid for shaves and haircuts).

The tension had not yet left the city; worse, it was compounded by the news stories of a madman who was somewhere in Ann Arbor, having already strangled, shot or stabbed seven University of Michigan coeds in the past two years. Having absolutely no leads to go on, the police were now working on a theory that the murders were the work of a radical who was trying to show up the ineffectiveness of the local police department: which means, they were pretty desperate for leads.



In the middle of all this stands the White Panther/Trans-Love complex, two mansions in the 1500 block of Hill Street, the Fraternity Row near the campus. Out of the quiet darkness of the surrounding fraternity houses, these two communes emerge like Christmas trees on Halloween.

A visitor to this year's conference registered first at the Trans-Love house. Spotlights lit up both yards and porches, while rock music came from beyond the doors. A fascinating array of hippies, groupies, musicians, and radicals lined the porches of both houses, sometimes passing over to the other house for a drink or conversation.

One's immediate response was, "Where's the police? They must be around somewhere." A local man suggests that the Panthers have a working relationship with police because of Panther efforts to cool down the recent riots. But another says the Panther/police relationship is strictly a professional one. The police know a raid on the Hill Street houses risks a shoot-out or another riot, and it is on this basis that the Panther houses are left fairly much to themselves.



An attempt to reason together

Among the memorabilia given each delegate who registered was a Panther proclamation announcing their sponsorship of this year's Radical Media Conference. It read, in part:

"This conference marks the turning point in the revolutionary media. This is the year—1969—that the revolutionary youth media will reach beyond the hip artistic and political enclaves in Amerika out into the bowels of this society—to all our young brothers out there in television land, in the suburbs, the school-jails, the factories and pool halls, to turn our people on to the truth about the problem—and to the solution to that problem. This is the year we will transform our movement from an 'underground press syndicate' to a functioning revolutionary brotherhood."

"Media is newspapers, is art, film, radio, television, is music and life-style, is communicating the truth of the present culture, finally, what affects this capitalist people and helps shape our lives inside this capitalist, imperialistic, fascist state. We must come together and exchange as many ideas and as much hard information as we have access to, and we must be on our guard at all times not to fall into petty arguments—use this time to teach and to learn, no separation, anywhere. The shit is coming down too hard on all of us and our brothers and sisters throughout the world to spend our time arguing with each other. We have to get ourselves together and work together to save ourselves and our people . . ."

This was the Panther blueprint of what was to take

place over the next three days. The conference pretty much followed that blueprint.

The location of the actual conference was kept a secret until Wednesday, the day before the meeting started (1) for obvious security reasons, and (2) because the Panthers had a rough time finding a suitable location, or so says a local representative.

The farm which the Panthers finally picked was an appropriate choice. It was located about two miles from beautiful Ann Arbor, some 300 yards off the highway, on a knoll from which all avenues of access could be observed. A Panther stood at the bottom of the hill where the farm road met the highway. He carried a loaded 12-gauge shotgun.

Once at the farm, the first order of business was a security briefing by the Panther's Minister of Education Skip Taube. Standing tall and affecting Shakespeare's lean look, Taube told the gathering that recent harassment of the Panthers and movement people has been stepped up. "Later, we're going to set up a command post. In the meantime, be very careful. Don't go anywhere by yourself; if you do, tell a friend so we'll know whether you're back in time. The pigs are watching the Hill Street houses, but they ain't going to get anywhere near here without getting their heads blown off. That's all. We just want people to know there's a lot of tension in the community."



As the conference opened, Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon appeared with a shotgun and his old lady, and they watched the entrance road from the farm.

After a few minutes, a messenger arrived with the news that an establishment reporter from the Detroit Free Press, a local daily, was asking permission to cover the conference. There was some debate, ending when Abbie Hoffman suggested the press be barred until the final day when a press conference would be held for the outside press (the press conference was later cancelled).

Once the daily press had been disposed of, it was the Village Voice's turn. The group's attention turned to Voice pop columnist Richard Goldstein, who was standing quietly next to a pup tent. "We don't want you writing about this thing in the Village Voice," one delegate told Goldstein.

"I have no intention of writing this up for the Voice or any other newspaper," Goldstein said. "But I won't give my promise. I don't think that's necessary."

There was some muttering and Goldstein felt as if Ann Arbor might not be his thing. He left that night.

(A final bit of paranoia came next when the presence of UPS cameras and tape-records was questioned. The absurdity of the inquisition was brought to a climax when UPS head Tom Forcade suggested those who didn't want to be in the film could position themselves out of camera range. All that was left was for John Wilcock, himself a UPS founder, to question: "Aren't we overdoing the paranoia business? First, we bar the establishment press, and now we say we can't even cover the meeting ourselves." His statement was filmed.)

Under the leadership of Jeff Shero, editor of New York's Rat, the business end of the conference was run smoothly and far more effectively than one had come to expect. There was general discussion, debate and a dialogue that was at least partially successful. The papers roundly discussed:

1) retaliation against Columbia Records for exploiting the revolution. ("The Revolutionaries Are On Columbia" and "But The Man Can't Bust Our Music"), and then dropping the underground at the first sign of pressure,

2) the "co-optation" of the underground by ROLLING STONE,

3) the women's liberation movement vs. classified advertising in the underground press,

4) the establishment of a Revolutionary Press Movement among "the most radical and committed" pa-

pers, as Shero defined them. The RMC was a solidarity move, one that Shero had been proposing from the start. His analogy was the 200-fingered hand which became a fist; the analogy was obvious. The papers must now move into the area of power and control,

5) a move to "informationalize" the media's wire, Liberation News Service, failed when LNS's Sheila Ryan insisted that LNS dealt basically in propaganda, and not news. It was during the question on LNS that one delegate shouted, "Hey, what are we anyway? Fucking journalists?"

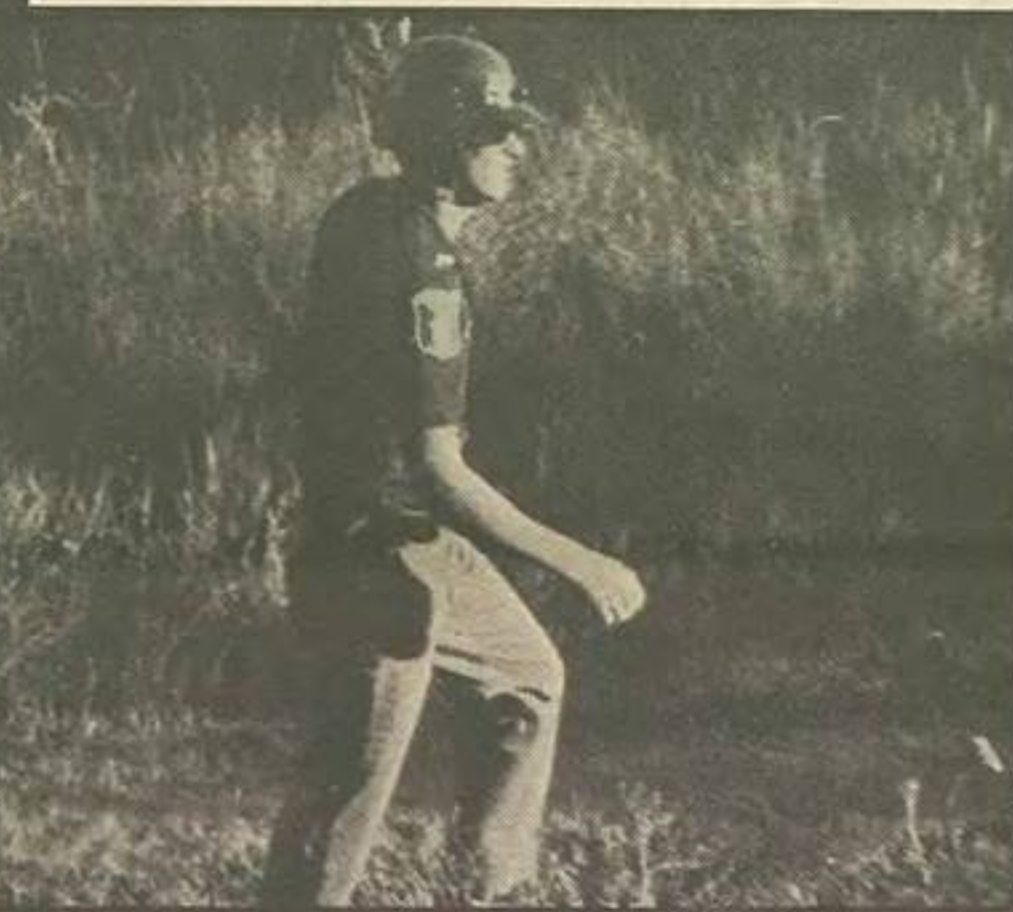
An average business day at the conference lasted three or four hours, at the outside, before the editors turned to merriment. The beer was plentiful, at times, and touch football games were spontaneous.

Nudity was present, but not in proliferation. Some of the females went topless on Thursday, but it did not become a fad and Thursday was also the last day for topless. Rain fell Friday afternoon, prompting a few males to divest themselves of their clothing and slop it up in the wet.

The two local groups who rented the farm, the Tate Blues Band and the Sun, entertained the conference on Thursday night at, of all places, the University of Michigan. A special section of one of the university's buildings called The Alternative had been set aside for jams and other forms of proper entertainment. Both sessions (interrupted for a set by a local jug band) were electric with enthusiastic jumping, dancing and shouting, leading one passing male to comment wryly, "These Trans-Love people are laying it on pretty thick."

In all, the conference was symbolic in most ways of the problems underlying present day underground ventures. The problems which the conference brought out were real and valid, issues that desperately needed solving. Yet, like most underground issues, the solutions to the problems were hardly forthcoming.

For instance, a workshop which was established in the first hour of the conference to decide how to retaliate against Columbia Records had not, by the final day, arrived at any conclusions. Indeed, it was hard to find out if the workshop had even met.



MAGDALENE SINCLAIR



Tom Fouratt speaking for Columbia Records

Most of the issues presented at the conference had a fate similar to the Richie Goldstein question—audible muttering and cursing, but little action beyond that.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of one's colleagues. Perhaps there are more important items than defending one's life-style against a monolithic and vindictive record company. Perhaps . . . But then, one had needed the re-assurance that the underground movement which is on the land is more than the superficial escape which its critics so often quote.

Talk of "propaganda," ignoring community organizers and ghetto workers, all ominous signs for a so-called revolutionary media conference. The shotguns on the entrance road were not enough to prevent that small doubt from creeping up on the camp.

Then two officers came to the farm, looking for the girl who was busted on Wednesday night. (All three involved, staff members of the Chicago Seed, had left the state of Michigan far behind.) The officers were turned away by the guard, but returned minutes later with about 30 reinforcements. This time, they crept through the woods and assaulted the farmhouse itself.

All in all, there was no violence. The house and grounds were searched thoroughly without any sign of the girl. Several members of the search party began to read some of the thousands of underground newspapers lying around the area. And when they left, one of the cops flashed a V-sign.

He was roundly booed by the conference people who stood watching from the hill. It was their thing.

[GRASS, NOT ACID]

The Radical Media Conference, with its non-functional revolutionary action committees, its Panther shotgun outriders, is another world from Don DeMaio's, in a lot of ways. On his return from Ann Arbor—as he was writing the preceding article—a heated debate broke out between DeMaio and the staff of the Distant Drummer as to how the Philadelphia paper should be run, who should make decisions, and what its political tone should be.

Amazingly enough the staff thought DeMaio was going to steer the Drummer away from its gentle reformist radicalism—an enlightened, but definitely non-Movement stance—toward the netherland of SDS and White Panthers and Motherfuckers.

The staff demanded that DeMaio either surrender his absolute editorial control to become one of a three-way editorial board—or kill the paper altogether, since, in their view, it was never going to amount to much, otherwise. With circulation and advertising just beginning to look up and the impact of the paper increasingly steadily, both choices were inconceivable to DeMaio.

"When I came back," DeMaio says, shaking his head regretfully, "they told me they wouldn't work on any Rat-type paper or anything like that." Rat is a Motherfucker/SDS-oriented New York paper. "I think what's happened here is that a lot of people put their hearts into the paper, and they were getting very little money for a lot of commitment"—top people made \$50 a week—"and though the paper was constantly getting better, progress wasn't fast enough for them, and this led to some deep and really irreconcilable frustrations."

DeMaio, a realist, is weighing offers to sell the paper. The price under discussion, he says, is \$25,000, about a tenth what Max Scherr got when he recently sold the Berkeley Barb. But then the Barb's circulation was reportedly ten times as great, and the Berkeley paper is five years old, one of the granddaddies of the underground, where the Drummer has only

wrote Bryan, "the election's finally over." The election he referred to was the one in which Lyndon B. Johnson scored the heaviest-ever Presidential landslide over Barry Goldwater. "Now we can go back to life (where the bedroom and the kitchen are) and forget drawing room oratory for four more years. Glad the right man won. Or the wrong man didn't..." (In the years that followed, Bryan's view of the outrageous joke the electoral system had played on the American people in 1964 changed to parallel that of the rest of the underground, for whom LBJ was to symbolize all that's wrong with American society.)

In 1964, the newly emergent underground was just beginning to feel its way. When Art Kunkin started the Los Angeles Free Press five years ago, the only model for an alternative press in this country was the Village Voice in New York City, which had begun in 1955, and, while it carried a great quantity of hip news and news about what was happening in the Movement, had never actually played an advocacy role. That is, the Village Voice itself never did—but its writers—Norman Mailer, one of the founders John Wilcock, Nat Hentoff, and scores of others—certainly did.

When Mailer split from the Voice, he wrote: "They wanted it to be successful, I wanted it to be outrageous. They wanted a newspaper that could satisfy the conservative community; church news, meetings of political organizations, so forth. I believed we would grow only if we tried to reach an audience in which no newspaper had yet been interested. I had the feeling of an underground revolution on its way, and I do not know that I was wrong." John Wilcock, who now edits Other Scenes in New York and was a columnist in the Voice for many years until he became too far-out for them, has said: "The Village Voice, ironically, is in the position of a teacher outsmarted by its students. It was the Voice, with its pseudo-liberalism and willingness to print what at one time seemed far-out that paved the way for all the underground papers that followed."

"The thing the Voice never had is commitment,"

call it a syndicate. For the hell of it. They did, and it created a little stir, and that was that. And then, man, the floodgates opened and all of a sudden there were papers all over the country. I know none of them ever expected it."

On a more practical level, UPS was to be a service organization, coordinating exchange of subscriptions, soliciting national advertising for all members handling national distribution, getting out a newsletter on legal, financial, printing, postal and technical questions, resisting investigation/inquisitions and generally publicizing the underground press. To the best of its somewhat limited abilities ("monthly" newsletters are sent out every two or three months), UPS is taking care of business today from its unmarked Phoenix headquarters.

The rules for UPS membership are quite simple:

1—All members agree to free exchange of material. If any UPS member does not want another member to print his material, that member merely so notifies the other member (and UPS). Specific articles may also be exempted from reprinting (as when copyright conflicts).

2—\$25 initiation fee should be paid upon application for membership. New members may be vetoed by a majority vote after 10 issues, and if vetoed, \$25 is returned.

3—Members are requested to send at least 6 copies of each edition to UPS in Phoenix, and one copy to every other member. They are also requested to honor UPS library subscriptions, which UPS sells.

Bob Rudnick of EVO was coordinator for UPS until the spring of 1968, when John Wilcock took on the job. For the past year, since the headquarters was moved from New York to Phoenix, the coordinator has been Tom Forcade, who is also editor of Orpheus (circulation 24,000), an underground bi-monthly magazine that appears every three or four months, relying heavily on reprints from underground papers and LNS.

[A PLAN FOR SELF-DEFENSE]

Most of Forcade's time seems to go to UPS. The UPS house (Wendre House, Forcade calls it) in a nondescript, sun-baked lower middle income West Side neighborhood of Phoenix, not far from the Arizona state capitol building, has neat stacks of underground papers in each room, ready for processing. From the outside, Wendre House is in no way unusual looking: a white brick, one-story, 12-room stucco building across the street from a larger pink stucco, Alamo-styled apartments where chicanos sit on porches, shaded against the 106-degree summer heat, drinking beer and rapping. There are a few barely noticeable marks at the front of Wendre House where a firebomb exploded five months back. It did not harm other than charring the front step a bit. Another firebomb failed to ignite. (Since then, their fire insurance company has demanded wire mesh at the windows.)

Against these threats of destruction, Forcade keeps a heavy bar at the front door, and, while on one hand he says "we make a fetish of being un-paranoid," he gets downright severe with his number one assistant, Benny Alvarez, when Benny leaves the door unbarred. "Benny," says Forcade, "we've got to keep it barred, that's all. You're going to keep it barred, aren't you? It's something we've got to do, Benny."

Benny, a placid chicano with striking Indian features accented by wavy long black hair and an Indian (from India) shirt, grins assent. "We've also got a fully-developed plan of self-defense," Forcade explains. "We don't talk about it, and we don't seek confrontation, but we're prepared." Un-paranoid or not, neither Orpheus nor UPS nor Forcade is listed in the Phoenix phonebook.

It's a little uncomfortable to the visitor at Wendre House since Forcade took all the furniture out one day. He was sitting around and there was all this furniture, and it dragged him. He was the only one there, so he took a vote—"we're very democratic about everything we do"—and the outcome was that he would do away with all furniture except for necessities like desks and chairs for sitting at them, and makeup tables and the record player, which is usually playing Cream or Dylan and sometimes avant garde jazz.

There is only one air conditioner that works well, and we sit under it, on the floor, eating bowls of chili Benny has prepared, and drinking quarts of beer. Forcade is thin, compact, wears his hair close-cropped so he can mingle unnoticed with straight society. He does not allow his forgettable face to be photographed—though he is willing to pose for a series of non-face photos, like the cat in the Smilin' Jack comic strip—because "when they start rounding people up, I don't want to make it easy for them. It's just a precaution that I never have my picture taken if I can help it."

Indoors, outdoors, all the time, Forcade wears this incredible costume: Moccasins, one white sock, one black one, black business suit, red shirt with leather ties, and a broad, broad-brimmed brown hat, rather like a gaucho's, with stars-and-stripes bunting wrapped around for a hatband, one end of it dangling in front of his face like a graduation tassel. You would think it would distract him, but he hardly notices it. "It's kind of a trademark," he says in a soft drawl that he identifies as a Utah sheepherder's. He's done a lot, hitchhiked the country four times, graduated from the University of Utah, worked for an advertising agency, done military service, lots more, but has never, significantly, been a Utah sheepherder. He tells you it's a Utah sheepherder's accent several times. And he speaks very slowly, picking—exactly... the right... word... to, uh...

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Drummer editor Don DeMaio (left), with John Lombardi, who quit, and Sid Karp, who split

been in Philly two years—roughly middle-age by underground standards. "I figure that's not a bad price for two years of my life at fifty dollars a week," says DeMaio, a tall, lean 27-year-old, who wears his hair sort of long but not too long, smokes Marlboros, talks sort of hip on and off but not too hip, and wears straight sport clothes generally. "But really, I'd like to see the paper continue, and I'd like to be the editor that makes it a major voice in this city," he says, in his earnest, mild manner.

What an underground paper is and does is directly dependent upon who its writers and editors are and where they're at. Don DeMaio is not precisely an underground person and never saw the Drummer as truly as an underground paper. The label he put on its front page, in fact, is "A Contemporary Paper," because, in his view, the underground had become "staid and predictable in its way. Our original intention was to serve as a liaison between the middle class and the underground and I don't think it changed much in two years. Our readers, I think, drive Volkswagens, not Lincolns. They smoke grass, but they don't drop acid."

A fairly accurate description of where DeMaio himself is at.

The first issue of John Bryan's Open City Press (which appeared in San Francisco in November, 1964; Bryan subsequently took the paper to Los Angeles and called it Open City until its demise this spring) gives an amusing and dramatic illustration of how far the underground has come in five years. "Thank God,"

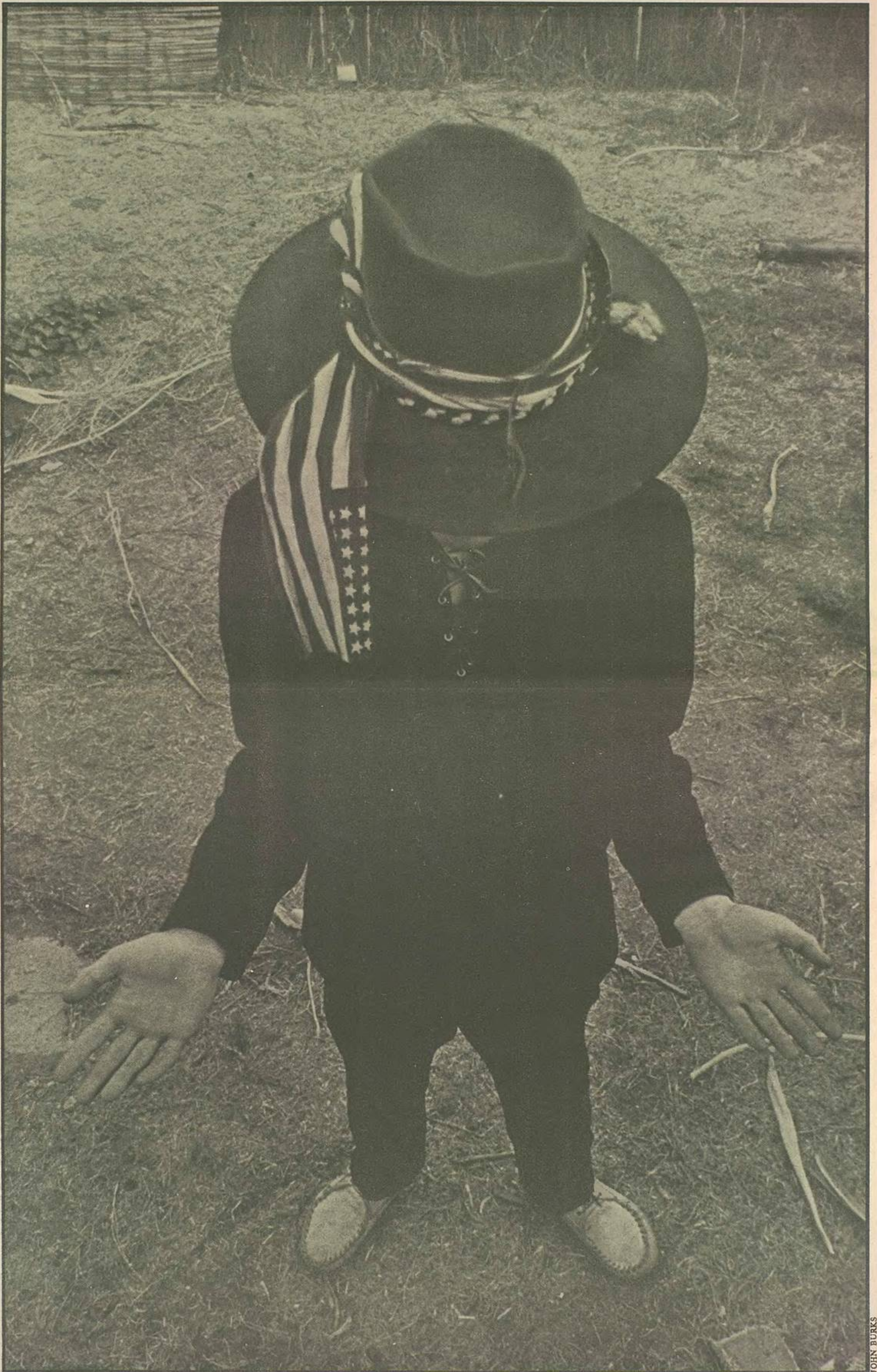
says EVO's Leggeri. "The difference is that the underground press underlines what it believes. It has the power to make things happen and the whole idea is to do that."

But few of the underground papers today approach the Voice's level of literary excellence. The teacher still writes best.

When the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) was founded in early 1967, there were just six underground papers of any national stature (by this time John Bryan's Open City Press had submerged; his Open City was to come later): the Oracle, San Francisco; the East Village Other; The Paper, East Lansing, Michigan; the Los Angeles Free Press; the Berkeley Barb; and the Fifth Estate. A year later, there were some 15 papers in UPS, with a total circulation of 150,000. Today the circulation is easily seven times that (though The Paper has passed from the scene and the Oracle publishes only occasionally, a shadow of its former lustrous mystical self).

UPS was tossed together by Walter Bowart and John Wilcock (who had by this time departed the Voice) of the East Village Other and Mike Kirdman of The Paper. It was done with all due solemnity and even press agency hype, in an effort, as underground historian Thorne Dreyer points out, "to create the illusion of a giant coordinated network of freaky papers, poised for the kill."

"UPS? It's like a farce, a big goof," says EVO's Peter Leggeri. "It was when it started, anyway. There were just half a dozen papers, and they said, like, let's



JOHN BURKS

Tom Forcade of UPS: He doesn't want photos of his face in circulation

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Forcade does not give out his age, which is probably 28 or 29. He's transcended age, to his way of thinking. "Time," he explains, "doesn't exist here the way it does other places." That's one reason he's in Phoenix. "Good place to live and work." It also explains why Orpheus, his magazine, carries no date, and the regularity of UPS newsletters and other correspondence is not too predictable, by temporal standards. "We don't worry about deadlines."

[UNDERWEAR SUCKS. SCHOOL SUCKS.]

Forcade is a man of God. Used to preach every Sunday, and other times as well, at the Church of Life, on the southern outskirts of Phoenix. The big 1946 Chevrolet bus out in the back yard—the one the Orpheus/UPS staff use to travel the country intermittently, from New York to Ann Arbor to San Francisco, back again to Phoenix—has CHURCH of LIFE painted on its side, accordingly. And Forcade is hoping that he can use Orpheus as the vehicle to bring the underground press back to Jesus. Forcade put J.C. on the cover of a recent Orpheus, flashing the two-finger peace sign and saying, "Hey fellers, I'm back."

Oddly, there was nothing about Christ on the inside, but there was a lengthy and well-done piece from the Washington Free Press on the Indian mystic Meher Baba, plus John Sinclair's White Panther Statement—"Everything is free for everybody. Money sucks. Leaders suck. Underwear sucks. School sucks. The white Honkie culture that has been handed to us on a silver platter is meaningless to us! We don't want it! Fuck God in the ass. Fuck your woman until she can't stand up. Fuck everybody you can get your hands on. Our program of rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets is a program of total freedom for everyone..." When Forcade was told that Sinclair had called the underground "a great bunch of motherfuckers," Forcade smiled and said: "Here I am, rapping about what the underground is, being precise and historical, and Sinclair sums it all up in just a few words—'a great bunch of motherfuckers!' I really think Sinclair has genius. A deeply poetic vision of the revolution. I wish I could be more like him."

"Personally, I believe in non-violence," says Forcade. "I think there's a lot of Movement people who secretly want to go back to non-violence. And there's no reason we can't do it. Just create a new synthesis within the Movement—and do it. I think the Movement has reached the point of diminishing returns with the techniques of shock and separatism."

[THE CHRISTIAN WAY]

For this reason, Forcade approves especially of the Good Times in San Francisco, with its links with the Universal Life Church. "I'd like to do them one better and make Orpheus the Edwin Hawkins Singers of the Underground. We'll continue doing articles on the underground scene, but we'll quote Jesus where we want to make a point. It should appeal to a wider set of people. Most people are conditioned to a Christian way of thinking."

The bus had just been hosed off and shone in the desert sun. Forcade explained how an earlier issue of Orpheus had been printed on the road. They had gathered stories and art on the road, set the type on a justified typewriter they carried along, pasted up the pages, and taken them to local printers along the way, four pages here, eight there, from Berkeley to Chicago to Denver, until finally, several printshops later, they had all the pages for a whole issue.

"We'd been turned down by forty printers," said Forcade. The first issue of Orpheus had been ripped off by a printer who took the job, then saw Orpheus' strong language, and decided it was too outrageous/obscene/un-American to see the light of day. So he "lost" it. "This way, printing part of it one place, part of it someplace else, no one printer has to think he's responsible for the whole publication. They just do a little piece of work and you're up and gone and they've got their money. Everybody's happy."

From the driver's seat on back, the seats have been taken out of the bus. For travel, it is equipped with mattresses that tuck out of the way during work hours. There is a desk and a small table, plenty of workspace to get together Orpheus and tend to the affairs of UPS. "We travel," Forcade intoned, "because it is necessary for us from time to time to go to centers of awareness and have contact with people who have advanced minds, and their followers."

[UNDERGROUND: LIKE ALGAE]

When he's pressed, Forcade says there are about 200 underground papers at any given moment, and, to break this down, that there are some 125 in continuous publication, plus another 200 that appear erratically, off and on, totalling up to 200 at any given moment. "I never write any of them off," he says. "You won't see a copy of a paper for six months, maybe, and I'll think about taking it off the list, and the very next day, there it is. Underground papers are like algae the way they cling to life." Some 95 papers, here and abroad, belong to UPS.

Forcade's two real functions as he sees them are, first, "to sustain the myth of a finely honed media institution that's going to roll over the whole land"—Forcade has dreams of total media assault by UPS members: "I think the day will come when we'll have a daily underground paper in every city and a weekly in every town"—and, secondly, executive tasks like opening the mail, rapping with people about the underground, seeing to it that the papers get advertising representation, seeing to it that UPS members

get books and records for review, and getting out self-help bulletins on how-to-do-it to new papers just starting, or would-be's. A bulletin on copyrights, for instance, explains how to make application to the Library of Congress and what the copyrights mean; one on bulk mailing tells the cheapest efficient way of mailing to subscribers; the one on distribution begins in these words: "Conventional distributors have no incentive whatever to sell underground publications. None. Not any. Why should they choose a risky underground publication?" goes on to describe distributors as "primarily dishonest, unreliable, inefficient people," and winds up with a pitch for none other than the Underground Press Distributing Agency. Which is run by UPS.

At the time Forcade took over as UPS coordinator, Liberation News Service (LNS) had succeeded in convincing the rest of the membership that UPS should not just be the instrument of its coordinator, but should be democratically run by its members. Former UPS coordinator John Wilcock feels LNS created this as an issue because it felt challenged in its role as national underground news agency, and saw that by imposing a five-man board of directors (which is what UPS has today) spread all across the country, UPS operations would be stymied for a lack of a quorum. "LNS tried to fuck up UPS good," says Wilcock. "Now we've got this board scattered all over the country and they never get together to decide anything. Which is just what LNS wanted."

[PASS-ALONG READERSHIP]

UPS's surveys yield a few surprises. Only 12 per cent of UPS members use distributors exclusively, while 48 per cent take care of distribution (getting the papers to where people can buy them) themselves; 32 per cent use a distributor and do some distribution on their own. Fully 72 per cent of the underground papers make no profit. Sixty per cent report that they are hassled "often" by police. UPS papers report that street sales are the most effective way of selling (48 per cent claim street sales as one of their prime sales factors), followed by newsstands (40 per cent) and head shops (24 per cent).

ROLLING STONE's explorations reveal that very few are getting wealthy living off the fat of the underground, even at relatively successful papers. At Vancouver's Georgia Straight, the chick who runs the till gets \$1.25 an hour; nobody else is paid that well, the editor included. Ken Kelley at the Argus draws \$10 or \$15 just to get by. LNS pays according to need, up to \$25 a week. Half a dozen of the Bird staff draw \$40 a week. Chicago Kaleidoscope paid its staffers 300 newspapers per issue, which means they could make \$75, but that came to \$37.50 a week because it was a bi-weekly. At the Seed, the salary is \$50, nearly that at the Fifth Estate, while at Rat it's \$25 weekly. EVO is a little healthier, with a spread from \$15-\$125/week, gauged on which of the staff of 30 put in the most work.

Printing costs vary widely, depending on what part of the country you're in, and the number of pages, pressrun, and use of color. EVO pays anything from \$1500 to \$3000 for 60,000 issues, depending on the number of pages (anything from 20-40) and the use of color. At the Georgia Straight, the cost is \$430 for 12,000, 20 pages. Space City News got 7000 copies at 24 pages for \$330 (which includes \$150 for printing). The Milwaukee Kaleidoscope's 12-page second section, which is filled with reviews and cultural coverage, goes to the Kaleidoscopes at Milwaukee (15,000), former Chicago (15,000) and Madison (8000), and 4000 more to the Indianapolis Asterisk—plus the press run on the front 12-page Milwaukee section—for \$2000. The Chicago Seed spends nearly that much on its 24-page, 22,000 press run, but the Seed makes extensive use of color (in the San Francisco Oracle tradition) and that jacks up the price considerably.

Considering the trouble underground papers have just making ends meet, it's no wonder they feel burned when a major underground advertiser like Columbia Records suddenly withdraws all its underground advertising. The Chicago Seed, saying that Columbia violated a contractual agreement, has lodged a claim against the company.

"I was surprised the record companies stayed in as long as they have," says the Helix's Roger Downey. "We knew it couldn't last forever and we've been looking right along for other ways of making the paper pay for itself. We're concentrating a lot of effort on local advertising. I think that's going to be the backbone of the advertising. After all, underground papers are local papers."

One ploy used so regularly by underground papers that it is almost a regular form of underground revenue is benefits. The Seattle Helix has a benefit concert for itself every three months or so. "We're really grateful to the bands," says Roger Downey. "They've kept us going. Country Joe and the Youngbloods in particular."

Business Week, in its recent story about advertising in the underground, did not even hazard a guess at how much money national advertisers pour into the papers. The story did cite possibly the main reason overground corporations are interested: "The papers have a tremendous pass-along readership, maybe five or ten readers per issue," Robert Schwartz, president of Laurie Records, told Business Week, "so the price per exposure comes way down. But more important, you know the readers are interested in what you're selling. Where else, for instance, could we advertise our album of Allen Ginsberg reading his own works?"

Concert Hall Publications, a Philadelphia outfit, handles national advertising for some, by no means all, of the underground. Among the bulletins UPS's

Tom Forcade sends out to new papers just getting under way, the one on advertising is lately the most controversial. It describes Concert Hall's Michael Forman, "a very committed but very professional individual," as UPS's New York ad representative, and winds up:

"In order for the idea of a N.Y. Ad Rep to be effective, it is necessary that everyone join in contracting with him to represent them to national advertisers. It must be nearly everyone in order for the ad rep to be able to offer package deals to advertisers. Also, those who do not join will not get nearly as much advertising as those who have a rep in N.Y. Of course, Michael Forman would in being honest have to recommend papers on their merits rather than on personal interest. Thus, even if you do not choose to have the UPS ad rep, you will still get some results as a side effect of his selling ads for the others. But then who pays for your trip?"

In other words, sign up or you're an ingrate, but even if you don't, Forman will feed you sonic ads. The fact is that Forman/Concert Hall do send ads to papers they've not signed up. But the complaint is that after placing, say, \$2000 worth of ads in your paper—and before you've been paid that \$2000—Concert Hall suggests that you'll get the bread a lot faster if you sign up. A none-too-subtle form of pressure, which naturally enough pisses off the several papers where this is known to have happened. It seems odd that UPS should extend its sanction to this sort of dealing.

Some of the underground have begun to think about taking care of their own national advertising by means of a national underground ad federation of some sort. The argument being that Concert Hall, while it provides a service, is not underground, and bread the underground can make ought to be kept in the family. Thus, the Detroit Fifth Estate is thinking about getting together with an all-Michigan agency, complete with the Fifth Estate, the Argus, the South-end, and all the college papers.

Mike Crowley, who recently left the Seattle Helix to try to get the San Francisco Good Times advertising into shape, is thinking in even grander terms: a national underground agency. By persistence, Crowley has managed to get four national advertisers to deal directly with him, rather than channeling their ads via Concert Hall. (Concert Hall, which makes the claim that it represents all the underground, will sometimes send ads out to papers with which it has no contractual agreement—when it is to Concert Hall's advantage to do so.) The meaning of the Good Times' dealing directly with those advertisers—plus other new ads Crowley has drummed up—is that the paper makes an additional 15 per cent per ad. This has contributed to increased revenues for the Good Times, from \$400 per issue (barely enough to pay printing costs) to \$1200 now.

The Good Times' ad rates are about mid-range for an underground—\$250 a page for national advertisers, \$180 local. Rates come as low as Space City News' \$120, and as high as the Los Angeles Free Press' \$520 national (\$320 local) and Milwaukee Kaleidoscope's \$500, which is soon to go to \$700.

[TRUTH-IN-ADVERTISING]

Few of the underground papers turn down ads for policy reasons, on theory that it is, after all, a free country. "We don't have the right," says Marsha Haines of the Berkeley Tribe, "to decide what other people's trips are going to be. The only restriction we've got is in the sex ads where people are talking about the size of different things like, 'Well-hung stud, 11 inches and thick...'—I mean, that's a little hard to take. And it's probably not true, either."

The Tribe's ad manager—as at several other papers—can turn down ads that are too heavy on shock or lacking esthetically. But his initial reaction, when the Tribe told him he could turn down ads he found to be exploitative, was to turn them all down, on the not-unreasonable grounds that all advertising is exploitative.

Advertisement in the Los Angeles Free Press: "INTER-RACIAL SEX—Color no barrier. 2 male Negroes can do it to you. We are young & want you. Send phone No. & photo if possible. All answered. Lynn S. 116 E. Alondra Blvd. Compton."

Editor-publisher Art Kunin says that there are some ads that the Los Angeles Free Press doesn't accept.

"Any ad that is illegal. Because it's not worth it to endanger the paper's life for the sake of an ad. At first we said, well, we're against censorship, so how can we censor anybody? And then we came to the realization that we're doing our thing and somebody else wants to do their thing and we shouldn't let somebody else doing their thing interfere with our thing. Like when we have ads for homosexual movies and so forth, or a sex book store, at least not make them crude appeals to sex. In other words, we've tried to blunt the fact or cope with the fact that these people are commercializing on sex and that we don't like that."

"This sort of thing is entirely different from the classifieds, where I try to make it quite clear that the homosexual community, or any perversion in the community—so long as they're not harming people—has a right to exist. Everybody's personal lives are their own affair. We try to make that separation. I don't dig some of the film or books ads that we run, but (the point is) that one of the financial bases

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for the underground press has been the sex ad. This has given the underground press a base of advertising which doesn't care what we say politically. If we said anything pro-Arab, for example, the liberal businessmen would pull their ads out immediately. But the homosexual personals couldn't care less. They're just happy to be able to survive in the community."

It's this kind of freedom that allowed the Free Press the independence to print a list of 80-some California state narcotics officers this summer. An entirely unprecedented move, done with the ideal that "there should be no secret police." The State was enraged—\$25 million in lawsuits were immediately laid on the paper, and a restraining order was placed against the Dock of the Bay in San Francisco, which reprinted part of the Free Press' "Know Your Local Narc" list—but the 90,000-circulation Los Angeles paper's advertising was not noticeably affected.

The LA Free Press has grown into the underground's largest during its five years, so that now the staff numbers 43 and there are three Free Press Bookstores with a combined inventory of \$100,000. To the dismay of some critics elsewhere in the underground, Kunkin even has a phone in his car. Fortyish, stocky, bushy-haired, Kunkin is a 20-year veteran of radical activities and an acknowledged authority on Engels and Marx.

He regards his paper as many things. Primarily as the "interim" organization to provide communication

and start balls rolling. But also as a "picture frame that fills up every week with what the city is doing," something of a hip mirror, reflecting the activities and gripes and dreams of the political and cultural left. And, as is indicated in Kunkin's wish to correct the Black Panthers when they seem to need it, a "conscience for the movement."

Most important, though, is what Kunkin calls "maintaining." Several months ago, the editor of a second Los Angeles underground, Open City (now defunct), was jailed and later found guilty on an obscenity charge for publishing an advertisement that included the picture of a nude woman, her legs spread wide. Kunkin refused to accept that ad and the reason was he wanted to maintain.

"The Free Press is too journalistically important," he said. "We're the strongest single organized force in the movement here. There are parties out there . . . there are SDS chapters . . . but there's nobody in the city who has 43 people on fulltime staff. We want to organize something or aid some particular community function, we have the machinery and the phones and the printing equipment and the secretaries and the stable base to do things. It's too important to lose this for an abstract challenge to the system, like saying fuckfuckfuckfuck. You say it when you have to, when a writer wants to make a point, but that's not what we're all about. What we're about is maintaining so that when the community needs us, we're here."

"I very strongly admire people who go to jail and do personal witness. I'm willing to go to jail, too. And I'm willing to have the paper stick its neck out, but only on important things. We've stuck our neck out on the abortion issue. We printed names and addresses of Mexican abortionists, which is against the law and we were the first to do it. I knew in advance it was a bust, but it seemed to be an important enough issue to challenge them."

More papers carry sex classifieds than do not. The ones that don't tend to be more radical papers. The Washington Free Press recently voted not to carry any more of them because "the only people we got answering them," says Chris, "was lonesome older guys." The Good Times still discourages sex ads "not because we have inhibitions," says Bill Sarill, one of the editorial collectivists, "but we just don't want to be pigeon-holed with that stuff. Advertising gives a whole tone to your paper."

Rat carried sex ads at one financially desperate point, but, says editor Jeff Shero, "the reason those ads aren't for us is because we don't need to go to the ad pages to get what they're selling. People who are young and doing it don't need that." Curiously, Marvin Grafton, formerly Rat's ad manager, is publisher of *Pleasure*, one of New York's four all-sex magazines, or *pornzines*, as they're called.

The fact is, all the *pornzines* have emerged from the underground. Joel Fabrikant, business manager of the East Village Other, is publisher of *Kiss*. *Screw*—the pioneer in the field—was the child of the New York Free Press, when the latter folded. The New



THE OLD EX-PRO: John Bryan used to be a straight reporter. He worked for the *San Francisco Examiner*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Mirror* and the *Herald-Express* in Los Angeles, the *Houston Post* and others. Then one night, covering a San Francisco robbery, stoned, Bryan confronted a black man the cops had caught, who was also stoned. All he'd say to John was: "You're a cop, man, just like these other cats. You're a COP, man." The next day, Bryan quit the straight press. He started one of the earliest underground papers, in 1964, called the *Open City Press*, in San Francisco. It folded in less than a year. He worked for the *Los Angeles Free Press* for a time, then started his own underground paper, again. *Open City* was born in 1967 in Los Angeles and died there this spring after two years of hassles that ended with two blockbuster obscenity raps, one of which has been dismissed by the courts. "It was harassment pure and simple," he says. "But finally it gets you; they wear you down with their legal resources." He shut down *Open City*, sadly, and spent the summer writing pornography to support himself, his wife and two children. Now, undaunted at 36, Bryan is laying plans for a new underground paper to be called *San Francisco Streets*. It will be heavier into the arts than the other four in the area, and will have a national, rather than local perspective. "It's impossible to know what the effect of the underground has been," he says. "I think it's like a time bomb—that the effect will become known later. All of a sudden you'll see how influential it has been. It's influential in everything that's happening in the arts, in politics, in the styles by which people lead their lives. But this will have to ferment until it pops out in the mass consciousness."

York Review of Sex also bears a filial relationship to the New York Free Press; it is almost Son of New York Free Press, in fact.

Only a very few non-New York underground papers have carried graphics or photos of outright balling. The Seattle *Helix* got away with printing a very small illustration from a kama sutra book. John Bryan was busted for carrying a satiric open-crotch sex ad, then busted again for printing a story that deals with the sexual adventures of a young girl (named "Skinny Dynamite") in his now-defunct Los Angeles *Open City*. The Berkeley *Barb* was found guilty of obscenity for printing a picture of two members of the MC-5 balling one girl. (Only one of them was really balling her, in truth. The other was providing a little extra stimulation.)

[WET & READY]

And even in New York itself, one issue of John Wilcock's *Other Scenes* earlier this year was unacceptable to his distributor—until he and 29 friends sat around several large tables inking over an erection by hand for 16 hours.

Sex does weird things to people, because at that very moment, the first sex papers were being distributed on New York streets without incident. Trouble came later for the *pornzines*, however, and there have since been a number of busts.

It's easy enough to see how the *pornzines* have attracted the wrath of the law. "If you take a good look at the high quality pictures we give you," reported *Pleasure* in an introduction to an interview with one of its models (a girl named Rita, 36-23-38),

"you'll notice that the pussies are wet and ready. We don't bother with pictures of unloved snatch: our models have just been eaten and/or fucked just prior to posing for us." Beyond mere snatch shots, there have been a fair number of out-and-out balling photos. And then, of course, there are tasty features like "Screw Goes to Market" (testing dildoes and French ticklers) and the "Peter Meter" (wherein the percentage of erection in a drawing at the top of the theater and movie review page tells you what to expect by way of erotic content; 67 per cent or 20 per cent or 85 per cent or whatever) in *Screw*.

Advertisement in the East Village Other's *Swinging Headhunter* section—a section that is prepared by an independent sex ad jobber, who then buys EVO ads by the page—"NYMPHO WIFE—25, bored housewife gets her kicks from exposing herself. Wants to swap photos of herself and partner with couples who offer same. Will correspond with all ac/dc, or whatever. All replies will be answered. Box No. 5797R."

His adventures with the *pornzines* are at least as exciting to EVO's publisher, Peter Leggieri, as the times he's had with EVO (circulation 60,000). That's the impression you get. What Leggieri digs about the *pornzines* is "that they're selling for 35 cents; they're knocking the bottom right out of the 42nd Street *porn* market! It's great!"

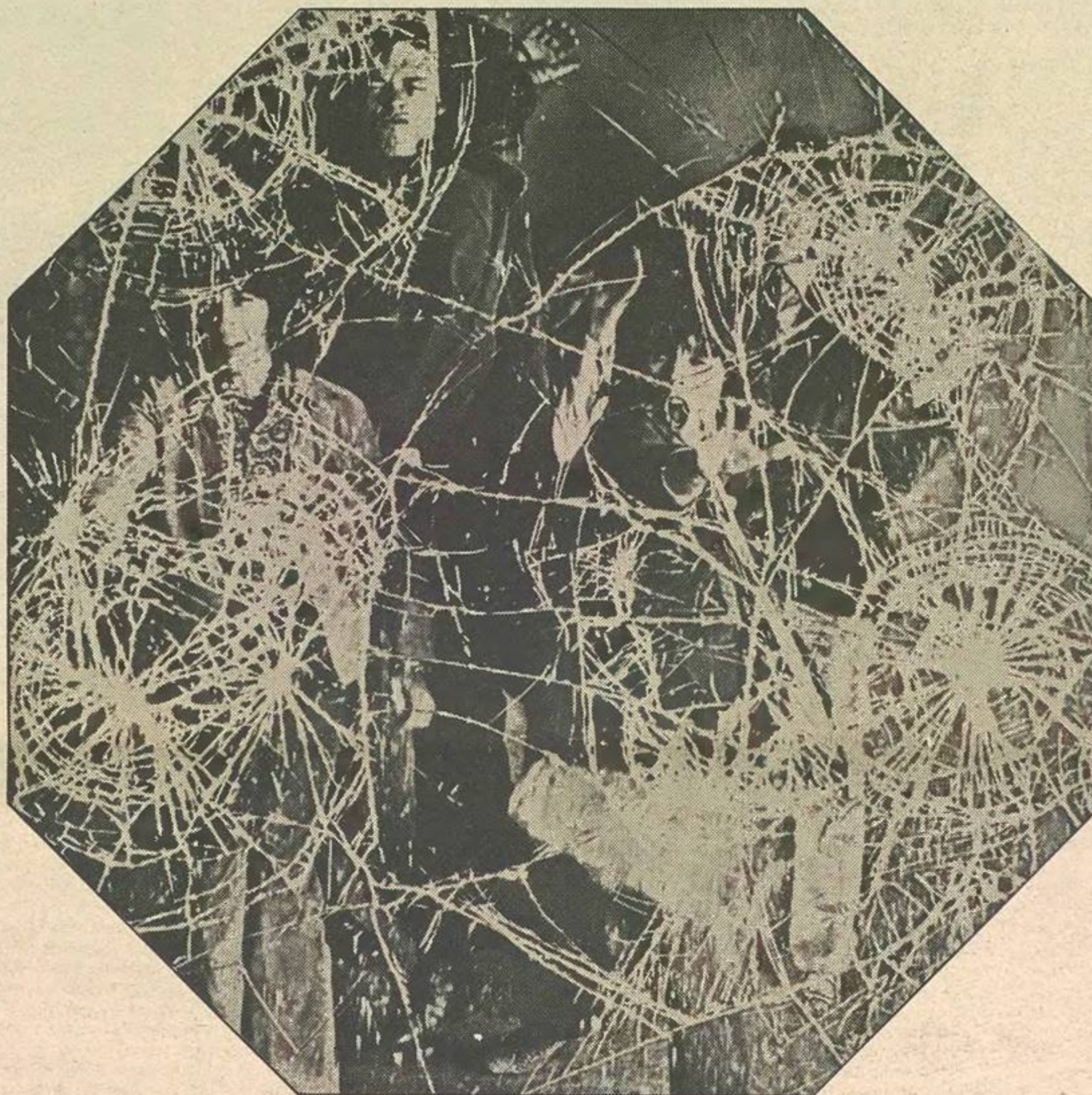
It was Leggieri's misfortune to have been busted for having some 9,700 copies of *Kiss* at his shop, the Gothic Blimpworks (whence comes the underground comic book of the same name which he also publishes). Not that Leggieri really minded. Four cops, five detectives, the sheriff and two members of the city's Corporation Council showed up for the big bust, in a huge convoy of vehicles, all of them eager to get into the act. "It was incredibly funny," Leggieri recalls; and got even better in the courtroom, where it became obvious the authorities had no idea who the publisher of *Kiss* was, and were trying to pin it on Leggieri. They dithered around for four hours. "I told them, finally, that it should have taken them 15 minutes, and that if I'd ever done that badly in law school, I'd have gotten kicked out on my ear." Leggieri, 27, graduated from the New York School of Law, but has never gotten around to taking the bar exam, partly because he has discovered a personal tendency to fantasize the criminal as a hero.

In court, a restraining order was granted on *Kiss*—which had become, in the issue under question, the first periodical publication to depict sexual intercourse—on the grounds that it presented a danger to society. "There never was even any testimony about that," says Leggieri. "They just all took it for granted that it was a danger to society. Isn't that amazing?"

In its early days, EVO's trip was to project *paternity* onto the flow of events—*paternity* being a dada/surreal/Charlie-Chaplin prism through which the

—Continued on Page 20

English History



The Rolling Stones THROUGH THE PAST, DARKLY (Big Hits Vol. 2)

HONKY TONK WOMEN • RUBY TUESDAY • JUMPIN' JACK FLASH • PAINT IT, BLACK • STREET FIGHTING MAN
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW? • LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER
2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME • MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER • SHE'S A RAINBOW • DANDELION



MANUFACTURED BY NANKER PHELGE MUSIC LTD.

AN ABKCO RECORD COMPANY

DISTRIBUTED BY LONDON RECORDS, INC.

NPS-3 STEREO



Benny Alvarez & Tom Forcade aboard the UPS/Church of Life bus

—Continued from Page 18

"facts" were refracted onto the pages of the EVO. Weird for the sake of weird might be another way of putting it, but weird with a point, too, sometimes.

[I'D CASTRATE HER!]

There were stories about illicit Tattoo Clubs ("All the members are sorry that we had to go underground," he continued, showing us an eagle tattooed in a very expressive manner in blue and bright reds...), there were Slum Goddesses ("I live on the Lower East Side because I like the new. I want my man to have a toothpick in his ear and a purple boot on his right foot..."), there were Allan Katzman's frightening prophecies ("They are taking over our thinking. They are taking over our dreaming. They are taking over our jobs. The machines are coming. I have seen their long plastic arms plunged into the myo-electric blood of humanity; Iron Man in his gold metal joy suit, zapped into a wall socket and sexlessly a/ceeing and d/ceeing his artificial man-made heart..."), and there was EVO's coverage of the Columbia University blow-out, quite unlike anybody else's coverage ("Women were ordered to undress and squat at the precinct stations. Police thought that drugs were being secreted in their cunts... 7 cops beating one student. 'Terrific violence'... Plainclothesmen dressed like students and uniformed cops had a field day as they shrieked and danced and feinted with their clubs, and had their kick with the blessing of Grayson Kirk... 'Beat the hell out of them,' said a lieutenant. Dwight McDonald's wife heard one officer say, 'If my daughter was inside there, I'd drag her out here and castrate her.'").

Walter Bowart and Allan Katzman (with assistance from John Wilcock) directed EVO's earliest days and if it wasn't exactly a tight ship, at least EVO seemed more in focus in those first years, 1965 and 1966. Leggieri came to do advertising for the paper after its eighth issue, and didn't get involved with the editorial side until later.

EVO was the most wildly experimental of the underground papers; it's now one of the more predictable—predictably far-out, granted—and the fault lies in the relative anarchy under which it operates. Leggieri is pretty much a caretaker editor, by his own

admission. One situation now is that each of the regular writers has his own page to fill, and he does it, with little counsel and no advice from Leggieri. Whether that amounts to democracy or anarchy is beside the point. EVO is without a core, for whatever reason.

"We have operated on the principle of chaos," says Leggieri, who's round of face, wears a goatee and mustache and is chunky. "Each issue sort of comes together but there's not telling what it'll be. It's a very frustrating experience, really, because you can't get anything together. There's no way to have one issue of the paper make a particular statement."

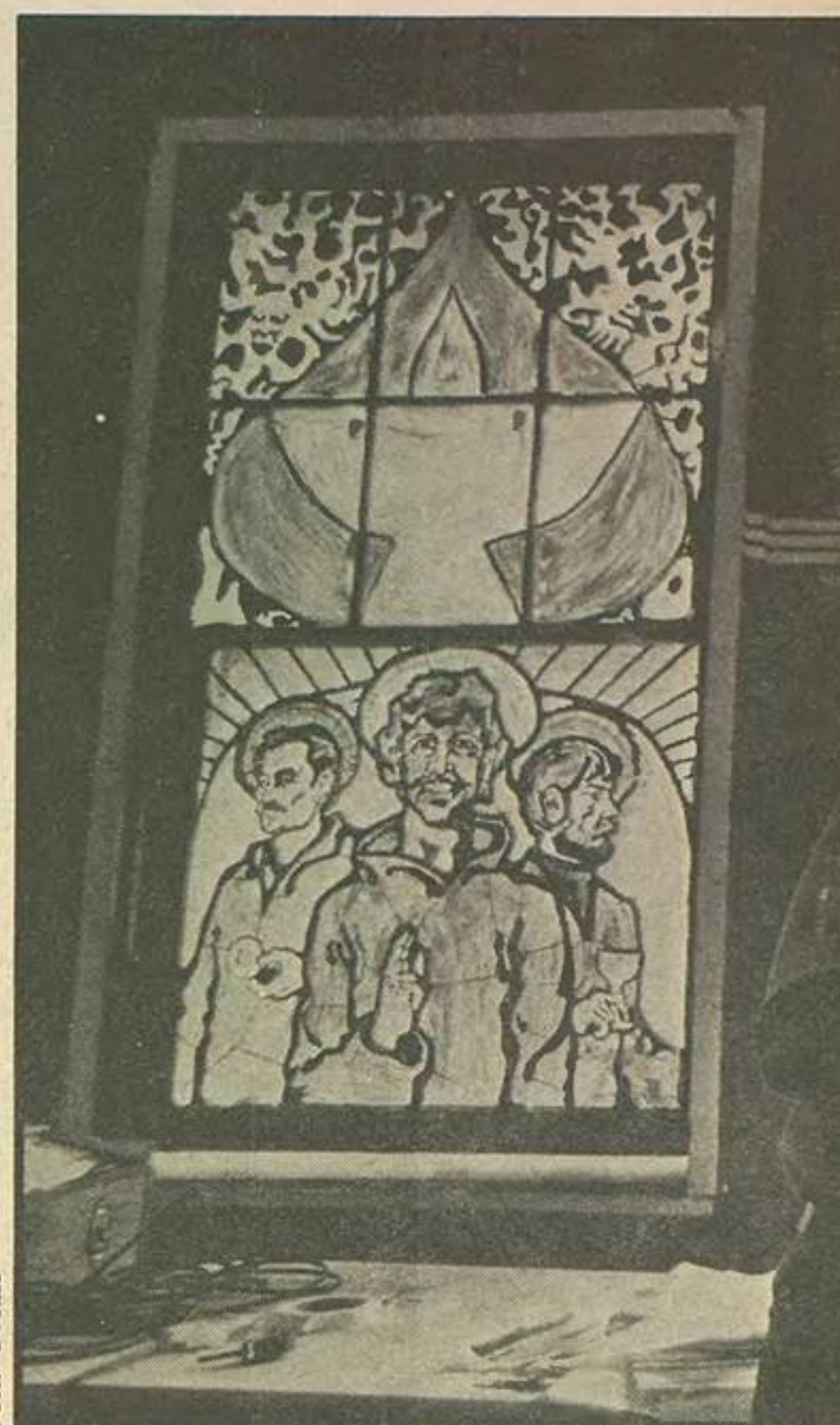
[IT'D MAKE THE REVOLUTION LOOK SMALL]

Leggieri has tremendous pride as he hands you back issues of EVO from the past four years, as if they are historic documents. As they really are. For it is true that no newspaper had taken an approach to politics, sex, religion and dope that was more askew and less reverent than EVO. It set the style in a lot of ways.

"The underground is going to have to find a new way of doing it," Leggieri maintains, "and it's going to have to reach beyond the readers it's got now. It's going to have to address itself to the middle class. Most underground papers—they see everything in political terms. We see lifestyle. But there's no agreement on how anybody in the underground sees anything. If the underground ever got in charge of this country, there'd be a tremendous fight. It would make the revolution look small by comparison. They don't agree on anything at all."

Who's to be in charge of making decisions—"democratic participation"—is a very large topic at the moment for nearly every underground paper. There is no fixed pattern for how papers decide what gets in the paper. At the Washington Free Press there's a fairly elaborate system of writing notes on colored sheets of paper and clipping them to stories to cast your vote. At San Francisco Good Times, things just evolve; all the copy arrives and people look through it and rap about it, and some of it gets in and the other stuff evidently wasn't meant to.

At the Seed in Chicago, the staff eats three meals together, and they talk quite specifically about what



Pete Leggieri (left) of EVO &

they want to use and what they don't. They vote at the Fifth Estate over any story that raises a question. At the Tribe in Berkeley, there are both news staff meetings and Tribal meetings where stories are discussed pretty thoroughly; but the editor, Jim X, has been granted "certain dictatorial powers" so he can give the paper some shape and form.

Democracy has all but gotten out of hand at Atlanta's Great Speckled Bird, where staff news meetings can last four and five hours, with up to two hours at a stretch devoted to debate over a single story, according to Howard Romaine. And all this haggling, even among friends, takes its toll. "I'm about exhausted," Romaine admits, "with these meetings. We wanted to see if we couldn't make it a truly democratic institution, and I think we succeeded, but it just takes too damn much time. We had this tremendous debate a few weeks back over bylines—whether to put bylines at the lead of stories. It went on for over two hours, and boy, we wasted a lot of energy. It's too draining."

John Wilcock gets around the problem of how to deal with staff by making his Other Scenes essentially a one-man show. He writes a column (it appears in scores of underground papers) by that name. And Other Scenes is also the name of his bi-weekly tabloid, on which he does most of the editorial work himself.

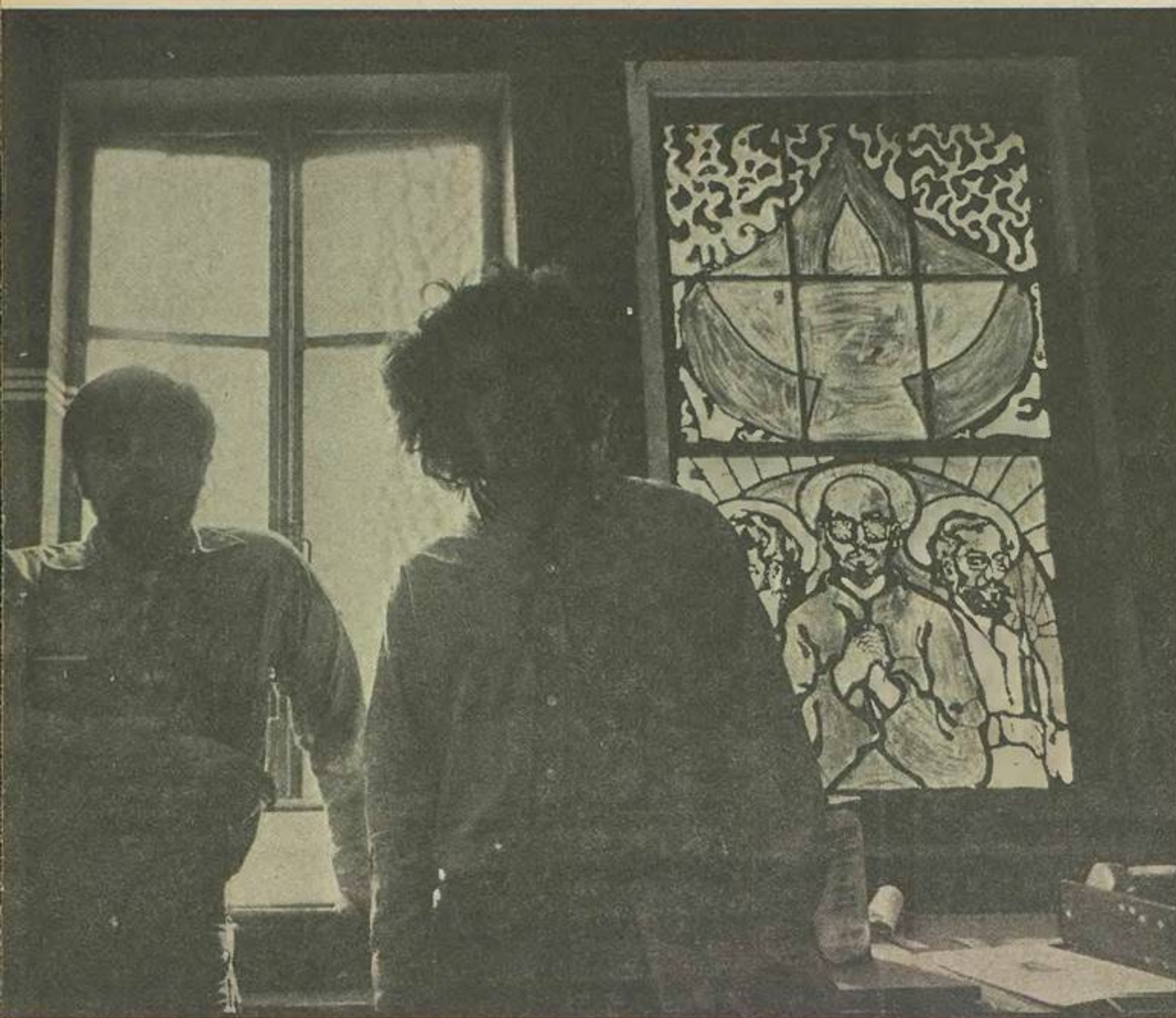
This is partly because Wilcock, at 41, had been into underground newspapering even before he coined the name "underground press," and therefore knows exactly what he wants to do better than anyone else that comes to mind. (He is not, incidentally, and never has been especially happy with the term "underground," but it's the label that stuck.) For ten and a half years, from 1955 to 1966, he wrote the Village Square column in the Village Voice, and in the process defined the areas of coverage for the still-unborn underground press—dope, sex, revolution—and how they were to be treated: with hip respect, as natural facts of life, no matter how unorthodox by straight standards.

Wilcock today dresses straight and makes no real effort to talk hip. He retains his British accent (in the very early Fifties, before he left the mother country, he had worked for both the Daily Mirror and the Daily Mail in London) and wears clothes—white shirts, slacks, loafers—befitting the United Press reporter which he was prior to coming to the U.S. and Greenwich Village in 1954. He sits at an Other Scenes work table at his Perry Street apartment/office, eating a hearty lunch of beef, potatoes, beans and coffee, prepared by his pretty wife (and right arm) Amber, the light from a small lamp illuminating his faintly baggy eyes and rumpled, business-length hair in the gloom.

[THE VILLAGE VOICE VS. WILCOCK]

"A lot of the papers are just one-subject in their orientation," Wilcock says, pushing aside a mound of newly-arrived publications from the morning mail to lie back on a daybed. "Just dope or just sex or just politics. What they don't realize is that this limits your audience terribly. If you're only dealing with one subject, you'll only have that one narrow audience."

Other Scenes costs about \$500 to produce and pays for itself in advertising. In a way, it's like a hobby with massive headaches (deadlines, distribution, censorship). But Wilcock wouldn't know what to do without a paper of his own. He was even planning to raise \$50,000 to start a "hippie daily" in New York,



Spain Rodriguez (right), creator of Trashman comix, who painted EVO windows at rear

until the sex magazines came to dominate newsstand sales so heavily. That idea is on the back burner at present.

"I had heard so much about Greenwich Village. I came down from Toronto to stay for awhile and liked it and decided there should be a good paper there, for the community, the artists and the political people. I hadn't been there a week when I started putting ads in storefront windows, asking people who might be interested in starting a paper to get in touch with me."

That was in 1954. Nothing much came of it, though he spoke with a number of people. So he went to work as an editor-writer at Pageant Magazine, a money job. A year later, the right forces came together and the Village Voice was born, with its present editor Daniel Wolff; Norman Mailer; Jerry Tallmer; and an Englishman named John Wilcock as news editor.

Wilcock's Village Square column scored several firsts in American journalism: the first pro-dope reportage (though the Voice "made me put psychiatrist's warnings in, too, to give it balance"), the first to use the word "fuck" (in 1962, by carrying the name of Fug Ed Sanders' magazine Fuck You, A Magazine of the Arts).

The Voice censored him half a dozen times, but not too badly, he says.

In time, however, the Voice became perplexed that Wilcock was getting too far out. "They told me they were embarrassed about my column," he says. "The heart of it was that the advertisers were getting very disturbed at what I was writing—the revolutionary stuff as much as the dope and sex." The Voice tried to discourage him. At a time when other contributors were getting paid more, Wilcock's pay remained a constant \$20 a week. Even though his was the most prominently displayed column, and certainly one of the paper's best-read features. He was not allowed to have a key to the office. Nor to use an office typewriter. Weird stuff like that. "They don't," Wilcock says with some bitterness, "like to offend advertisers. Their thinking was: why have all this offensive stuff? They could make more bread without it. So I could, like, write about the revolution, but I had to keep it inoffensive."

(In researching this story, an attempt was made to interview either the publisher of the Voice, Edward Fancher, or its editor, Daniel Wolff, both in the interest of placing the Voice's germinal role in creating the underground—along with such other publications as Paul Krassner's Realist and, in its irreverent way, Mad Magazine—but neither was available. Fancher wasn't in, and if he were, wouldn't be interested in talking, a secretary said. Daniel Wolff was equally chilly. "It's a subject," said Wolff, "that I don't really like to discuss. The whole matter of evaluating other people's work—what kind of a job they're doing—is not for me. I just don't do interviews on that sort of thing." Even though that wasn't the point. He suggested that I might talk with one of their columnists instead.)

Wilcock came away from the Voice with a low regard for both Wolff and Fancher. "The Voice was for years regarded as such a far-out paper," he says. "Well, it's amazing, but during the 15 years I've lived in the Village, I've never seen Dan Wolff anywhere but inside the Voice office—never once at a concert or a poetry reading or a political meeting or anywhere. Not once. He never sees anything but the Voice. He gets all his information second-hand."

One day after Wilcock had begun to write for and work with EVO, he got a crisp memo from Fancher

saying: "John, I want to talk with you. Ed." When he got to Fancher's office, he was told he couldn't continue writing for both papers, the Voice and EVO, since they were "competitive." Competitive is an all but non-existent concept in the underground, with some exceptions.

"I told him I thought he was exploitive and an extortionist," smiles Wilcock. "He told me I'd better look out, I might want to come back some day. I told him, 'Don't worry,' got my things together, left the Voice and never went back again."

[1 PHOTOGRAPH EXPLOITATION]

Liberation News Service photographer David Fenton—perhaps the most widely-published photographer in the underground press and certainly one of the best—is a New York City high school drop-out and, at 17, a year younger than even Ken Kelley of the Ann Arbor Argus. But his commitment to the revolution is a good deal more severe than Kelley's, and a good deal more restrictive in terms of his development as a photographer.

"I have a special thing I want to do photographically," says Fenton. "I go into normal every-day oppressive situations and photograph the alienation and despair—in high schools, like, and clerks in stores—the corruption of American society." There is nothing amusing in any of this, it goes without saying, and Fenton, who intends to make these scenes his life's work, is, appropriately, solemn as he tells you about it.

Life Magazine was sufficiently impressed with Fenton's work that he was assigned a photo story on high schools for them. His photos were great—many have been printed in underground papers all over the country—but working with Life proved an exceedingly bitter experience (for both sides, one surmises).

Almost sputtering, a copy of Life clutched in one hand, David demands, "What enslaves people's minds more than the media?" He has a photographer's pride in showing you how many of his photos Life used—and a seething rage at the way they "twisted" the captions so as to invalidate the impact of his work. Worse, Life used a photo of his for an advertisement—without asking Fenton's permission—showing a long-hair and a cop in confrontation. *How Revolting Are the Students?* was Life's line on the ad. Fenton is suing Life for \$100,000. "They really fucked me," he says, waving the ad in front of him. "Lots of people wouldn't talk to me after this appeared. It really damaged my reputation as a radical photographer."

To protect against just this kind of mistreatment, Fenton says he's been talking with other radical photographers about starting a Radical Photographer's Guild—"so we don't keep getting fucked over by the capitalist press." Fenton, Jeff Blankfort and Nacio Jan Brown are the principal photographers involved in the planning, three excellent photographers whose best work often derives its power from the heat of the incident at hand: the SF State and Berkeley excitements of past years have yielded amazingly powerful work from both Blankfort and Brown.

Not all the best underground photographers are so closely associated with the blood that's running in the streets, however. Bob Altman, who does a lot of work for the Good Times, often goes to the streets—he covered People's Park for them—but Altman's camera seeks out a different aspect of the revolution. "I have for some time consciously tried to make photographs that project joy and happiness—good sensations," says Altman. The idea came to him on a mescaline trip. And, pollyanna though it may sound,

Altman succeeds. Street revolutionaries go through a certain rapture during moments of confrontation—and other times, like when the bands are playing free at Speedway Meadows. That's what Altman's photos portray, with uncommon clarity and spontaneity.

David Fenton personifies LNS's strict devotion to the Movement, a devotion to SDS-oriented politics and confrontation strategy that is foreign to many of the papers LNS services. This accounts for a measure of unhappiness with LNS throughout the underground press. Most editors are glad LNS exists, though; at least it's a means of getting some national news coverage.

Says Art Kunkin of the L.A. Free Press: "We used a lot of LNS originally and now there's a feeling generally that LNS has become sort of ossified, that they issue, like, proclamations. My conception is that the underground papers have to be very local. The extensive use of LNS makes it less local. If LNS does things like the Columbia thing and they have access to stories like that, then we'll use them. But there's very little of that."

[LNS: SORT OF OSSIFIED?]

Roger Downey of the Seattle Helix thinks LNS wastes its time doing radical-slanted rewrites of straight-press news stories. "If LNS devoted all their effort to just five or six cats—really good reporters—to work on full-length pieces on the big national news," he says, "that would be more like it."

John Wilcock is one of LNS's harshest—and hardest to ignore—critics. "We're paying LNS \$180 a year"—that's the price for the news packets LNS mails out twice-weekly—"to send us whatever they damn well feel like sending us. You'll find that papers all over the country are unhappy with what LNS sends out, but we've got no choice. Nobody can tell LNS what's worth covering and what's not. They don't listen. They're getting paid twenty times as much as the typical underground paper gets per subscription, and they are in no way accountable for it."

Perhaps the most damning comment, though, comes from Harry Driggs, whose makeup/layout for the Good Times is just about universally admired throughout the underground. He, and others at the Good Times, grant that LNS does get the news out. But it's the kind of news they get and the way LNS reports it. . . . "The thing is," says Harry, tossing back his shoulder-length hair to look up from the light-table, "I'm already convinced the system is corrupt and that it's going to have to come apart. Known it for a long time."

On the question of SDS, Allen Young, one of the leading LNSers—it's all very democratic at LNS, decisions are reached communally and all that, but Young has been around longer than almost anybody else, and, whether he likes it or not, does seem to occupy a leadership role—said: "SDS led the way during the important struggles in the student movement. It has been really important in helping the Movement develop its ideas and its growth. On the whole the growth of the Movement is largely attributable to SDS. LNS also believes that organization and collective action are necessary, and that the best organized force—the best white organized force—has been SDS. SDS has always rejected escapism, as have we—going off to live in the hill, or on the farms, or excessive use of drugs—like speed in particular." LNS has its own SDS cell, to which the majority of the collective belong, called the Vulgar Marxists.

If LNS tends to go its own way, without taking the counsel of others too seriously, it's understandable.

Continued on Next Page



Other Scenes: John Wilcock

Continued from the Preceding Page

They have continuously run in the red (though revenue from subscribers is five times the \$500 LNS was receiving a year ago, LNS still makes end meet by benefits and contributions from wealthier radicals), which tends to give you a certain independence. LNS takes the attitude, you think you can get together a better news service? Far out. Go right ahead.

[PUBLICIZE AND PROMOTE]

LNS people have come from all over to work at the New York office. Jeff Shero and Thorne Dreyer, both of whom helped out together the Austin Rag in its formative days, came from Texas to work there before they went off again in other directions. Shero now edits Rat in New York, Dreyer is putting out the brand-new Space City News in Houston. The present staff includes Mark Kramer, 25, a drop-out English teacher; Alan Howard, 28, a free-lance with New York Times experience; Young, 28, who'd worked for the Washington Post; Sheila Ryan, who worked for the Washington Free Press for a time after having participated earlier in the Selma sit-ins, and then the White House demonstrations of three years ago (for which she served four and a half months in jail); and George Cavaletto, 31, formerly a graduate student in literature, who joined LNS three months after it started, and was, along with Steve Diamond of Dock of the Bay, in charge of its New York office during the Columbia shutdown.

LNS is established as a co-operative and they try, in many ways, to work together as a commune. They do not live together, but eat the evening meal together every night. The dinner I ate with them was a tasty mix of beef and a potpourri of fresh vegetables prepared by Sheila Ryan.

Some two dozen people filled Fenton's apartment, seated on chairs, beds, the floor, drinking beer or cokes and eating heaping helpings of Sheila's cooking. The Grateful Dead's *Aoxomoxoa* filled the place with sinuous crashing rock and roll.

Sheila sighed as she discussed LNS finances. "We know that so many of the papers aren't going to make the subscription payments, but you don't even begin to think about cutting them. We're not like a business. Getting the news out is the first thing. If we were ever to make a profit, it would be incidental. In a lot of ways, it's even more important that they get LNS when they can't afford to pay. That's when they need us most. We understand that most of the papers"—LNS services some 200—"have financial crises most of the time. Maybe they've had a big bust and they need to keep the money for bail funds and lawyers."

LNS staffers get whatever they need to get by, but there's no set payroll. Few take more than \$20 a week.

"That's what makes us different from the old communists," said Allen Young, who was wearing a GO MICHIGAN BEAT THAILAND lapel button on his work-shirt. "They were very concerned about their own physical situation, and afraid of losing their place in society. We're not afraid. We don't glory in physical punishment—though there may be some of us who do—but we're not afraid to be who we are and how we are, out front."

"My journalistic training," Young says, "is to keep it short. But because the brand of journalism we practice doesn't stick to the old rules—especially the inverted pyramid"—where the first paragraph summarizes the most important part of the story, followed by paragraphs of decreasing importance, which is how most daily newspapers do it—"and we instead construct stories so they go beyond what happened to place it in terms of its implications and its historical significance, so it isn't an isolated event, but so it helps the reader see the larger scheme of things . . . Well, a lot of our stories have to be longer if we're going to do right by them."

"But we feel it's good that Marxist analysis has been injected into the Movement," Fenton offered. You do have to take care not to be heavy-handed about it. "It's probably gone too far," he added, "in many cases, to the point that a lot of people are just into intellectual games. But Marxist analysis does help put events into a good framework."

LNS decides what's worth news coverage in terms of what's right for the Movement. Says Allen Young: "We select articles that best publicize and promote the Movement. That's a very important criterion. And because that's the premise we often leave out the quibbles and disputes among the leadership of the Movement. Only a very small number of people are interested, and they're all involved, anyway."

[WE CHOSE THE FARM]

For the first five months of LNS's existence, not many papers were using much of its copy. At that point there were only two or three people involved and it was pretty much a reprint bureau, with its head office in Washington. Then came an acrimonious split between Marshall Bloom and his handful of followers (who favored less heavily political coverage, more in the way of hip news, to put it briefly), and Young and the present LNS group. Bloom, who founded LNS along with Ray Mungo, and is accorded a kind of genius stature—even by his former LNS associates, despite all that went down—is said to have grabbed an amount of money from an LNS benefit, and purchased a farm in Massachusetts with it. He and his associates put out their version of LNS from the farm, while the LNS regulars continued from New York. Most papers printed stories from both services, keeping out of the struggle. But it got nasty between the two LNS factions, when raids and counter-raids were staged to rip off supplies and materials.

Gradually less and less came out of the farm, until, at the end, this spring, "It came down to whether the

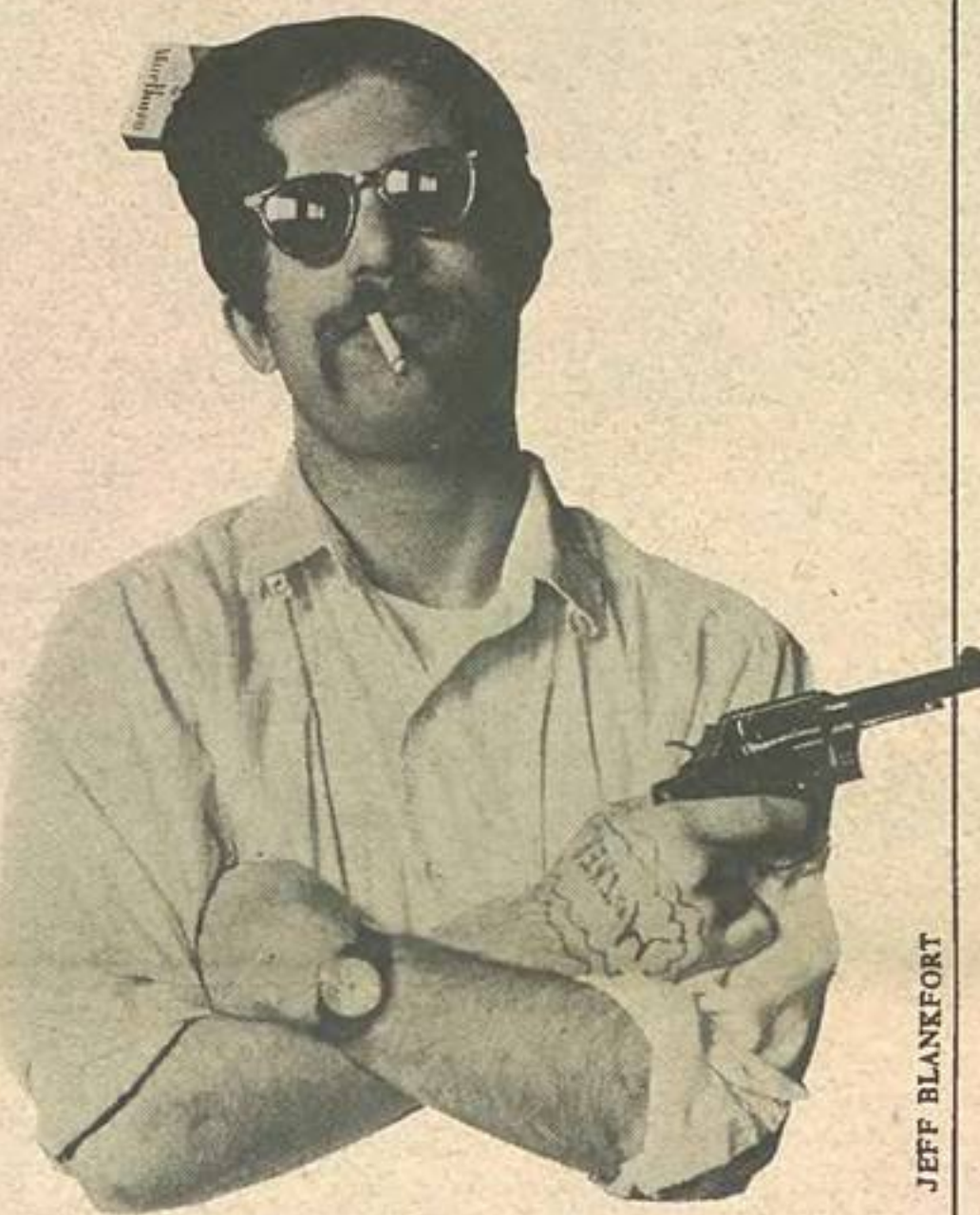
news service would survive, or the farm," recalls Steve Diamond, who had gone with Bloom. "There was no question about it, really. We chose the farm."

The effect of farm life had been to turn the radical journalists' attentions toward ecology and community. Many of them are still living there, communing with nature. Others have moved to other farm/communes.

These days—despite whatever displeasure editors may find in LNS—the news service's material is carried in virtually every underground paper in the U.S. With correspondents in Vietnam, Cuba, Mexico, Czechoslovakia and Japan, LNS can provide international news available to the underground no other way. And the flow of photography, artwork, poetry (including Diane DiPrima's and D. A. Levy's) and other matters (Ita Jones does a nice cooking column), is impressive.

"Liberation News Service," opined the New York Times, "is one of the few functional alternatives, or counter-institutions, that the Movement has produced. (LNS's packets) are a principal pillar of the US underground press." To judge by a sample dozen LNS packets since the beginning of this year (they come two per week, 20 8 by 12 inch offset-printed pages of news apiece, with an additional four to eight pages of photos and artwork), you can expect approximately this breakdown of news for each weekly edition of your underground paper:

- A dozen stories against war—the War in Vietnam, anti-draft, anti-germ warfare, telling the struggle against the military going on inside US military bases.



Good Times' Marvin Garson, who split

- Eight stories on the attempts of students to liberate/overthrow/control/help run their universities, colleges and high schools. (LNS's Columbia coverage was the best; their People's Park treatment surprisingly weak.)

- Eight stories about the Movement—the latest plans, strategies, meetings, analyses (like Thorne Dreyer's and Vicky Smith's lengthy analyses of the underground press from the Movement standpoint which filled several pages of one LNS packet and was scarcely reprinted anywhere; evidently most underground editors do not feel that the medium is the message), and messages (like Jerry Rubin's "Emergency Letter to My Brothers and Sisters in the Movement").

- Seven stories from around the world—international news generally dealing with revolution from the revolutionaries' side, or with student anti-establishment or anti-American activities.

- Five stories dealing with racism in the United States—telling how badly blacks and Indians and chicanos and Eskimos are being screwed this week, and what the Black Panthers and other militants intend to do about it.

- Five stories on national politics, generally devoted to illustrating the oafishness of the federal government.

- Five stories in a sort of mixed dope/social/arts groove, like reports on decency rallies, Chicago Kaleidoscope staffer Skeets Millard's excellent interview with Cynthia Plaster Caster, raps with Pete Seeger and with John and Yoko, and poetry (the best of it self-liberative in nature, the worst glorifying revolutionary struggles-I-have-seen), and occasional sex (often self-consciously Women's Liberation Front oriented).

- A couple of stories on crime and cops, specifically dealing with new weaponry or riot control measures or brutality.

- A couple of stories dealing with power structure analysis—which company is screwing the people worst in what way, which corporation is tied in with his senator or mayor or both.

- A couple of stories about the plight of America's poverty class, or on the ills of the welfare system.

- Not to mention the cooking columns, and some random ecology and book reviews.

The drawings and photos are suitable for newspaper reproduction as they come in the packet, with a dot-

structure screen already applied to the pictures. All an underground paper need do is cut them out and paste them onto their page layout. (Nearly all underground papers utilize offset printing, whereby you simply paste down everything onto a page form exactly as you want it to look, and the printing plate is an exact photographic reproduction of what the printer receives. A far cry from working with lead slugs of type, and working with a printer as he laid out the page for you. Much cheaper, too.)

[THE GREAT AMERICAN FIG]

LNS has its own small printshop at the rear of its spacious, multi-hued offices, with offset presses at the rear capable of printing 8 by 12 inch sheets, perfect for leaflets and smaller publications. Its packets are printed here. For Movement causes, the printing is done at cost. When, occasionally, a straight comes by with a gig for the printshop, "We really screw them on the price" grins a red-headed, headbanded printer. A lot of their printing is for the Black Panthers.

At the height of the New York City high school crisis last spring—at the time LNS's David Fenton dropped out—LNS was the center of operations for some 20 New York high school underground papers, and was even putting out a nationwide high school press service (HIP). Most of the high school papers have been rather wide-eyed versions of their big brothers, but during the New York crisis, many achieved a surprising level of sophistication. The high school papers tend to come and go with the whims of their editors and the oppressive nature of high school principals; six weeks is a long lifespan in the high school underground.

Rat, politically the most revolutionary of New York's underground papers, has made a conscious attempt to attract high school writers and readers. "They're the ones I'm really most anxious to reach, because they're so open. They're free. They see things for what's happening. They're the only really free people in New York," enthuses Rat editor Jeff Shero, 26.

For a time, Shero had six or eight high school drop-outs on the paper, but they split when he refused to meet their demands by taking the price off the front page and giving Rat away free in the streets. Shero thought it was a beautiful idea, but there was no way he could do that and keep the paper alive, he says.

Finances have been a big problem right along for the Rat. The latest mail contained the last two issues of the paper, wrapped around a letter to all Rat subscribers, which said:

Brothers and Sisters:

Trying to get through to you. Amerika hassles in between us. We've been evicted from our old offices, turned down by printers, subjected to intricate bureaucratic runarounds by the U.S. post office. CBS subsidiary, Columbia Records, has cancelled all advertisements to the underground press. The Great American Pig is trying to sit on us. It's been hard to run the paper, fight hassles and get out your subscriptions.

Hold on, it's a'comin'.

Armed Love,

Rat

Anyway, the New York Rat has been through a lot, all of it magnified by the constant scramble for bread to keep the paper afloat. Jeff Shero has chased all around the Eastern seaboard, just as the letter indicates, in quest of printers. Two or three months after he finds one, the local authorities find some pretext for keeping "that smut-rag" from getting printed there, and it's off to another printer in another city. It's been that way since Shero, fresh from LNS, started Rat last year, on \$3000 principally donated by anti-war types.

It's makeup night at Rat, and as usual all the makeup has been put off until the last possible minute. The staff will sit up through the night and into the next day doing it. Motherfuckers—8 or 10 of them—are situated all around the office.

There is no question who are the Motherfuckers and who are the Rats. The Motherfuckers wear biker clothes—dirty, like Angels—and like uh see they talk language kinda spacey and . . . and you know . . . like street people, dig—and look loaded/sullen. The Rat has a working agreement with the revolutionary street-fighting Motherfuckers that they will have a page in each issue the Motherfuckers feel like doing one. The Rats tend toward somewhat longer hair, higher levels of kemptness, positivity and clear-headedness, not to mention bell bottoms, a few beads and hip shit like that. Shero, for instance, wears a button-down shirt, a strand of beads, rimless glasses which do not obscure his clear, gentle eyes, and a trim beard and mustache.

[MOTHERFUCKERS AND RATS]

Motherfucker graphics are actually quite striking. The one they are working on this evening is a sort of sunburst with a ying-yang sign in the middle and a very Aztec-looking dragon creature intruding toward it ("ARMED LOVE—MOTHERFUCKERS") and a Motherfucker vision radiating in segments from the center, each line a spoke in the wheel:

ONE TIME A PEOPLE

EXISTED IN TOUCH

WITH THE EARTH

THEY WERE SMOTHERED

BY A DARKER FORCE

STRONGER THAN THEIR OWN

AND DRIVEN OFF THEIR LAND

THE SPIRIT OF THE LIGHTER

FORCES WENT INTO HIDING

AWAITING REBIRTH

GATHERING ITS PEOPLE

DRIVING THE DARKNESS INTO THE SEA

In fact, the Motherfuckers' graphics may be the

—Continued on Page 24

the groupies

The first on-the-scene recorded documentary study of the groupie phenomenon, as revealed by the girls themselves.

Produced by Alan Lorber

Earth Records, 322 West 48th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036





Liberation News Service printshop: "Marxist analysis helps put events into a good framework"

JOHN BURKS

—Continued from Page 22

best looking thing in Rat, which is pretty much the archetypal sloppy underground paper: eight or ten different typefaces crash all around the pages, lines are pasted in crooked, rule lines are drawn askew, headlines too big or too small. But beauty in makeup is not something underground readers demand. The emphasis is on content, and if you want to know how a freak can survive in New York, Rat is your best source.

Shero thinks Rat's hip survival information (including a regular column called Medical Hustle on where to get free medical help) is the paper's most popular feature. The staff is at work now on a guide to New York for newcomer kids on dope availability, medical counsel, how to keep from getting raped, where to sleep cheap or crash, and so on.

It's 2 AM and the Motherfuckers have tramped in and out of the office several times now, and have finally finished with their page. They rouse several of their pack who've nodded on a sofa or crashed in a corner or on top of desk, and split. "See ya," says one. "Yeah, next time," says Shero. Rat people get along with the Motherfuckers tolerably well, but the mood seems to lighten just a bit after their departure.

Good-humored, plain-spoken, Shero is rapping now about underground newspapering: he says it's doomed, like all other print media.

[IT'S DOOMED]

"I think," he says, "that print is an archaic medium now and young people who grew up with television are not channeled into the linearity of print. I mean, the underground press has done some good things. Like, I think underground people have been most innovative with their use of graphics. They start out with a blank page and no pre-conceptions—the best of them do, anyway. It may be that they've had no experience doing it before. Some young kids come in here and do great things. Things that you could build on, you know. Maybe it's a little rough—they don't know all the fine points—but they've got some fine ideas.

"But I'm only in the underground press because I don't have enough money to get into television—underground television. I'm convinced cable TV is the answer, so we can get around the FCC. TV can reach people so much more immediately, man. That's where the underground will wind up if we can ever get the bread together."

Shero, four years ago a member of the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC), then a vice president of the SDS (for whom he traveled to Leningrad as an observer for an international youth conference), thinks Rat's finest hour was its coverage of Columbia University's involvement with the CIA. And he prizes the memory of the moment when one of Mayor Daley's police hauled out the copy of Rat, containing Shero's tough "Chicago Guide to Survival," during the Democratic Convention there last year, to make the national TV audience aware how insidious the Conspiracy had become.

Shero constantly compares Rat with the New York Times—"the only paper I actually hate"—and says flatly that Rat's coverage, by God, has been better than theirs on every major story Rat has done, from Berkeley to Mexico City, Columbia to Chicago.

That's open to debate, naturally. What does ring clearly and strongly out of Rat's coverage of these events is how it felt to be among the anti-police forces, what the demonstrators' motivations were, and

what the story was on the other side of the fence from the New York Times.

From Paul Samberg's Rat/LNS Columbia account: "We gathered on the lawn under Low Library. Cordier (acting president) wasn't in. We milled restlessly. A student yelled, 'We need someone to take command. Someone take command!' Rudd and other authority figures were missing. Someone hooked up the sound system. 'Over the last decade, Columbia has evicted over 10,000 tenants . . . Maybe he thought we'd forgotten. I climbed onto a ledge and tried to break Cordier's window. Plexiglas. It yielded like soft plastic; bullet proof. The sound of smashing glass. Someone had broken a side window. I ran around the ledge. There was blood on the sill . . ."

Many critics of the underground would argue that this is unobjective reporting. Bullshit. It's an objective account of what happened. It's difference with the New York Times coverage is that the reporter is involved. Samberg did not assume the protective shield of non-partisan disaffiliation that is the New Timesman's stock in trade. (Or is it? The Times' coverage was overwhelmingly pro-administration, anti-insurrectionist; the Times' ruling family were also among Columbia's rulers.)

[POULTRY & ASTROLOGY]

It would be a large error to suppose that Rat has nothing but politics on its mind, for Rat includes on its staff roster the only Poultry Editor in the underground press. It might seem peculiar that an urban underground paper should have a Poultry Editor. In truth, Van Howell, 20, Rat Poultry Editor, has actually written very little about poultry in Rat. Mainly poultry has served as a sort of running motif through Van Howell's astrology columns. For instance, in one recent astrology column, Howell spliced in a photo of a poultry farmer attired in a double-breasted 1949 suit, holding a Red hen, complete with this caption:

J. J. Warren, with his Red hen that won top honors in the Hen-of-the-Year Contest at the 1949 NEPPCO Poultry Industry Exposition at Harrisburg. This hen laid 336 eggs, scoring 366.10 points at the Storrs Egg Laying Test.

Van Howell's Astrology column itself was only slightly less to the point.

"As you already know," he wrote, "it is almost impossible to find a connection between stuff written by astrologers and objective reality. So obviously any undertaking of astrology has to come from personal experience, which means compiling lists (written or mental) of people in each sign. For further investigation into the esoteric subtleties of planetary aspects, etc., you need a certain type of mentality (such as might be found in menopausal Roman Catholic lesbians); and if your mind is oriented towards life instead of fantasy then of course you should forget the whole thing. ANYWAY, the purpose of this column is to save analcompulsive researchers some trouble, by printing stuff already researched, and also to offer more-or-less concrete (instead of neo-religious) information to people who want to know where they stand in the Cosmic Order of Things!"

And this was followed by a large number of Important Incidental Births, too numerous to repeat here in its entirety, but worthy of consideration in part:

Yogi Berra, May 12, 1925; Malcolm X, May 18, 1925; Tony Curtis, June 3, 1925; Arthur Polonsky, June 6, 1925.

Johnny Mathis, September 30, 1935; Julie Andrews, October 1, 1935.

Prince Valiant, cartoonist, August 16, 1892; Mae West, August 17, 1892.

Charlie Chaplin, April 15, 1889; Thomas Hart Benton, April 16, 1889; Adolf Hitler, April 20, 1889.

Van Howell has a whole book filled with these notations, material enough for dozens of columns.

His major theory is that all the people born between 1942 and 1956—which takes in everyone between the ages of 27 and 13, or nearly all the Rat staff—are capable of producing superficially bright and shiny, even impressive, work; but, "really they aren't doing anything. It's all illusion and superficiality. There's no depth. Nothing they do will have any lasting significance or importance. Ultimately, anything that happens in this part of the century that has any worth will come from people born before 1942 and after 1956. People born after 1956 will probably have a low opinion of us, if they're interested in us at all. People born before 1942 already do have a low opinion of us."

Van Howell has also studied the celebrated Aquarian Age and found it wanting. "It's a hoax," he pronounces. "It exists, but look around you: it's all Muzak and shopping centers and plastic."

A final observation: "All Leo's born after 1946 are assholes."

Van Howell declines to confide his own birthdate. The odd thing is that of all the people at the Rat office, he looks a lot more like a Poultry Editor than an astrologer. In the same briefcase where he keeps hand-written books of Important Incidental Births there are five yellowing poultry magazines, three of them from the year 1949.

[I DON'T BELIEVE IN REVOLUTION]

There is general underground agreement—not total agreement—that either we are in the midst of a revolution, or that one is about to start. Or might start some day. But what is the nature of the revolution? There is no party line in the underground.

"We don't see ourselves as an instrument of the revolution," says Milwaukee Kaleidoscope editor John Kois, "because we don't see any revolution. At this paper, we're almost traditional reformists—we pose alternatives and try to make them happen. We're gadflies."

"But I don't believe in revolution. I do believe in rapid and mindbending changes within the structure of the system. If we do get into a revolutionary situation in this country, I see it coming from the right-wing. I mean, the armed forces are so alienated from the left . . ." Kois smiles for a long second, then makes his admission: "I hate politics—you ought to know this—so this will all be bullshit anyway." And then back to more political rap. "It may be," Kois says in his easily modulated drawl, "that four or five years from now there will be an awareness of the need for immediate and rapid change—where, say, somebody like McCarthy would be the standard and not the exception. But when that situation comes around—I think that's when you can expect a right-wing revolution to come. In reaction to that awareness. So that's what we can look forward to. So how do the radicals meet that? The revolutionaries? These kids take over a university and say, 'This is the start, we're going to take over the country, the revolution has begun!'" Kois smiles to himself at the folly of it. "Well, fuck—," he starts to say, then laughs right out loud. "I hate politics."

—Continued on Page 26

Presenting the minutes of the last meeting of our Board of Directors:



"Particularly fine performance (at the Miami Pop Festival) was given by Pacific Gas and Electric, a Los Angeles blues flash rock band, which performed four times during the three days, taking entire grandstand audiences to their feet after every song." *Rolling Stone*

"Pacific Gas and Electric were playing as we arrived. It took about one number for us both to realize something special was happening. They were into an old Robert Johnson number, getting it ALL DOWN in bright sunlight. Next, they went into their West Coast hit, 'Wading in the Water,' and had the crowd on its feet, stomping out the time and yelling, 'More, More, More!' " *Fusion*

**PACIFIC
GAS
AND
ELECTRIC**

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC

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MISS LUCY / P.G. & E. SUITE



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all your
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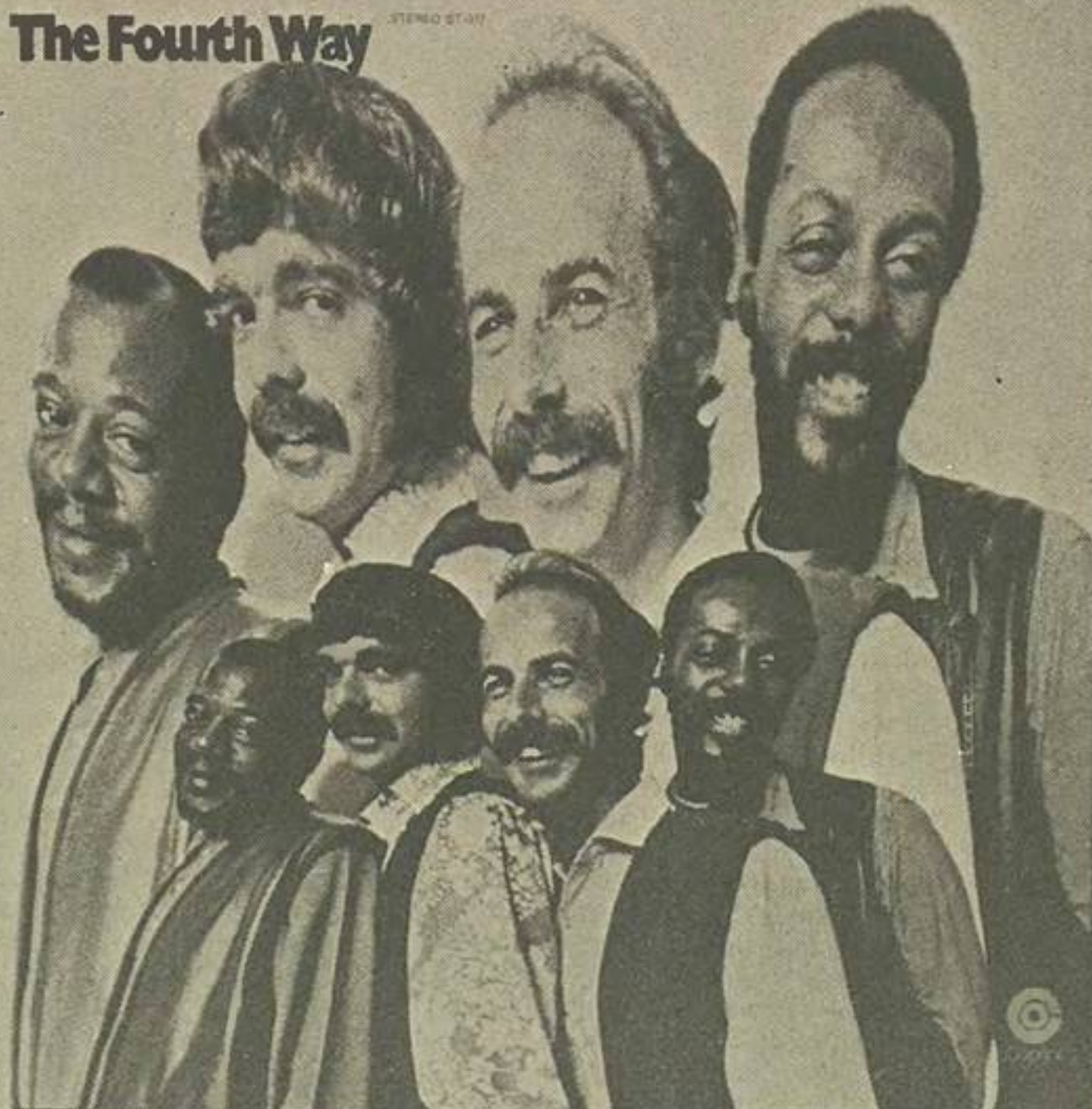
On Columbia Records

Their Way

Ron McClure has come a long way from and with his Julius Hart Conservatory training. By way of Maynard Ferguson Big Band and Sextet, Herbie Mann Quartet, Buddy Rich Big Band and Charles Lloyd Quartet. Now, his bass and guitar are going The Fourth Way.

Mike White, the heavy on violin, won Downbeat's highest award as New Jazz Star of 1967. Roland Kirk, Elvin Jones and John Handy knew why when he blew with them. Now, he's blowin' the new way. The Fourth Way.

The Fourth Way



Mike Nock began playing the piano at 12. Since being proclaimed a sensation in New Zealand and Australia, he's made his way in the U.S. with The Yusuf Lateef Quartet, Dionne Warwick and the John Handy Quartet. Now, he's making it his own way. The Fourth Way.

The drums and recorder of Eddie Marshall are the tight wrap up. He's wailed and beat it out with Stan Getz, Gary Burton, Roland Kirk Quartet and Dionne Warwick. Now, he's wrappin' it up. The Fourth Way.

The Fourth Way is a vocal quartet which doesn't use voices—their instruments are their voices. They come from jazz, but have forged a new musical posture. Rock one way. Jazz one way. Folk one way—A new way. The Fourth Way.

Available on Record and on Tape.





STEVEN SHAMES

Like a really corny movie: A strike against the grandest old father-figure the underground has ever known

—Continued from Page 24

Says Ken Kelley of the Ann Arbor Argus upon being asked what he thinks of SDS: "Fuck 'em. They're getting more and more absurd, SDS. They missed their chance because they never listen to what people want, what people are into, and now SDS is just into rhetoric. Everything else is going on, and all they see is rhetoric."

Marvin Garson, former editor of the Good Times in San Francisco, recently wrote an account of a rap he had with an SDS chick from Detroit—"young, ungainly, talking nervously in a fake hillbilly accent"—before a Movement meeting in Atlanta, where his journeys have led him. Garson's account neatly sums up the feeling of many in the underground. Though no one could accuse Marvin of being typical.

"The discussion," Garson recalls, "runs around a few turns like a caged hyena. She wants to tell me about her politics; I want to hear about her life. When I turn to go to the meeting, she calls over my shoulder: 'Just wait 'til the Revolution, then you're gonna be offed.' So I turn back to face her, put my hands on my hips and say, 'Do it now.' No sneer in that: just words to telescope future and past down into this moment. This is The Revolution and The Resurrection, the Alpha and the Omega. This is it. No more preparations, no more getting ready, no more talking about what's going to happen: 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.' Do it NOW. She reared back and delivered her best karate kick to the pit of my stomach. It knocked some wind out of me but didn't hurt. Her next kick was aimed for my balls. I saw it coming in plenty of time to block it with my hip. While her foot was in the air I lifted my hand up gently under her heel and sent her sprawling on her ass. Then I turned my back and walked away, feeling elegant as a bullfighter. If an SDSer ever pulls a gun on you (the day may come soon), just take it away from him. There's nothing to it. They study karate all the time, but they ain't got no Zen."

Marshall Rosenthal, editor of the Chicago Seed, thinks everybody should make his own revolution on his own terms. "Everybody's got to do what he's got to do," he says. "I'm into revolution for the hell of it—Abbie Hoffman's thing. That's why this paper takes a lot of different approaches. And why there's a lot of ga-ga—nonsense—in it. Because we dig it."

Roger Downey, one of the editorial group who run the Seattle Helix, tends to see the revolution as a sort of Constitutional duty. "The government of the United States is a tool for orderly revolution," Downey says. "If it gets gummed up, it will take violent revolution to unstuck it. And if the revolution then just keeps going, the machine is finished. It may be that this is what's about to happen. Because one of the incredible facts is that our elected government and our intelligentsia seem to be poverty-stricken when it comes to ideas."

Revolution to Tom Forcade, who runs UPS, lies less with the system of government than "where the heads of the heads of state are at." For instance, while there has been no change in the system, Forcade thinks the underground press has played a major role in changing everybody's mind, from the top echelons of the government on down, on the War in Vietnam. "If it wasn't for the underground press," says Forcade, "they'd have thought it was a great war forever. Who knows how many other areas of life need light shined into them?"

[IT DOESN'T COME NATURAL]

Earlier this year, Orpheus Magazine distributed a newsletter by Tod Gitlin, former SDS president, called "Guidelines for Together Radical Journalism," wherein Gitlin, who's written for more left/radical/underground publications than you can think of, told the underground press what they should be doing. There should be less ego-tripping, he said, more analysis, and defined the first function of radical journalism—"to

define the event"—this way: "by reporting 'What really happened,' we can build up—by degrees—the credibility of a different over-arching truth (way of looking at the world)." Translation: you can write news in such a way as to support your point of view. "There is not reportage and politics, but the two must be inseparable," Gitlin writes. That seems to be the heart of Gitlin's radical journalism. The trouble with it lies in his conclusion, at the very end: "The point is that our journalism don't come natural. It's work—like our politics, music, choices, bread, and loving."

One might ask how it's gonna read natural if it don't come natural. And one might ask how loving that's work is worth the effort.

The answers can presumably be gleaned from Dock of the Bay, the new San Francisco underground paper which has just begun publication. Gitlin is among its editors.

Dock of the Bay (named, for no ostensible reason, after you-know-what) has got a long, long way to go, despite a front page line that proclaims it the First Edition of San Francisco's GREATEST Newspaper!!! The makeup was singularly ugly. In fact, on Gitlin's own story—a report on the failure, months ago, of a magazine called Careers Today—the makeup was so bad, with little scraps of ads intruding purposelessly through the type, that it was difficult to read. And besides, who gives a damn about Careers Today? Gitlin devoted a full page to telling how all this money was wasted on this irrelevant magazine. If it was so irrelevant, why waste your breath, let alone any space, on it?

Maybe it's a good sign that no one at Dock of the Bay is especially happy with the first issue. Why did they decide to get out another underground paper in a city where one already exists? The Good Times, formerly San Francisco Express-Times, has been around for nearly two years, and is among the favorite papers of over half the underground editors I spoke with around the country.

[REFERTILIZING A SOIL]

"We're not thinking in competitive terms. It's just that there wasn't another paper in town that we could relate to," says Steve Diamond, who, like Gitlin, is one of the editors. A number of the writers are former Good Times writers (Gitlin has contributed to the paper—poetry most recently) who are unhappy with its drift away from the dogma and Marxian analysis of the "politics" in the Movement.

The Good Times has been running a continuing feature called "Windcatcher," spelling out its present view of the revolution, which may give an indication as to the radicals' disenchantment.

"Ecstasy," writes Windcatcher, "is the art of living, living in all its phases as an art. Politics, when included (it fits between poetry and pot), must be as much fun as fucking or it can't be raised to any art. ... We don't need blueprints for the next form of government, worked out by political theory in advance. The next form will evolve out of the necessities surrounding it, which is not our concern now. We aren't designing landscapes; we're refertilizing a soil and watching what grows."

Underground journalism in the San Francisco/Berkeley area has recently gone through a major shakeup. Dock of the Bay is brand new. Marvin Garson, editor of the Good Times, has split from the paper and San Francisco, leaving his staff to forge out on their own. After a strike for better pay and conditions, the staff of the Berkeley Barb split to start their own paper, the Berkeley Tribe, and Barb editor/founder/publisher Max Scherr shortly thereafter sold the Barb to a new owner. This meant that where there had been two papers, the Good Times and the Barb, there now were four, meanly seeking the same readership and competing—whether they like the idea or not—for the same advertising dollar. And each of them either

new, or off in a new direction. (The Mid-Peninsula Observer, published by and for the radical community in Palo Alto, home of Stanford University, 35 miles to the south, doesn't exactly fit into this lineup, since its coverage concentrates largely on its own local scene. It does this quite well—and often contains strong articles in the field of international affairs and war, contributed by people affiliated with Stanford and/or one of the scores of electronics/defense research operations on the San Francisco Peninsula. It is one of several underground papers—the Old Mole in Boston and the Rag in Austin, Texas, also come to mind—that gave first-rate coverage of their community and often develop stories of national interest.)

[MEDIA FOR THE PEOPLE]

The San Francisco/Berkeley underground picture amounts to something like a newspaper war, if only because there are so many underground papers on the street. Perhaps the best way to explore where they're at is to compare the most prominent features of each for a given week—the second week of August.

Very roughly, the Berkeley Tribe wins on its bulk of news, the Good Times wins on the depth and variety of its content (also, hands down, on makeup and clarity of writing). Dock of the Bay wins at projecting what it feels like wrapped up inside the Movement looking out, and the Barb wins on tits (a total of 22, as compared with four, plus one cock, in the Good Times; no titties but one artful copulation photo in the Tribe; and zero in Dock of the Bay).

* The turmoil that led to the creation of the Berkeley Tribe—the sale of the Barb—the three-way acrimony between the former owner of the Barb, its present owner, and its former staff—was like scenes from a really corny movie:

Here was the staff of an underground paper, on strike, carrying picket signs, demanding a better deal from the boss. Life often imitates bad art. This was the real thing—the staff of the Berkeley Barb, no less, on strike against Max Scherr, the grandest old man of underground publishing, whose four-year-old paper was one of the oldest and hardest of its type, and perhaps—for better or for worse—the underground style-setter.

No one else had ever filled a weekly publication with such a blatant blend of sex and dope and revolution. The Barb's birth coincided with the Sexual Freedom League's finest flowering; so Max jammed his paper with first-hand accounts of nude parties, orgies, and all manner of how-to stories by writers who never even thought of writing copulate when they meant fuck.

A little later, with the emergence of psychedelia, Barb led the way with good solid news reportage on trips: what to expect from the then-new STP shit, burns to watch out for, the latest narc tactics.

And from the start—above, beyond and ahead of all else—the Berkeley Barb was at the vanguard of the Revolution; or at least that most visible, most political part of the revolution that swirled around the Free Speech Movement, the Vietnam Day Committee, the adventures of Jerry Rubin and the Yippies and the Panthers. ... Max Scherr's paper was always—in his terms—on the side of the people, struggling to get them out from under the oppressive thumb of the fascist/racist/capitalist pig American system.

And now the staff of the Barb, calling themselves the Red Mountain Tribe, were pounding the sidewalk in front of Max's storefront newspaper office with signs that said MAX MISER and MEDIA FOR THE PEOPLE.

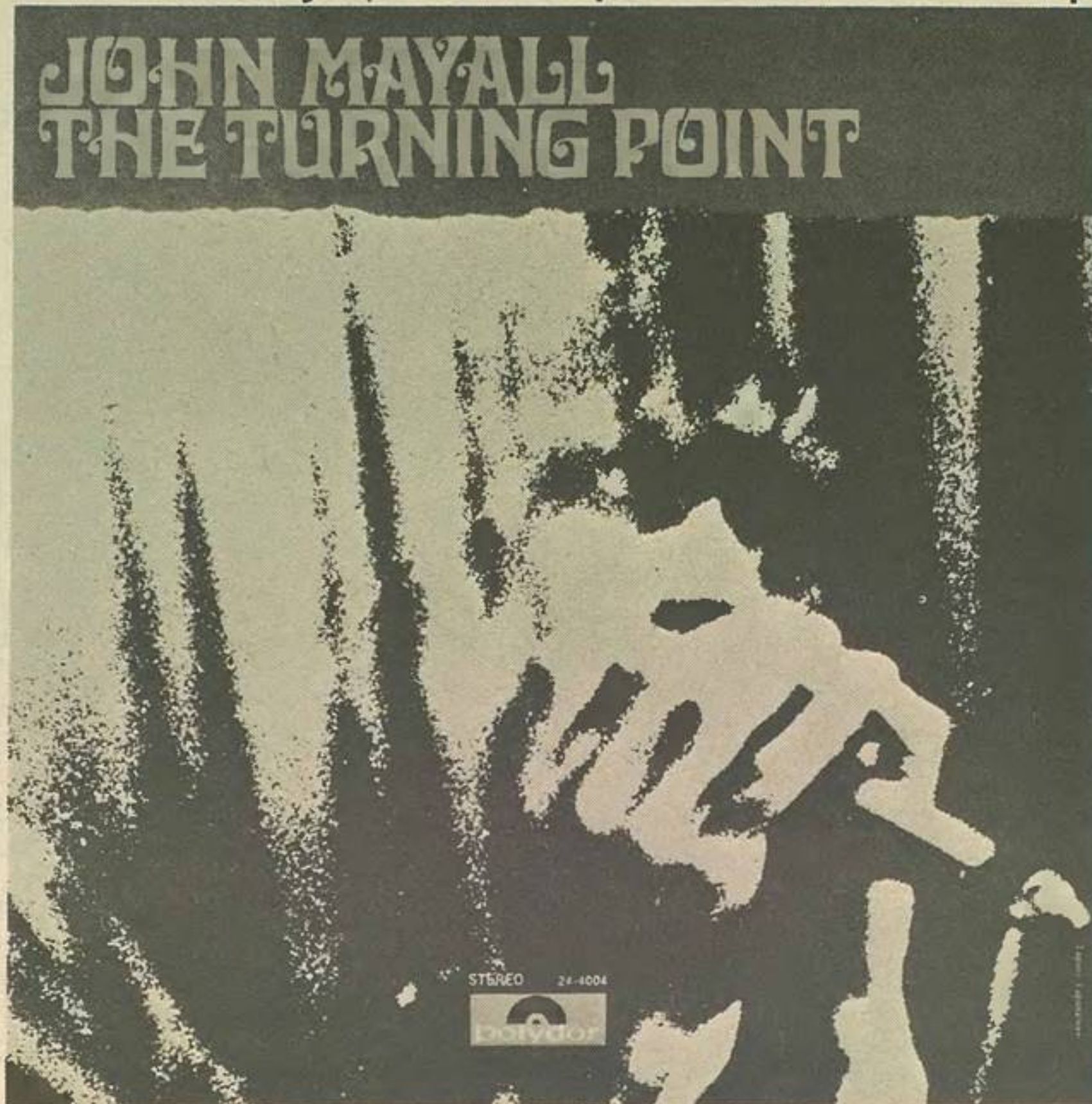
Suddenly, it seemed, the Tribe came to an end in their negotiations with Max on Tuesday, and by Friday the Tribe had gotten out Volume 1, Issue 1, of Barb On Strike (for July 11-17), their own opposition newspaper. To no one's surprise, the Tribe's

—Continued on Page 28

"The time is right for a new direction in blues music.

"Having decided to dispense with heavy lead guitar and drums, usually a "must" for blues groups today, I set about forming a new band which would be able to explore seldom-used areas within the framework of low volume music.

"This album is the result of this experiment and it was recorded live at the Fillmore East Theater, New York after only four weeks experience of each other's playing."



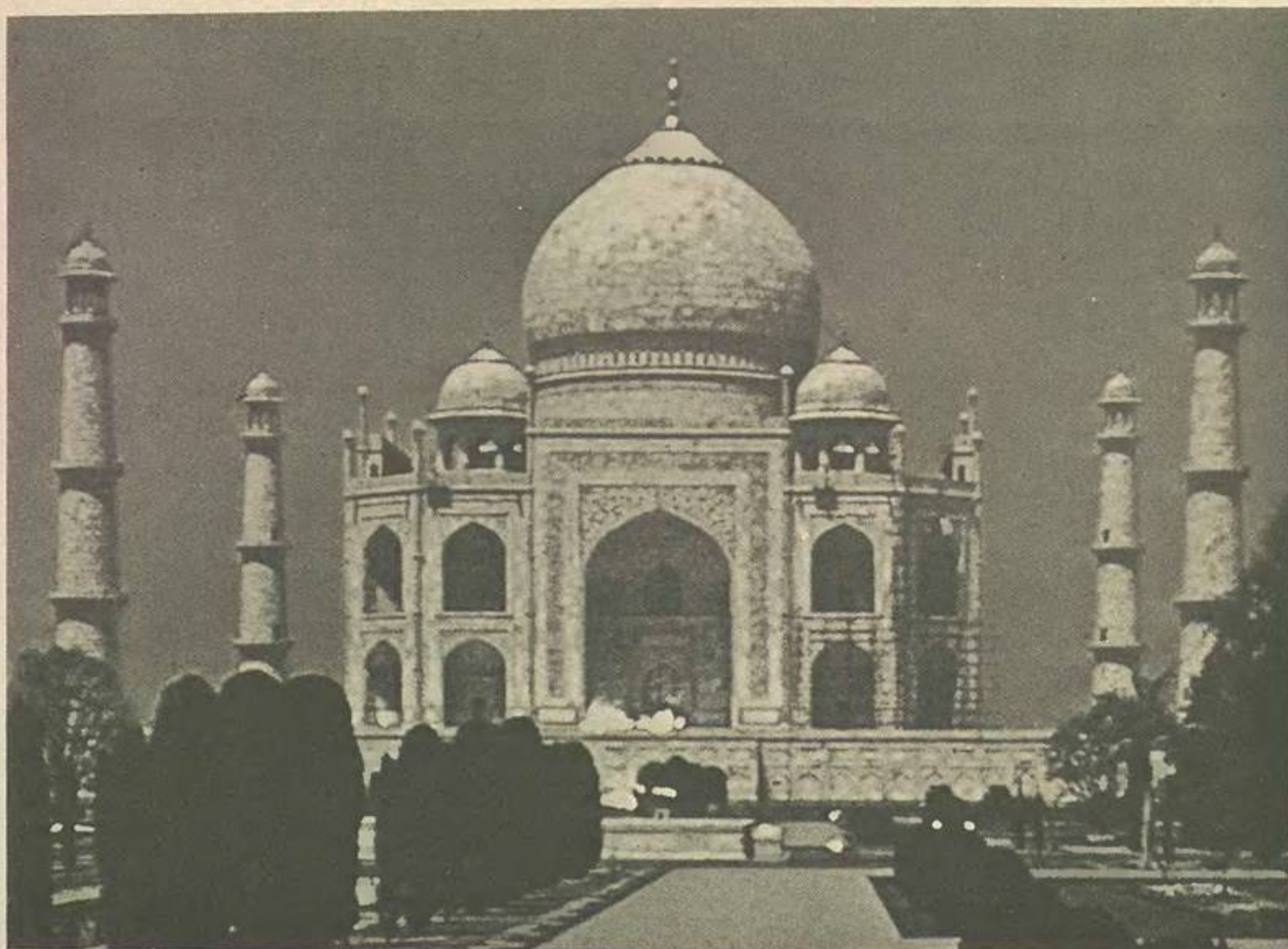
JOHN MAYALL—JULY 1969.

Today, and from now on,
John Mayall on  polydor

Also available on cassette and 8-track cartridge.

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Enter with pure hearts into the Gardens of Paradise.

The Taj Mahal.
Here Shah Jahan and Mumtaz
Mahal have rested for over 300 years.
In a tomb, under the central dome.
Sixty feet in diameter and 80 feet high.

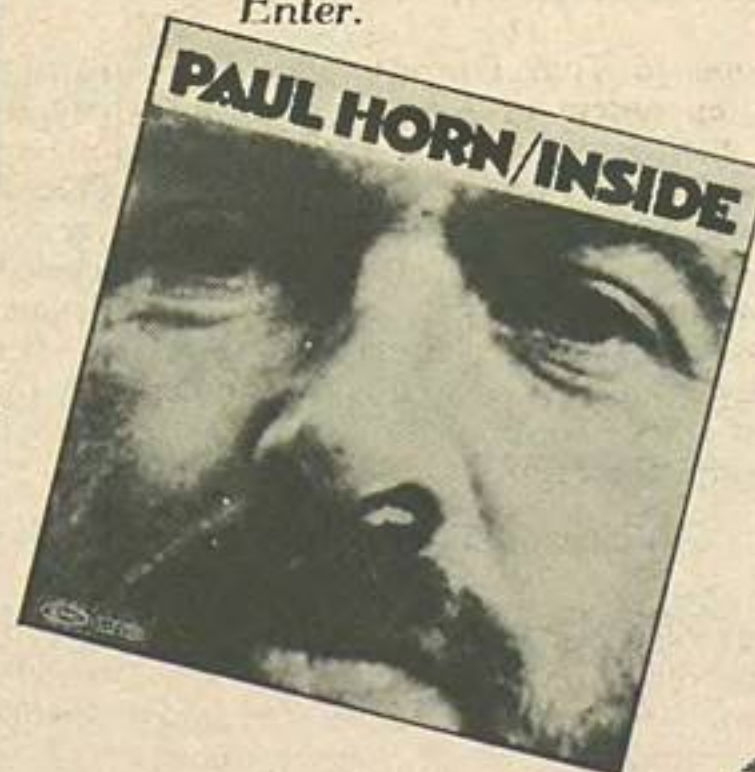
Here Paul Horn—an
inordinately talented flutist and
composer—chose to record his first Epic
album, "INSIDE." Under that great
dome where each tone hangs suspended

in space for 28 seconds, and the
acoustics are so perfect. Where the
majestic and hushed atmosphere made
his soul glow deep within.

Paul Horn is one of the finest
musical minds of our time. (This man
is no musical faddist.) He composed
all the material on "INSIDE," ranging
from the somber and introspective title
song to the lyrical ballad "Akasha."

Unlike Lord Krishna—who
lured milkmaids with his magic flute—
Paul Horn uses his magic flute to make
a very personal statement to the world.
"INSIDE" is like a flower unfolding
in the Gardens of Paradise.

Enter.



EPIC

—Continued from Page 26

paper had a familiar look to it. ("After all," says Tim Leary, who had tried to mediate in the failed strike talks, "they are Max's journalistic children.")

"Capitalist pig Max Scherr," began the Barb On Strike's hard-nosed news story on the strike, "has locked us, some 40 members of the Berkeley Barb staff, out of our office and fired us for trying to turn the Barb into a model of the people's revolution." The Tribe had asked Max to "share some of his \$300,000 profit with the community" six weeks earlier, the story continued. Max had refused, telling the staff they could form a union if they wanted to bargain with him. Instead, they had formed the Tribe, and they had made it clear that they were generally in accord with Max's policies as editor, but: "We felt that it is sheer hypocrisy for the Barb to mouth the words of revolution while lining Max's pockets with the people's cash."

The 204th issue of the regular Barb—wherein Max came to his own defense—was extraordinary on several counts. It was only eight thin pages. It contained the first and only bylined story Max (who signed himself Max the Pig on one of them) had ever written in the Barb. His front-page outburst accused the Tribe of publishing their paper by means of scab labor—and of illegally picketing the "100% union" printshop Max uses.

[A CIRCUMCISED JEW]

"The Tribe," wrote Max the Pig, "has admitted publicly, in print, that what they are trying to do is take over the Barb. They are trying to force the Barb's owner to sign a contract to sell the Barb to them—a contract unlike the one negotiated for ten days but never signed by them. They presented THEIR contract not for negotiation but as an ultimatum. The word from the Tribe was SIGN OR ELSE. What the Tribe is doing smacks of pure blackmail."

The only news inside the paper (which carried a heavy ad load) was Max's "Confessions of a Kosher Pig," where he defended having removed files and typewriting equipment from the Barb office by dark of night during the strike because he had seen a half-filled jug of wine on the ad manager's desk and surmised from the general state of affairs that damage might be done to the Barb's property. "I have," he noted, "nothing against juice-heads." His main argument against paying the Tribe better salaries was oblique: on one hand, many were not employees, but free-lancers who worked there of their own free will and not out of coercion; and, on the other hand, he could remember back to the old days when he, "Max the Pig, peddled all alone that thin little paper—even thinner than this one—to a reluctant and questioning Berkeley community, for 20 weeks, an average of 1,200 to 1,500 papers, all alone. Nobody wanted to peddle that rag with me. Then, as it grew, people began to get on board..."

Allan Coult, who purchased the Barb from Scherr for a cool \$200,000, is absolutely on of the most idiosyncratic cats in the whole underground. Coult, 38, had written some psychedelic articles for the Barb over the years, but he was never one of the Tribe. Just an occasional contributor. He had gotten his doctorate in anthropology at Berkeley in 1961 and had earned a reputation as something of a maverick during the past couple of years, teaching courses in vedanta yoga at the New University, a small experimental school off the U.C. campus.

Some of the people involved with the New University, Coult included, had recently been getting out a publication (in underground newspaper format) called the Berkeley Fascist, which was filled with lame diatribes against the hip/radical community (accusing the People's Pad organizers, for instance, of opening that venture just so they could screw unsuspecting young girls; and carrying a story that Tim Leary had never been high and was just using the psychedelic community for his political ends) and seemingly outright fascist articles. Coult insists these were satiric.

One of the few bits of solid reporting the Fascist had done—this was during the pre-strike days—was a financial analysis of Max Scherr's business operations. Among other things, it said that Max was paying his 40-member staff only about \$600 in wages out of a weekly income of \$5000-plus. And this report, ironically, was a key factor—first in causing the Barb staff to become a tribe—and in fomenting the strike that followed.

It seemed odd on several counts that Max Scherr would have any dealings with Allan Coult, let alone sell him the Barb. It seemed even odder when the first Coult-owned issue of the Barb appeared.

It contained—amid its junky makeup, somehow even messier than the old Barb's; amid hopelessly amateurish news accounts—fully three snide, pointless (and unsigned) anti-Jewish stories. If not absolutely anti-semitic, they were at least positively offensive to Jewish people. "Judaism," sniffed the new Barb, "is nothing more than food taboos. As the food taboos disappear there will no longer be any distinction between Jews and Gentiles."

In their paper, the Berkeley Tribe jumped on Coult for being anti-semitic and a fascist. They were the first of many to do so. Coult's reply, in the following week's editorial, was amazing.

"As far as being a fascist and anti-Semite is concerned," he wrote, "I think it is a sufficient reply to this to state that I am a Jew, circumcised and Bar-Mitzvahed, as are a number of my staff." Coult in turn chided the Tribe for having—so far as he could tell—no black members.

Little wonder that Kosher Pig Max Scherr is trying to get back the Barb. A court fight is on. So far Coult

has won the first two rounds, and the Barb remains in his hands.

Coult sits in the office that once was Scherr's. He sits in a chair leaned up against a bookshelf; one of the legs on the chair is wobbly and he is afraid it will break under him. "Just like all the other shit in this office," says Coult, his expression sour. "Will you look around here—there's nothing of any value in this place. Max never did the first thing to make it a decent place to work." Sure enough, everything looks to be second-hand castaways: scarred-up, ancient desks; record mailing cartons for files; ramshackle bookshelves. It doesn't look as if the office has ever been painted. There's an especially gloomy grime about it. Coult is bitter about his experience with Scherr.

Richard Oritt, the Barb's current star photographer, glides into Coult's office for a quick conference. With his full beard, sandals, etc., etc., he looks a lot more underground than his boss, Coult, who wears golf slacks, a short sleeve button-down shirt, hush puppies. Oritt specializes in tit pix. Almost every one of his models is quite obviously—often awkwardly—posed. They are never used in relation to any story in particular. Just tits. "I'm doing some prints this afternoon, Allan," says Oritt. He runs down the photos—beautiful chick at a window, another hitch-hiking and so on. "We had this one chick in the last issue, but it was a different pose, different lighting..." "It doesn't matter," Coult says, "all they look at's the tits, anyway."

The Tribe's new paper, the Berkeley Tribe, is developing a character of its own, more graciously laid out than the Barb, less frantic in tone, and, to judge by the Tribe's pride in what they've done so far, there is reason to doubt they will feel the need of the old Barb name. The Barb, under Coult, declines with each new issue, on the merits of stories likening the Black Panther's breakfasts for school kids to animal conditioning ("In 15 years time... a generation of fanatical Negro children will have been produced and they will stop at nothing to carry out the dictates of their leaders...").

Stew Albert, formerly a Barb mainstay under Scherr, told in the first issue of the Tribe how he had asked Max for standard movement survival wages of \$100 a month. "Max gave me a big lecture about idealism and how the paper was his life's love... Now I saw Max was taking bread out of the paper, living in a big house and eating well, so I came to the conclusion that Max Scherr has one big weakness. Max is a cheap-skate."

Albert painted a seemingly fair—if emotionally charged—portrait of Max, "a cosmically insecure giant... a sort of William Randolph Hearst of the underground... He lived in a dread of some decline in advertising bread. The money wasn't making him happy—just more fucked up." Giving Scherr full credit for seeing "the importance of developing our own media and... almost alone having... had the willingness to make the effort," Albert concluded on a note that roughly sums up the whole Tribe's feeling:

"I think it was necessary for us to first love and then to hate Max, and now we must learn to understand him. Max had a dream of something beautiful, but his soul had a broken slave at its center telling him the dream was a lie and he and his brothers were certain to fail. The dream was true but the slave chained us all. The Barb never really existed except as the printed word. Max's slave was the master of us all. Now we are free and the dream will be honored in the flesh. Max Scherr was a corrupt prophet, but the Tribe has at last come out of the wilderness."

On the front page of that first issue of the Tribe, there was a remarkable photograph—nearly all of the Tribe, naked, saluting the camera with joy on their faces, their fists clenched to the sky, in their first moment of tribal liberation.

The Berkeley Tribe should remind you of the Barb, if only because it's the same cast. The editor is Jim X, who was managing editor of the Barb from its earliest days until he got fed up a little while back. Jon Jacobson was assistant editor at the Barb, the same job he holds down on the Tribe. They, along with the ad manager, were voted into their jobs during a full tribal meeting, held at Steve and Marsha Haines' house. The Tribe has a small office on Grove street, but they hang out around the corner at the Haines' until larger office space can be found.

[NO LIBERALS NEED APPLY]

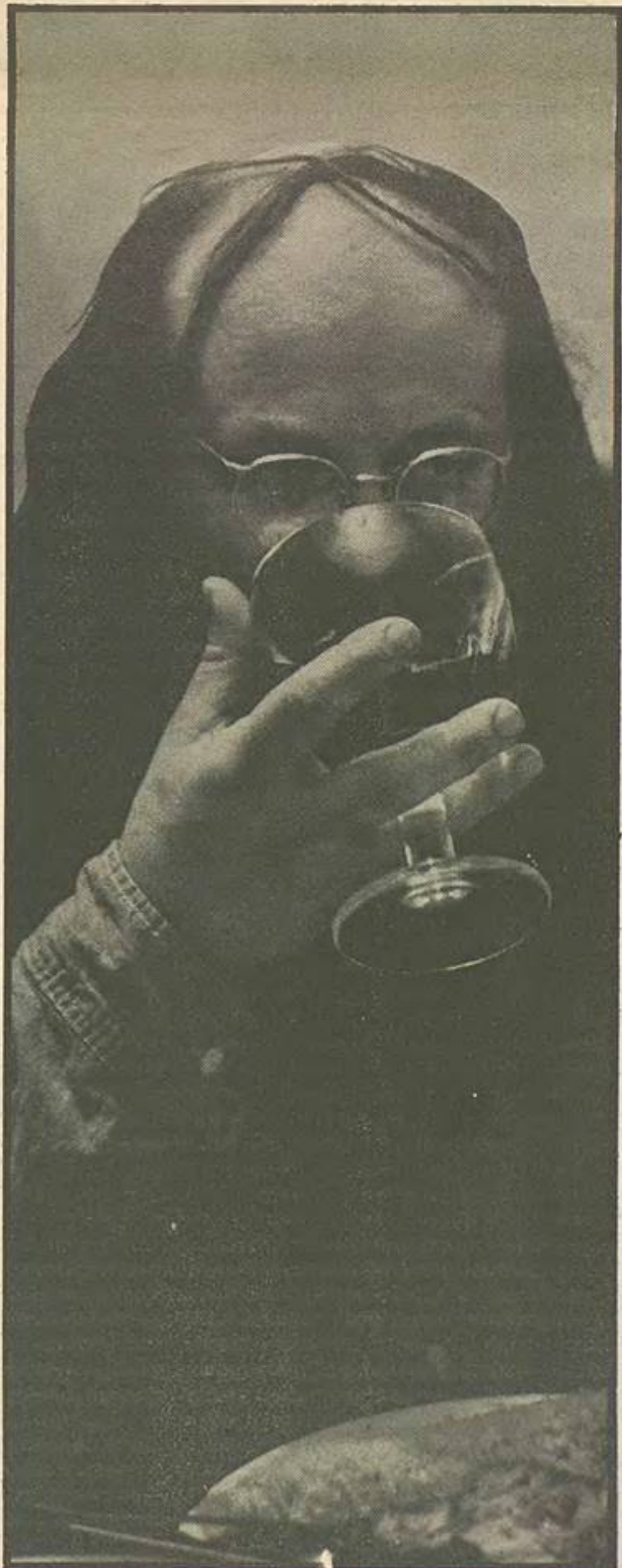
Lounging around at the Haines' living room, the Tribe (who took their name from the ever-popular Red Mountain Burgundy) generally agreed they'd pick up where the Barb left off editorially. They seemed to have no startling new innovations in mind. "We'll probably cover stories with a somewhat more feature approach," said Jacobson. "We'll want to bring the news into better perspective and give a sense of why something happened." Kathy, a combination office girl, reporter and photographer, just as she had been at the Barb, said everybody was hoping that the paper would involve more people in the community, not just Tribe members. "We don't want to be exclusive about it."

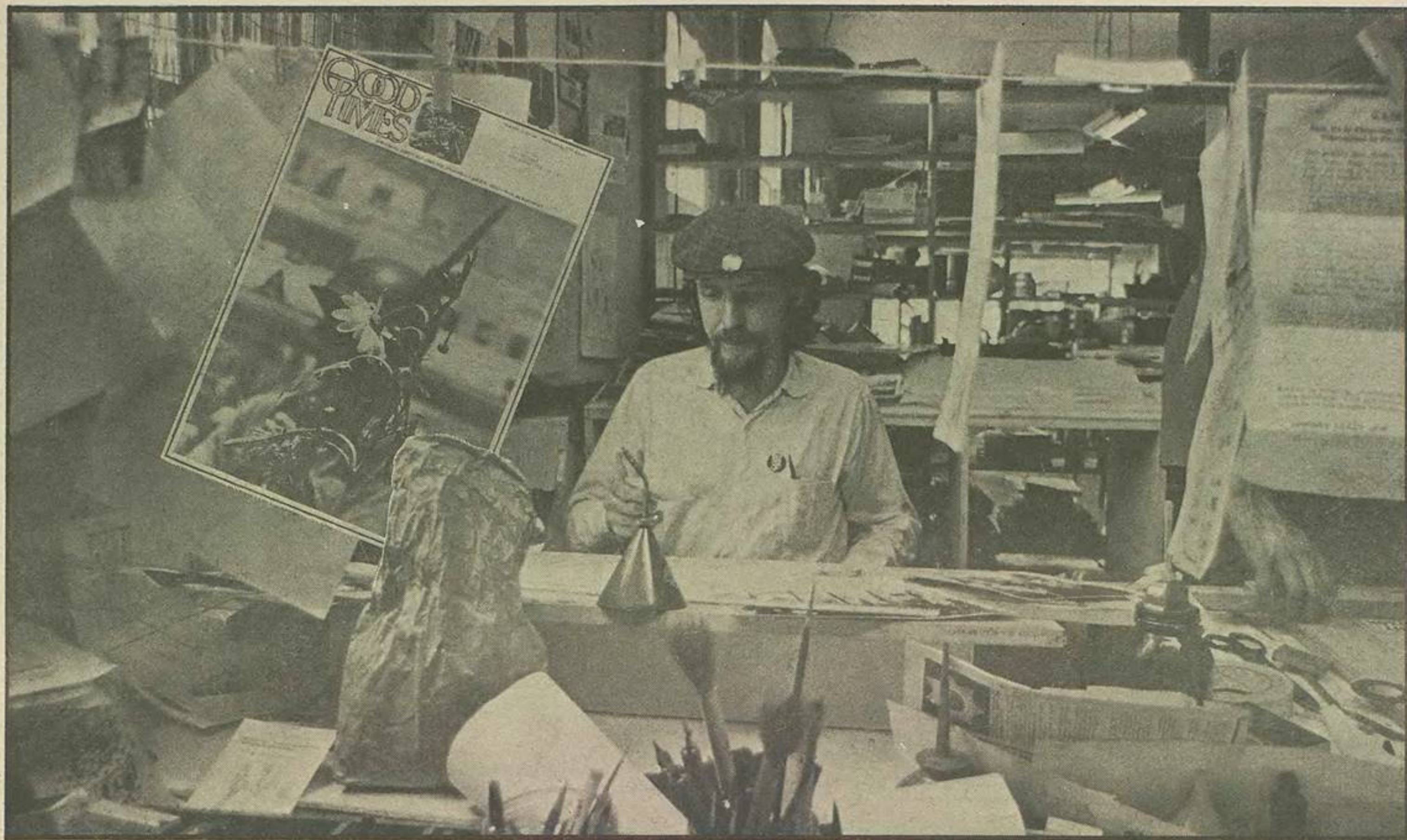
One thing the Tribe members were sure of: none of them, with the exception of Keith Lampe, favors non-violence. "We haven't got any liberals here," Jacobson assured, with the deep contempt all good radical/revolutionaries feel for liberals. "They're all over at the Good Times," said somebody else. The Good Times is a San Francisco underground paper, formerly known as the Express-Times until its conversion this spring to the bulletin of the Universal Life Church. Exactly what makes the Good Times, where the first recipes for Molotov cocktails in the



BERKELEY: Berkeley Barb editor Max Scherr either couldn't or wouldn't meet the demands of his staff after they began calling themselves the Berkeley Tribe. So the Tribe (above) split Max, started their own paper. Max (below) promptly sold the Barb, and since then has spent most of his time since trying to get it back.

STEVEN SHAMES





Makeup time at the Good Times: "It's not competition, it's just different trips. Let a thousand papers bloom."

Bay Area underground press appeared, a haven for liberals was unclear. Possibly it's that the Tribe is more overtly into revolutionary politics, while the Good Times deals more heavily in alternate life styles.

Everybody seems quite confident that the Tribe, whose circulation has risen (they say) to nearly 55,000, will emerge triumphant in Berkeley's mini-newspaper war, since they cannot imagine who will want to read what the new Barb staff is publishing. The Tribe is likely right.

[DON'T VOTE FOR SHIT]

Many in the underground dig Good Times (and before it, Express-Times, the GT's earlier incarnation) for its layout. The Good Times is a model of clarity, combining creative use of white-space, magazine-style, with striking photography (Jeff Blankfort, Nacio Jan Brown, Robert Altman), and punchy, funky headlines.

An unusual paper, the Good Times doesn't do what most underground papers do. It was somewhat more Movement-oriented before its editor, Marvin Garson, split.

Even in those days it did things differently. At the time of the Nixon/Humphrey election, the Express-Times filled its front page with a remarkable rap. "DON'T VOTE FOR SHIT," said the Express-Times. "You take a lot of shit. But you don't have to vote for it. Not here. Not in America. 'But I don't want to waste my vote.' That's right. Don't waste anything. Don't use the toilet anymore. Just park your crap right on the kitchen table. If your family complains, tell 'em: 'I don't want to waste it.' . . ."

The Good Times started a year and a half ago on \$16,000 that Garson's wife, Barbara, had gotten for writing *MacBird* back in the days when they were both Berkeley student revolutionary/radicals and Marvin a columnist for the Berkeley Barb. Because Marvin didn't want to worry about ads, and wanted just to run ads for organizations in which he believed, and because there was a healthy bankroll to rely on (many successful underground papers have started on \$300 and even less), the Express-Times had plenty of room for editorial copy. Ads came in as they came in, and were used or not. With all that open space, layout could be boldly imaginative, and most of the time, Express-Times experiments worked beautifully. Marvin and Barbara separated, the money ran low, and Art Kunkin kicked in \$13,000 of the L.A. Free Press's money to keep the Express-Times going.

Some time later, Marvin wrote a piece in the paper about his first mescaline trip, and what an incredible groove it had been. From then on, his writing veered steadily away from the (roughly) New Left/SDS/street guerrilla, and in the direction of good times—on all levels.

This spring, money got to be a big hassle again. The supply was running short and the ad-load (at \$400 a week) wasn't coming close to breaking even. Marvin's behavior around the staff—never exactly easy to deal with—became all the more difficult for them to cope with. Bob Novick, co-owner of the paper along with Garson, and number two on the staff, split to Mendocino.

Just as advertising was beginning to pick up, Marvin had finally had enough of the newspapering game. He would answer the phones, listen to someone rap for awhile, then interrupt to explain that he wasn't the editor, the caller had better talk to someone else; he, Marvin, had just become the staff *pentel* artist. With his pentel marker, Marvin had written dozens of signs on long strips of paper and tacked them up all over the walls of the Good Times' storefront office.

Only three remain today:

*It's pretty well under control now, and—
We can change the rules any time we want, and—
Invisible networks of NAMELESS human connections.*

[BEST TIMES YET!]

Steve Diamond of Dock of the Bay, the San Francisco paper which started some six weeks after Marvin's departure, argues that although few understand it, the real reason for the best of the underground press is the "demonic geniuses who were willing to stick it out, make their papers say what they had to say, no matter what—the Scherrs, the Kunkins, the Garsons, the Sheros . . ." Diamond worries that these men, who tend to make their share of enemies, will not be given full credit for what they achieved. The question is whether they were after any sort of credit in the first place.

When Marvin left, the Good Times staff freaked out for a week, and missed one issue. But the core of the staff stayed calm. Layout artist Harry Driggs wrote out a small sign and pasted it up over his light table, reading BEST TIMES YET!!! Whenever somebody would start to freak out anew, they'd be directed toward that sign. It is said to have worked wonders.

Before he disappeared completely, one of Marvin's last acts was to give a couple of the justified typewriters (on which most underground papers set the type that's used in print) to the Black Panthers. Since Art Kunkin had laid those machines on the Good Times, and still owned them, he came roaring up to San Francisco to reclaim other loaned equipment of his. Though the Good Times missed one issue, it has come out every week since, despite continuing money troubles (they have to give the printer a cashier's check, for one thing). And the staff seems confident they'll make it.

In all, Mike Crowley estimates 175,000 underground papers a week are currently being sold in San Francisco, when you count in the Berkeley Tribe, the Berkeley Barb, the Midpeninsula Observer, and a few other smaller ones that come out irregularly, like the Oracle.

Says Judie, one of the Good Times collective: "It's not competition, it's just different trips. Let a thousand papers bloom." But what if 999 of those papers fail? "That would just mean they were on the wrong trip," she smiled sunnily. "So that would be okay, too."

The Good Times is put out in a truly collective way these days. Nobody sits down to write a headline, and that's his gig, writing the headlines, and nobody else's. Instead, they rap about what the headlines ought to be, and work it out together until it comes around to one they all agree upon. Same with a lot of stories. A whole lot of rapping goes on first, then somebody moves to a typewriter and knocks it out. Not in every case, of course, but in many. There's a feeling of family.

There's not much question that Good Times has got its community. The paper held a Lunatic Festival at the Family Dog, with several rock bands and poets, during the Apollo moon shot, and got the biggest crowd Chet Helms' ballroom had ever seen, with well over a thousand waiting in the foggy chill outside to get in.

Oddly enough, Garson and Novick still own the Good Times, and could, presumably, reclaim it any time they feel like doing so. Or close it down. Or "fire" the whole staff. But the present Good Times don't worry about those things. They're not particularly into speculating about the future, anyway.

Says Harry Driggs: "What you say about what you're doing is your rap. But what counts is what you're doing. Whether you're living the life or not. If you're not, the rest is beside the point."

The Great Speckled Bird, the Atlanta underground paper, had the audacity to put EVO cartoonist Spain Rodriguez' Trashman on their front cover this spring: Trashman with that killer look behind his beard, machinegun at the ready, smoking, shouting (in a boldly lettered balloon text): *C'MON AND GET IT, MOTHERFUCKER!*

Well, that was pretty strong stuff for Atlanta—a Southern city, after all. The following Wednesday, Bird business manager Gene Guerrero was arrested on two counts: selling obscene literature to minors and violating a city profanity ordinance. The day after that, three Bird street vendors were busted, too.

The incident more or less typifies the Atlanta establishment's feeling about the Bird (circulation: 15,000; the name is from Jeremiah, 12.9. "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her; come ye, assemble all the beasts of the field, come to devour."). Atlanta, while it's a Southern city, likes to think of itself as a cosmopolitan center. So the tendency is to speak of the Bird as part of the city's range of cultural attractions: a symphony, several colleges, music in the parks during the summertime, an underground paper. . . . "The money that keeps Atlanta prosperous is from New York," explains Birdman Tom Coffin, "and to keep it coming, the city's got to keep its liberal image. Without that liberal image, the money would dry up like that."

"Atlanta's got this liberal image, all right," says Birdman Jim Gwin. "They're right proud of the Bird in their way. It shows they're not too reactionary, they think. They probably think we're not as much against things as they stand in the South. And that's the trouble with the Bird right there: they ought to know."

[SDS STEAMROLLER RUMBLING DOWN]

Howard Romaine (he, like Gwin, is part of the Cooperative News Project, Inc., which publishes the paper—with no editor, each member getting one vote on all major decisions), disagrees entirely: "No, Jim, that's completely wrong. I think the people here think we're against every last fuckin' thing they're for."

What this disagreement means, quite simply, is that the Bird can't be sure how it's received by its Southern readers. And this may stem from the fact that there's no clear leadership at the paper. Everything requiring decision is put to debate and then consensus. Each issue is the product of a committee. The Bird's direction is unclear, at least to an outsider. It is hip and political and community and national and Southern alternately, and sometimes all at the same time.

Southern activists are going through a difficult time just now. What has happened is that SDS finally succeeded this summer in taking over, or absorbing, SSOC (the Southern Student Organizing Committee). The problem is that the first three chairmen of SSOC are presently Bird staffers—SSOC was the Movement in the South a couple of years back—and in its earlier coverage of SDS's machinations, the Bird depicted a Northern (in fact, you got the feeling they meant Yankee) "SDS steamroller rumbl(ing) down it: very correct and very narrow political 'line' right into the heart of Dixie . . ." There were lines in the lengthy story, written by Howard Romaine, about SDS having

Continued on Next Page



SPACE CITY NEWS, Houston: A brand-new Texas paper. Started in late spring; by mid-summer somebody had tossed a firebomb through their front door. The bomb did little damage to either the staff or their two-story residential house. Among its founder-editors is Thorne Dreyer (front, left), whose underground credentials are impeccable: he helped start the *Austin Rag*, worked for LNS in New York, and has co-authored a history of the underground. "I used to think it was enough just to live the life," he says, "just be as good a person as you can, you know, and the good vibes would spread." But today he's convinced the Movement has to lead the way. In *Space City News*' case that adds up to a tough-minded blend of watchdogging Houston City

affairs and Movement politics—with little hippie or freaky flavor. "We want to give young working people something to relate to. Chicanos and the black community. Dock workers. We don't just want to use the paper as a means of talking to ourselves." If firebombs are any indication, *Space City News* is beginning to get its message across.

JOHN BURKS

Continued from Preceding Page

swallowed PL's line and "not understanding what it meant to try to build a Southern movement, a Southern revolutionary movement."

In short, SSOC has been dissolved now, and SDS is the radical student organizing outfit in the South now, and—even though the Bird did a perfectly straightforward, scrupulously fair story about SSOC's demise—one gets the feeling, talking with Bird people that they feel somewhat cut off by the power play.

We roam about the Bird's spacious old brown shingle house for a time, talking about Southern radical politics, and then it's time to drive out to the Chattahoochee River, where two Bird people are being married.

[ON THE BANK OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE]

Flies and all manner of bugs buzz about in the 95-degree air on the grassy slope overlooking the river. The wedding is over, and long-haired freaks mingle with older straights—parents, friends of the family—as the champagne corks pop and somebody brings out some white lightning. The bride is a pretty girl who's done some writing for the Bird; the groom designed the masthead for the first issue. She wears a Women's Liberation Front pin on the front of her gown. Later, he removes his shirt and down to trousers, suspenders and hairy chest. The conversation is of rock and roll, of national politics, and of underground newspapering. Everybody sits beneath the shady, overarching elms.

"We been doing a lot of talking about this lately, and feeling is," says Romaine, who's city editor, so far as titles mean anything, "that rather than being critical within the Movement, we should be doing more in the line of muckraking to expose the power structure and how it operates."

Another writer, Richard Bueno, who's into rock and roll, sits himself down. "It's really bad that we cover politics and the arts as different things, that's what I think." What he means is unclear; Miller Francis, Jr., in his rock and roll raps in the Bird, never fails to make social and political comments. "I really think," Bueno continues, "that cultural affairs and politics aren't anything different. We should cover cultural affairs as politics, in fact. Everybody sits around talkin' about how we're having a rock revolution. Well, OK. But the two fronts—rock and politics—should be together; it should all be the same when we're talkin' about revolution. But it isn't. So rock can be co-opted by the radio stations. It's ours but they own it. I think the time has come that here, in Atlanta, we should make the connection starting now." His plan to get together a free rock festival for the same week-end as the commercial Atlanta Pop Festival did not pan out.

Red-bearded Jim Gwin, who writes mainly about schools for the Bird, was into student politics as a grad student, mainly anti-war activity, and was a VISTA volunteer. He's from Mississippi originally. "I used to be very much involved in the political thing, but I don't know . . . Now, I'm more into lifestyles and power in terms of consumption."

There's a good amount of this sort of beyond-politics talk about finding alternatives the way the Good Times does, and it plainly annoys Romaine. "I guess I'm more old-fashioned. I may be the liberal on the staff. But, you know, lifestyles is fine, and everything, but there's all these stories about things that still need taking care of in the South—voting rights, segregated school, stuff like that. I don't care what else is going on, we got to take care of those things."

The Bird's rambling old house, with its leisurely

front porch, wide lawn and shrubs, is situated on 14th Street in the heart of Atlanta's north-side hippie neighborhood. Just around the corner on Peachtree Street there are half a dozen headshops, leather shops and boutiques mixed in with the bars and grocery stores and flower stands. "It isn't much, no," says Tom Coffin, "not compared with the Haight or the East Village. But it's the only place like it in the South." There are some 300-500 longhairs and barefoot freaks in bell bottoms living in the area, visible enough for a law-and-order candidate to declare a hippie menace. It's election time so . . .

For the past month there have been almost nightly busts, averaging, Coffin estimates, about 18-20 per night. On the evening of August 4th, Atlanta police cars pulled up on the stretch of 14th Street immediately in front of the Bird's house. They fanned out to the two houses on either side of the Bird, inhabited, in the main, by freaks, and began making their arrests. It went on for a couple of hours, with one after another slowly being paraded out to waiting paddy wagons, most of them charged with occupying a dive, two charged with dealing.

All in all, however, the Bird has had relatively little trouble with the authorities. Much less than a Yankee might suppose they'd get. There was a letter from the Ku Klux Klan promising that one thousand knights of the Klan were coming to take care of the Bird. "But hell," says Howard Romaine, "everybody around here has gotten one of those."

By contrast, the Milwaukee Kaleidoscope seems to ask for more trouble. And get it. It's hard for the local heat to read any ambiguity into the Kaleidoscope when the paper turns a Black Panther Party poster into their front page:

"WANTED—Sgt. Frank Miller, Commander Tactical Squad Milwaukee Police Department: CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE: 1—Conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Black People and other minority groups. 2—Suppression of Free Speech. 3—Conspiracy to violate Constitutionally guaranteed Freedoms of the Press. 4—General inability to function as a feeling member of the Human Race. We demand that Sgt. Miller be summarily dismissed from the Milwaukee Police Department, and immediately be brought to justice by the people. CAUTION: This man is to be considered armed and extremely dangerous. When on duty he is known to travel in heavily armed squad car, and is constantly in company of others equally dangerous."

Kaleidoscope (circulation: 15,000) isn't always as daring as this, but they're revolutionary enough to have summoned the wrath of not just Milwaukee but all of nearby Wisconsin. Even their printer, a Port Washington, Wisconsin, man named William Schanen, finds his suburban weekly papers (shoppers; Schanen is no kind of radical) being boycotted because he prints Kaleidoscope. Some 80 per cent of Schanen's accounts were cancelled after a local manufacturer sent out 500 letters accompanied by a Kaleidoscope news story (on how to disrupt church services and make life difficult for cops) urging everyone to stop using Schanen's ad columns until it stopped printing the underground paper.

Schanen, meanwhile, maintains that freedom of the press means that Kaleidoscope is entitled to have the services of a printer.

Kaleidoscope itself has borne considerable harassment. Editor John Kois has been convicted of "obscenity" (for a sex photo with black man, white chick) and received a \$2000 fine and two years probation on an obscenity law written specially for the Kaleidoscope.

"I don't think we can have any more trouble than

we've already had," smiles the moon-faced Kois, 29, Kaleidoscope's editor since its inception two years ago. "There's this incredible paranoia game that I try to avoid," he adds, and it's true, neither he nor the Kaleidoscope staff seem frightened about what's gone down. Just matter-of-fact. There have been two firebombings, one to the office which did relatively minor damage, another to Kois's car, which was a drag. The windows of his car have been shot out three times since. Numerous BB shot have been dug out of the front door. Nails have been driven into the tires of staff members repeatedly. Windows in the office/house have been shot out from time to time. And there have been a total of two busts for obscenity, four on street sales and four arrests on Photographer Gary Ballsieper in the course of covering stories, usually for disorderly conduct.

[GOD, GOD, I SEE GOD]

Their house, half a dozen blocks from the University of Wisconsin, in no way stands out in the row of 1910-era Midwestern two-stories, each with its front steps and front porch, on North Oakland street, a residential neighborhood almost entirely devoid of freaks. (But then all Milwaukee is almost entirely devoid of longhairs and freaks.)

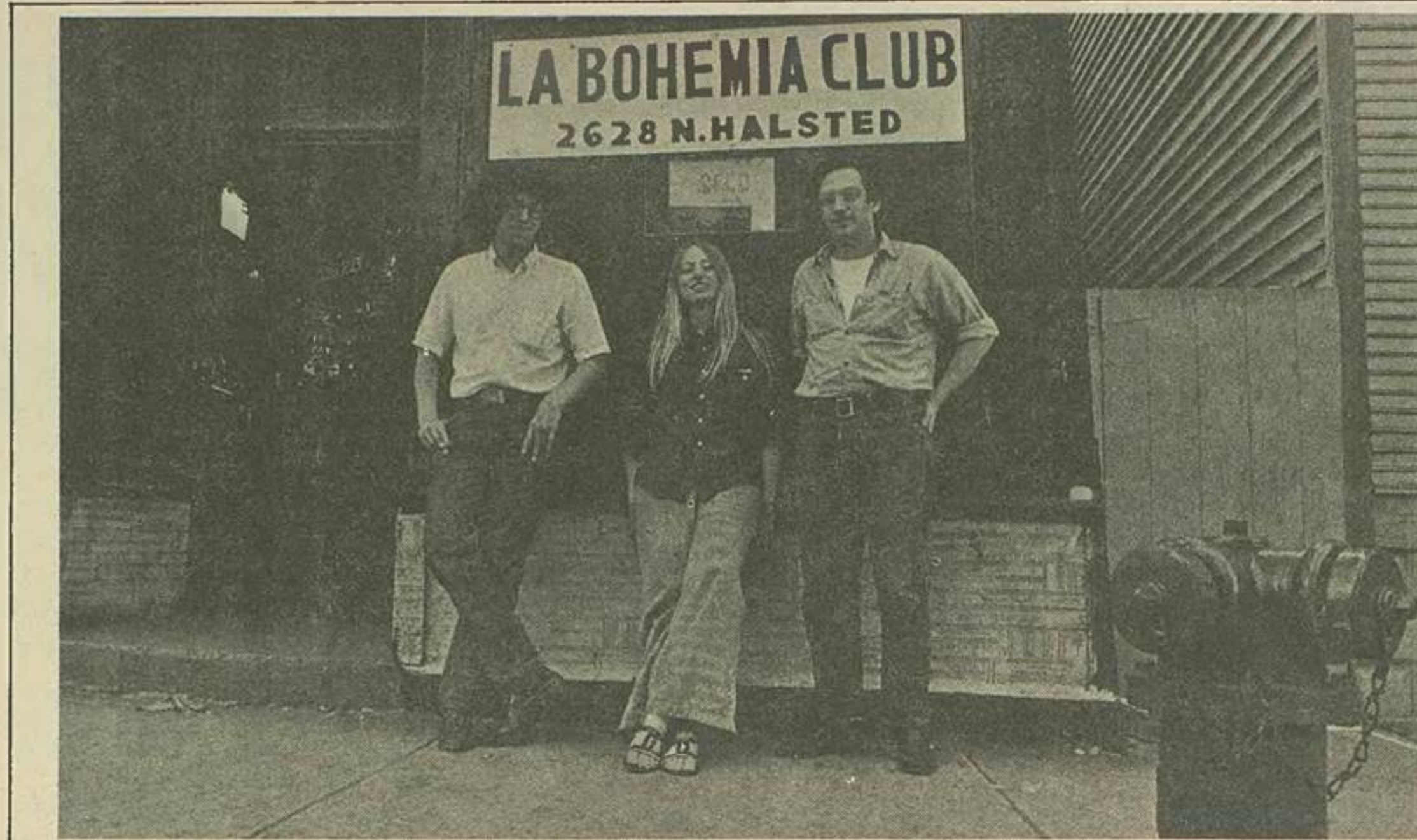
Inside, Kaleidoscope house is something else. Upstairs in the bedrooms where half a dozen of the staff live, the walls are thick with newspaper clippings and posters, a lot of it heavy Motherfucker/White Panther/Black Panther stuff. Downstairs, somebody has turned on the recently acquired flashing sign—it's like something over a hot dog stand or a motel, its lights flashing stroboscopically in the dining room, red-white-red-white-red-white . . . It takes so much current off the house electrical circuit that the lights dim and brighten and the electric typewriters being used to set copy for the next issue of the paper chatter along irregularly.

"God, isn't it beautiful!" shouts poetry editor Jim Soric over the shouting encouragement of the staff. "God, God, I see God," crooned Gary Ballsieper. Porno, the staff mutt, danced around, trying to figure out what everybody was freaking.

Kois settled into a sofa in the front room, chuckling at his cohorts. He is paunchy and extremely hairy, built like either a small bear or a medium sized cave hermit—he looks like a hermit, anyway, with the flowing long hair and beard which trails down onto his shirt. Kois is an extremely low-pressure cat. He laughs a lot, is genuinely amused at the events of the day, far and near, and doesn't want to give the impression of taking anything too seriously.

He is, of course, a serious journalist, and one of the most stylish news writers in the underground. Take for instance these excerpts from an adventure in which he and Ballsieper, along with a UPI reporter, had gone to Chicago to cover a story about an anti-draft trial of the Chicago 15. The Chicago cops somehow connected the three of them with the 15, and busted them, too, herding them in with the 15, making it the Chicago 18. "There is no way," Kois reported, "to describe the feeling of hopelessness at sitting in jail with men you never met before, but charged with working and conspiring and acting with them. All becomes fantasy, with no shred of logic left to hold onto . . ."

Kaleidoscope (along with its sister publications in Madison and Indianapolis, and formerly Chicago) publishes in two sections. The Second Section contains rock and roll and arts coverage, a fair amount of graphics, and is the reason—since it is distributed to a total of 30,000 readers—that Kaleidoscope can command relatively high ad rates. The plan is that once



A DEATH & A MERGER: Until a few weeks ago there were two underground newspapers in Chicago—not exactly in competition, covering decidedly different parts of the revolution: the Kaleidoscope and the Seed (whose staff you see here). Kaleidoscope was fiercely devoted to the street fighters, dealers and rockers, plus (via the second section provided by the Milwaukee Kaleidoscope) first-rate rock and cultural coverage. The Seed cast its psychedelic eye farther-out, to explore the rot of Richard Daley's Chicago, and further-inward, into the fathomless realms of innerspace. "The Seed," says editor Marshall Rosenthal, "is in the unique position of being the last of the druggie papers. We're still tripping." A spacey bit of graffiti on a Seed lampshade bears this out: "Smoke dope night and day, it contains the 13 necessary elephants for proper health of your vibratory music box circle on top of this chair I stand falling." A few weeks after the Kaleidoscope folded, it developed that its staff were working on the Seed. A short time after that came the word that they had merged. It still reads like the Seed. A trip.

the system's perfected, Kaleidoscope can do coverage of the arts and culture beyond the means of any single underground paper, sending the Second Section out to papers all through the Midwest, and then nationally. The folding of the Chicago edition represents a setback, however.

Though Kaleidoscope appears bi-weekly, its staff puts out one section a week, alternating between the front news section, "which should be as strong into news as possible, done by the best reporters possible," Kois says. "I want stories that go beyond the immediate events and into implications."

[FEVER PITCH WITH PORNO & COOKIES]

The depth of Kaleidoscope's cultural coverage is impressive. I asked whether that was Milwaukee's trip—the arts? "No," he said, "it's just that we are. The pare says more us than about Milwaukee. My interest is the arts."

The level of activity was reaching what passes for fever pitch at the Kaleidoscope on makeup night, which is a way of saying that seven or eight people were sitting around rapping quietly, laughing, eating cookies, playing with Porno and having a good time. Even the chick doing the typing, Janice, would leave her work intermittently to join in. No strain.

They'd talk about one story for awhile, and then change the subject, and the writer who was to do that story would eventually go to a typewriter and get it together. With all the constant rapping, a consensus materializes. No need for votes. The only formal staff meeting have to do with taking care of the house (rent: \$250). Really, the staff is meeting all the time, either working or balling or both together.

Later, down in the basement makeup room, Kois said really he dug working with these people, and when he showed where they had plans to put their printing press, it didn't seem likely that he was actively planning to leave Milwaukee. He digs the possibilities inherent in successful underground publishing—even in an uptight environment like Milwaukee—or maybe especially in Milwaukee.

"It's really great that some of the papers are getting to be really financially successful and have built up these amazing circulations," he said. "They've become strong enough that they're really starting to reach a mass audience. Really put some ideas in front of people that could turn the society around and make it a healthier place. Who'd ever have dreamed that could happen?"

Straight newsmen are usually ambiguous in their feelings toward the underground. Most of them read underground papers, if only because they circulate freely through daily newsrooms. And most object to the underground lack of objectivity (the same way the underground objects to the establishment press's lack of commitment to social justice).

But newspaper people throughout the United States have been concerned by the political oppression—it's always disguised as something else—that is regularly visited on the underground. After all, one of our first freedoms is Freedom of the Press. If the law and the authorities can bring down the underground, it's only a few steps to the daily papers.

[A FLAGRANT EXAMPLE]

The Wall Street Journal (hardly a mouthpiece for the underground) recently carried a fair and honest account of the big bust at the Notes, the Dallas underground bi-weekly. Granted, the bust happened last October. But it was worth telling—15 cops coming in and ripping off everything in the entire office of any value, two tons worth, everything from typewriters to credit cards to a tan sweater; all this to be held in protective custody, thereby making it all but impossible for the Notes staff to publish. The editor was arrested on an obscenity rap, the typical charge. While the Journal didn't take sides in its account, it at least allowed Notes editor Brent Stein to voice his opinion that the bust was "a flagrant example of how police and others are violating Constitutional guarantees of press freedom."

Tom Forcade at UPS keeps close tabs on busts, and finds them, in almost every case, "the action of some local politician out to make a name for himself. But no underground paper which has been suppressed has lost when its case has gone to a higher court."

It may be that the Milwaukee Kaleidoscope is currently under the most pressure, with a total of ten major busts to its credit (two for obscenity, four on street sales, four on staffers who were arrested in the line of covering a story on charges of disorderly disturbance). But the whole of the underground appears to be under siege when you examine all the hassles. They fall into three main categories:

Printers—The New York papers seem to be having the greatest problems just now, with both EVO and Rat scurrying all over the seaboard to find a willing printer. But the problem is really nationwide, and Milwaukee Kaleidoscope's case is typical: local merchants and businessmen applying pressure against the printer until it becomes simply unprofitable for him to carry on with the underground paper. Thus, many papers have actually dealt with as many as 50 printers. Several print out of state. It's a round trip of something like 150 miles for the Seattle Helix on printing day. And Orpheus, published in Phoenix, is printed in Southern California.

Obscenity—This is the charge local authorities most often use when a paper's politics—or political reportage, as in the case of John Wilcock's Open City—gets too hot for them. EVO has been busted for obscenity in nearly every major city, plus Canada, England, Australia, Spain, France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and doubtless many other places its editors have not heard about yet. The pretext is usually sex, but usually there's some good political reason the city or nation does not want the paper in circulation. At Penn State University, an undergrounder called the Water Tunnel had the temerity to run the John/Yoko naked photo in its first issue, and were promptly busted (later convicted) for obscenity. In the second issue, the whole staff of the Water Tunnel appeared nude—in a photo taken from above, with no genitalia visible. But this one brought State Troopers charging onto the campus and into the classrooms to make arrests, this first time this had ever happened in Pennsylvania. Observers say "obscenity" had little to do with it; the State of Pennsylvania simply couldn't abide the political implications of an underground paper at its university. And in Rockville, Maryland, a distributor of the Washington Free Press was sentenced to six months in jail for distributing a copy of the paper which contained a cartoon of a naked judge masturbating. This was a certain Judge Pugh who had ordered a Grand Jury investigation of the Free Press for subversive activities. The judge who passed sentence on distributor Brinton Dillingham (another judge) made a statement in so doing that would seem to make Dillingham's chances for acquittal on appeal excellent: "I know that you are not a dangerous person in the county and I'm not sentencing you with the idea that I'll rehabilitate you, change your thinking or your way of life. I am considering the deterrent effect on others in the community who might have the same ideas in mind."

Vendors—Arrests of vendors are so common in the underground that many papers have procedures worked out in advance to deal with them. At Space City News, on opening day even before the first copy was sold, a Note To Vendors was tacked up to the front desk which read: "It is legal to sell papers on public property (sidewalks, etc.). But if you do get hassled (or busted) call us and we'll get you out. Carry this number with you! Space City News 526-6257." It is not legal to sell underground papers everywhere it is legal to sell overgrounds, though. In Chicago, a city ordinance this spring made it illegal to sell weekly papers in the Loop—only dailies can be sold there. The ACLU has taken the case on behalf of the Windy City's underground. At the Fifth Estate, they figure Detroit cops will hassle vendors about once a month, as a matter of letting the paper know that the climate is still chilly. It got better in Philadelphia after seven

JOHN BURKS



John Kois of the Milwaukee Kaleidoscope

were arrested a year ago and the District Attorney threw out the charges. The cops learned that making those busts would get them nowhere and turned their minds to other things.

[REALLY PROVINCIAL HERE]

The Berkeley Barb two weeks ago had a banner headline which shouted "PARANOIA." Exactly.

It is a Canadian paper, however, not an American one, that has suffered the greatest repression. The Georgia Straight in Vancouver (circulation 12,000; named after the Strait of Georgia, the channel of water separating the Canadian mainland from Vancouver Island) operates, at least technically speaking, under the same constitutional guarantees that apply in the United States. The Canadian wording is almost identical. Except that Canada does not have the same tradition of civil liberties as the U.S., and as a consequence local authorities think nothing of coming down really heavily on the Straight when it meets their displeasure. That's what happened with the sixth issue, two years ago.

The Straight was really booming. Circulation had jumped from 10,000 for the first couple of issues, to 15,000 for the third issue, 50,000 for the fourth, and 60,000 for the fifth. The paper was achieving this on a giddy blend of New Left politics, anti-war, dope and sex news that made the stale old Vancouver Province and Vancouver Sun, the daily papers, seem ever staler. The Straight was a threat to Vancouver, no doubt of that to the city administration—and so mid-way through the press run for the sixth issue, in September, 1967, the city government yanked the Straight's business license. This was the same as banning the paper, and it took some little scuffling in the courts to get un-banned.

Somehow the Straight's lanky, 6-foot-2 editor Dan McLeod, who started the paper to combat a ferocious anti-drug (specifically anti-LSD) campaign the daily papers were waging, has kept the paper going. But it's been nasty most of the time. At the present moment, both McLeod and his managing editor, Bob Cummings, are out of jail on \$500 bail each for an obscenity rap. Cummings is the Straight's ex-manag-

Continued on Next Page



JOHN BURES

The Georgia Straight,
Editor Dan McLeod at right:
"How look howsa bout lendin me
half dollar half dollars all
I need and um . . ."

Continued from Preceding Page

ing editor, actually. He quit because the "pressure of the harassment" finally brought him near a breaking point. When you talk with Cummings today, he makes it clear that the constant pressure was almost a physical menace to him—"I could feel it as something that was present almost all the time. I finally had to get away from it."

"It's really provincial here," says 25-year-old Dan McLeod, peering through his thin dark-rimmed spectacles, the long fingers of his right hand idly plucking a strand of beads around his neck. "They're stuck in the nineteenth century." He smiles. "We're trying to help get them out." Another smile. McLeod speaks slowly, with a laconic Mid-western cadence, but without the drawl. With his long wispy, light blond hair, his White Panther button and one eye that wanders—the left eye probably, but it's hard to tell which one—he could pass for a Haight freak.

The first issue, McLeod explains, provoked no trouble at all because "nobody knew what it was. They'd never even heard of underground newspapers. For two whole weeks—until our second issue appeared—there was no trouble at all."

[WALL-TO-WALL CRASHERS]

Soon they lost their printer, and were turned down by every offset printer within 50 miles. So they had to print on a flatbed press. This cost five times as much, plus the expense of a 20 mile ferry ride across the Strait to Victoria, and the Straight's expenses soared. Shortly after the sixth issue was banned, "it became a matter of: don't read that filthy paper," McLeod recalls. "Most of the people who were making it hot for us never read the paper in the first place. But it became an all-out media campaign to make people aware that the Straight was filthy." Another smile. It was at the thirteenth issue that he got the largest, "most establishment" printer in Vancouver to print the Straight. (The printer took the gig, he thinks, out of a feeling that no newspaper should be persecuted out of its right to free expression.) And the fact of getting such a good printer led to more trouble, in another way: "A whole myth started that the Straight was this fantastically successful business venture. We pay our way and that's about it. But the myth is hard to fight."

In fact, McLeod says, the Straight ran under conditions of complete anarchy in its early days with wall-to-wall crashers all over its office floors, and little concern for finances.

The crashers and hangers-on have since cleared out. The Straight's office on Carrall Street in Vancouver's Gastown skid row is an orderly affair, with neat stacks of back issues under the front counter, not too much clutter on the desks, rock and roll posters artfully spaced on the red brick interior walls, and a bright red Coca Cola vending machine at the storefront entranceway. A lot of winos wander in, many of them battered looking Indians, and the Straight staff is gentle with them, by and large. "Hey look howsa bout lendin me half dollar half dollars all I need and um . . ." a bleary, toothless old man begins, then he slumps into a chair. Nobody bothers him. The Straight is located on skid row because a Vancouver entrepreneur is fixing up the block. Several hip shops are being built or planned. Students live upstairs in a hundred-year-old building that once was Vancouver's city jail. "The rent is low," explains McLeod, "and the landlord likes us, and if he makes this into a hip tourist attraction, it won't do us any harm."

McLeod had no experience in journalism before the Straight. Now he does almost everything in producing the paper. He carries a small tape recorder with him all the time to interviews with unsuspecting officials (most recently, the Straight printed a conversation with Vancouver's surprisingly sympathetic city clerk). And McLeod writes most of the Straight's news stories as well, coupling a straightforward writing style with a sure instinct for news. Typical was a story he ban-

nered recently on the front page, which dealt with dope-smokers on the daily Vancouver Sun and began:

"Sun reporter Peter Ladner was fired recently for being honest. He was dismissed within 36 hours after he told a PTA meeting on drugs that he knew of about 20 writers or editors at the Sun who smoke marijuana regularly. The official reason the Sun gave Ladner for his dismissal was incompetence. But Ladner said he was told by a senior editor who handled the firing: 'I'm not going to pretend that your statement on drugs has nothing to do with your dismissal.'"

[THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY GODIVAS]

Consistent with this coverage, the Straight has been one of the more courageous underground papers (along with the Ann Arbor Argus and the Washington Free Press) at carrying photos of Vancouver area narcs in action.

The Straight has given full coverage of Vancouver's Town Fool, Kim Foikis, who's supported to the tune of \$4000 by the Canada Council, but despised by the Vancouver city government. The trouble with the fool, so far as the city is concerned, is that he hangs around the Gastown section with the hippies and winos and makes trouble, saying things like "Turn on—Boom! No more rules! Let's put up a statue of Moses breaking the law tablets," and "The boys will change when they realize that the most beautiful girls only go out with men that are turned on. And this is why the cops are so violent. Here they are, with their uptight women at home, and those hippies walk around with the most beautiful Lady Godivas . . ." And the Straight reports fully on the Town Fool's every doing. He is a hero in an age lacking heroes, so far as Dan McLeod is concerned.

There is this poetic quality about the Georgia Straight. Not so much in the quality and content of the writing—though it sometimes exists there. But in the paper's—McLeod's—vision. Only the Good Times compares. For instance there is the matter of the Straight's staff box, which ceased to contain the names of McLeod and the other editors and writers a few months back, and instead lists, as editor, the city's chief prosecutor, as managing editor a cop who busted McLeod for obscenity, as reporter the premier of the British Columbia provincial government, and as advertising manager the Mayor of Vancouver. "These titles," Dan McLeod grins almost shyly, "are the kind of subtle confrontation we indulge in."

[BLOOD IN THE STREETS]

The Straight seems old-fashioned in the sense that it remains one of the rare elements in underground culture that still speaks openly of a loving, non-violent revolution. No other underground paper came away from the Black Panthers' United Front Against Fascism Conference (in Oakland in July) with the nerve to suggest so forcefully that the Panthers' get-your-gun approach to violent revolution might be bullshit for honky radicals. Scott Lawrance's report/analysis is therefore exceptional:

"When the Afro-Americans and the Mexican Americans and the American Indians respond to violence with violence it is understandable, if not laudable. The social conditions in which they live program them to violent response to all life conflicts. The white radical seems to welcome the chance to make overt the violence which has remained submerged in the black areas of his repressed spontaneity. The violence that is promised by the Left is just enough like the story books to appeal to his yearnings for an adventurous, romantic existence. The violent revolution is an accessible outlet for his twisted dreams . . ."

"It is hard to deal with our lives imaginatively and creatively. Hard to deal with life and its conflicts as the living ebb and flow it is. So much easier is it to take a gun and attempt to destroy what oppresses us. It is so easy to project the devil within each of us to

'out there' (whether in Vietnam or in the form of a brutalizing, yes, and murdering cop) than to confront it in ourselves first . . ."

"To those who will still take up the gun, I say: Good luck, brothers, and love. Our blood will be mingling in the streets before this game is over. But let us remember who the enemies are and not waste our energy fighting each other."

We sit around the dinner table at the Straight's expansive communal house, a two-story, eleven-room turn-of-the-century place with an elegant front entry, high ceilings, front and side and back porches, surrounded by tall grass and sheltered in among evergreens. Dinner is rice pilaff with glasses of milk. The commune ranges in age from 16 (a pretty young blonde who tends the Straight's till) to their mid-forties (husband and wife, whose bright, open children dance and play in the hallways; he is the Straight's "strategist"), and everyone gathers around to rap on the Straight. There is a very pretty wide-eyed blonde and a shorter, perkier brunette. McLeod seems to divide his affections between the two of them. Conversation mainly centers on the heat the authorities are placing on the paper, and McLeod specifically.

[17 YEARS IN THE SLAMMER]

Dan faces our separate court cases. These were scheduled for four successive days in July, then later put off until some time in September. McLeod's court cases:

—For "unlawfully counseling another person to commit an indictable offense, which was not committed"—the Straight reprinted an article from the Good Times called "Plant Your Seeds" telling how to grow and cultivate pot—McLeod could receive up to a seven year sentence.

—For publishing a Dr. Hip Pocrates column offering advice to a young lady who suffered pain during intercourse because of a tight fit (lubricate well, take it slowly, legs open wide, relax), McLeod could get two years on two counts of obscenity.

—For publishing an article entitled "Penis DeMilo created by Cynthia Plaster-Caster," plus an ad wherein a man sought a woman for "muffdiving," plus genitalia on an Acid-Man cartoon character, McLeod could get six years on three obscenity counts.

—And for obstructing cops, McLeod could get another two years. This last one requires a little explanation. Dan was out covering a news story when a teenager in the crowd began to freak out on a psychedelic trip. McLeod attempted to help the young man. Cops pushed him out of the way and said they didn't want him there. McLeod pulled out his press card. It was knocked from his hand by a cop who bears—according to McLeod—a personal grudge against both Dan and the Straight. As McLeod picked up his press card and turned to walk away, he said, "You fucking asshole." Said the laughing cop, as he busted the editor: "We've got you now, McLeod."

If he were to be convicted on all counts and given the maximum sentence in each case, McLeod would serve 17 years in prison. He'd be 42 years old by the time he got out. This is not likely to happen, but it may be that Dan McLeod will wind up doing some time in the slammer. He is surprisingly calm at the prospect.

"I'll probably," he says, quite deliberately, "be in jail just long enough to write a book." He smiles again, quick flash of tooth. "Good books by Canadians are rare, you know. There aren't many decent Canadian writers. I could make a lot of money."

Everybody around the dinner table chuckles. And then five of us pile back into McLeod's car to head back across Vancouver on the freeway to the Straight office, to work through the night getting out the next issue, as winos and bums glide through the glare of the Gastown street lamps on Carrall Street, on the other side of the underground.

A Guide to the Underground

The following is a listing of all the papers mentioned in the story, plus others of varying merit. Write and ask for a sample copy and they'll doubtless come through, unless they've got something better to do, or have folded.

A much more comprehensive listing can be gotten from UPS for the asking.

Ann Arbor Argus, 725 North University, Number 7, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48104, \$3 a year.

Astral Projection, Box 4383, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87106, 5 cents per copy. Yoga, organic living, ecology, metaphysics, hardly any politics. Skimpy, but good vibes.

Berkeley Barb, 2042 University Avenue, Berkeley, California, 94704, \$6 a year.

Berkeley Tribe, PO Box 9043, Berkeley, California, 94709, \$6 a year.

Dallas Notes, Box 7140, Dallas, Texas, 75209, \$4 a year.

Distant Drummer, 420 South Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19147, \$6 a year.

Dock of the Bay, 330 Grove Street, San Francisco, California, \$7.50 a year.

East Village Other, 105 2nd Avenue, New York, New York, 10003, \$6 a year.

Fatigue Press, c/o Oleo Strut, 101 Avenue D, Killeen, Texas, 76541. One of the better anti-military underground papers to have sprung out of the military.

Feathersword, c/o Merlin's Apothecary, PO Box 1648, Gulfport, Mississippi, 39501, \$3.25 a year. Funky, home-made feeling to it. Not much news, but OK vibes, neat potshots at foes, goofy poetry.

Fifth Estate, 1107 West Warren, Detroit, Michigan, 48201, \$3 a year.

Georgia Straight, 217 Carrall Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, \$7 a year.

Good Times, 1550 Howard Street, San Francisco, California, 94103, \$6 a year.

Great Speckled Bird, 187 14th Street, Atlanta, Georgia, 30309, \$6 a year.

El Grito Del Norte, Box 466, Fair-

view Station, Espanola, New Mexico, 87532, \$5 a year. "A cry for justice in northern New Mexico" says the cover logo, and that's exactly what it is. Excellent coverage of the chicanos' struggles to regain their land, the grape strike, and the problems and good times the hippie/communards are having out in the desert.

Helix, 3128 Harvard Street East, Seattle, Washington, 98102, \$7.50 for 52 issues.

IT (International Times), 27 Endell Street, London, WC2, England. As international as Trafalgar Square. Alert, skeptical, paranoid, irreverent, tasty, wordy, arch, clever, serious, witty, graceful, flat-footed coverage of the London hip/radical/pop scene.

Kaleidoscope, Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211, \$5 a year.

Kiss, 105 2nd Avenue, New York, New York, 10003, \$25 a year. Middling pornzine.

Kudzu, Box 22502, Jackson, Mississippi, 39205, \$2.50 a year. Not the tidiest underground paper by any means, written as if on the run, with funky little ads out of 1930s magazines pasted here and there for the hell of it. But mellow. And, for daring to do it out of Jackson, winner of ROLLING STONE's Valor Above & Beyond the Call of Duty Award.

Liberation News Service, 160 Claremont Avenue, New York, New York, 10027, \$15 a month.

Los Angeles Free Press, 7813 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, 90036, \$5 a year.

New York Review of Sex, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 10011, \$5 for 12 issues. Doesn't really get it on.

Nola Express, Box 2342, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70116, \$3 for 24 issues. Largely a Movement paper. Newsy. Not pretty to look at.

Old Mole, 2 Brookline, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, \$5 for 20 issues (\$3 for students). In the shadow of Harvard. Wow, do they take the people's struggle seriously. In the Old Mole, the revolution has already begun and Our Side is really getting mauled.

Om, c/o Roger Priest, U.S. Navy, PO Box 1033, Washington, DC, 20013, \$5 a year to civilians, free to servicemen. One of the gutsiest of the military under-

grounders (there are dozens), first published out of the Pentagon when Navy man Priest was assigned there. He was re-assigned, then busted. Om's future may be uncertain. But what a past! It takes balls to publish an anti-military newsletter out of the Pentagon with Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird on the front cover identified as "People's Enemy Number One—A pig, by any other name, is still a pig."

Orpheus, Bin 1832, Phoenix, Arizona, 85001, \$3.50 for 10 issues. A magazine, national in character. Reprints a lot of good stuff. Problem is that it's not tied to any local scene, and thereby loses urgency, seems somewhat random in its perspective. But urgency isn't the point. A satisfactory underground reader's digest.

Other Scenes, Box 8, Village Station, New York, New York, 10014, \$5 a year.

Oz, Princedale Road, London W11, England, \$5 a year for overseas subscriptions (36/ in the United Kingdom). The hippest and best underground magazine anywhere. They're so hip they're insulting about it. But it's the best source for what's avant in England.

Peninsula Observer, 1969 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California, 94303, \$5.50 for 48 issues.

Philadelphia Free Press, 1237 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Movement in Philly and elsewhere, as seen through Philadelphia radical eyes.

Pleasure, Fuzzy Wuzzy Publications, Inc., 200 West 20th Street, New York, New York, 10011, 35 cents an issue. Good to middlin' pornzine.

The Rag, 2200 Guadalupe, Austin, Texas, 78705, \$7.50 a year. Birthplace of the Texas underground, which in turn has fathered Rat in New York (its editor, Jeff Shero, was on the original Rag) and Space City News in Houston (whose guiding spirit, Thorne Dreyer, ditto). Heavy on Movement coverage, but with a sense of humor and earthiness. Kind of sloppy, in typical underground style. Seems, regrettably, to have lost some of its earlier spirit. Maybe it's all the hassles the Dallas authorities put them through.

Rat, 241 East 14th Street, New York, New York, 10003, \$5 a year.

Sage, PO Box 1741, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501, \$3 a year. Groovy little paper on the lives, loves and tribulations of communing in the desert. If you've got eyes to do it in New Mexico yourself, it will be wise to peruse a few issues of Sage to get an idea what lies ahead.

San Diego Free Press, 751 Turquoise Street, San Diego, California, 92109, \$10 for 50 issues. Passable reportage on the San Diego underground trip.

Screw, Milky Way Productions, Inc., Subscription Dept. 16, PO Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York, 10011, \$20 a year. Smut with a smile.

Chicago Seed, 2628 North Halstead, Chicago, Illinois, 60614, \$6 for 26 issues.

Seventy-Nine Cent Spread, Box 5134, Carmel, California, 93921, \$3.60 a year. Absurdist re-shufflings of the events, non-events, notions, lies and ennui of these troubled times. Perfectly delightful.

Space City News, 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas, 77004, \$5 a year. Two-fisted coverage of Houston, beyond what is normally thought of as underground, into the workings of city hall, the local media and the money changers. With a distinctly, but not overpoweringly, Movement tone. Hip. Makeup still a bit jangly, but they're learning. Paper's only three months old. Short on cultural news.

Spokane Natural, Box 1276, Spokane, Washington, 99201, \$5 a year. Hip and revolutionary in a woodsy, Northwestern way. Not too stylishly wrote. But good vibes.

Underground Press Syndicate, Box 1832, Phoenix, Arizona, 85001.

View From The Bottom, 532 State Street, New Haven, Connecticut, \$5 for 20 issues. Brand-new paper, just started in July. First couple of issues have a nice feeling to them, the kind of *elan* that was more typical in the underground a couple of years ago. Hip. Nice to look at. A lot of stuff borrowed from other papers, but the New Haven coverage reads just fine, too. Nice start.

Washington Free Press, 1522 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, DC, 20036, \$6 a year.

Water Tunnel, Box 136, State College, Pennsylvania, 16801, \$3 a year.

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alism and versatility of what he saw and heard. And John Mayall, who jammed with them at the Kinetic Playground in Chicago, called them the best band he'd ever heard.

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'Pop Chronicles' Chronicle Pop

By JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—For more than six months KRLA, this city's "intellectual" pop radio station, has been presenting hour-long weekly installments of "John Gilliland's Pop Chronicles," an in-depth history of rock and roll. For the serious aficionado of pop music and the casual listener alike, it's been a nearly unqualified success.

Each Sunday evening at six the program has begun, recounting the development of the music and the individual musicians in chronological order, starting with what the program's creator, researcher, writer and narrator John Gilliland called "Tin Pan Alley Pop: 1950," featuring interviews with Mitch Miller, the Weavers and Stan Freberg.

Since that time, in February, the chronicles have come forward to 1964 and 1965, when the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan assumed the divergent thrones of pop. In some cases, a week's episode has assumed coverage of entire periods or categories of music, while others have been devoted to single artist or group.

A recent chapter considered the Stones. It opened with a brief interview with Mick Jagger, conducted during a Stones rehearsal in London; behind the talk you could hear the others in the group jamming. And in the background of the interview with Phil Spector, associated with the Stones along with Jack Nitzsche at the time, the music of one of Spector's groups, the Crystals, was heard. In this fashion, the music and interviews formed a blend, giving production an A-plus, giving the show a depth not heard in other rock documentaries.

Other interviews in Gilliland's coverage of what he called "the Avis of rock" (a flaw, however slight, in the script) included talks with Eric Burdon, Jerry Wexler, Ian Whitcomb, English pop writer Penny Valentine and Howlin' Wolf. All had good, and informative, things to say about the Stones.

Occasionally this episode was overproduced, as when Gilliland dealt with the reaction to the Stones' first American tour and following a statement that the corn belt had downed the Stones, he inserted an oink from a sound effects tape, then had a staff announcer shout through an echo machine: "Get a haircut!" He also recreated, using actors, the segment of John Lennon's ROLLING STONE interview that considered the Stones.

Besides this, in Gilliland's delivery there occasionally seemed to be an overemphasis placed on the importance of an event in the Stones' development—as when he made the writing of "Satisfaction" (poolside at a hotel in Florida) sound as significant an event as the signing of the Magna Carta or Declaration of Independence.

No matter. The emphasis was on the music of the Stones, just as in other, earlier, episodes the emphasis was on the music of other artists.

Gilliland claims to have spent more than two years in preparing this series and it sounds that well researched. Often the listener has been left wanting more, but that's one of entertainment's precepts: Leave them wanting more! This contrasts with the totally different (but equally excellent) KHJ "rockumentary" which when first broadcast covered 72 hours of air time, non-stop, including more music—more records, statistically—but less first-person information. (The KHJ review of rock has since been repeated locally in 12-hour blocks.)

KRLA's series of 52 shows is set to run through next February, with the possibility there will be 57 in all, followed by a two-hour closing show called "The Pop Chronicles Crammer." Gilliland, a former Dallas disc jockey who came to KRLA's news department in 1965, said it was difficult to plan a definite end to the series: "We may even keep it open end."

Besides KRLA, KPRI in San Diego, KQEO in Albuquerque and a station in Australia are currently broadcasting the show, with WCBS in New York set to begin in October, Armed Forces Radio shortly thereafter. A station in Norfolk carried the first 12.

Working with Gilliland in what has essentially been a one-man job are Chester Coleman, engineer and associate producer, and the members of KRLA's "Credibility Gap" news team, serving as actors on the show.



Sky River food: Get your red hots here

A Melting Pot at Sky River Festival

BY TOM MILLER

TENINO, Washington—The Second Annual Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair (or Sasrrfaltaf for short), held in Tenino, (teh-NINE-no) was comprised of three days, close to forty groups, twenty five food and paraphernalia booths and 40,000 music fans. And none of it was shuck, not even close. The reputation rock promoters have been getting of being shuck-artists for charging outrageous amounts for "the people's music" (whatever that means) was built up in part by festivals, and thus whenever it's obvious that the "people" are getting what they want, it is quite noticeable.

The Sasrrfaltaf promoters, NAC, is a non-profit group which helps Indians and blacks in the region; in fact the fest was billed as "a benefit for cultural and ecological organizations in the Pacific Northwest." Most performers were from the San Francisco Bay area and north. There were a few big names, but artists got the grand sum of fifty dollars a throw for each performance, plus expenses. So big name groups like Steve Miller and band, James Cotton, Terry Reid and Buddy Guy played along side lesser known quality groups. The blend was good, and so was the spirit. Even amateur bands could do impromptu shows on the "free stage" located outside the main entrance.

All technical problems remained at a minimum. The sound could be heard by everyone, traffic flowed as smooth as it could on foot and wheel, Seattle's Open Door Clinic never had a waiting line too long, water was available (and free), portable toilets (someone should do a rock song about them) worked, and few if any people snuck in. And there were no on-the-site busts.

The fact that everything *did* occur was in itself phenomenal. NAC was kicked out of one town and turned down at others, until its president John Chambliss made a statewide appeal for a site. The Rainier Herford Ranch offered its 360 acres for \$5000, and the local Tenino reactionaries set in. It ended in an injunction against the festival until 24 hours before the beginning, when the Washington State Supreme Court ruled by five to two that rock must prevail. Chambliss has announced that rock would go on whether the state court like it or not; and in one sense it's too bad the Court decision didn't go the other way—it would have brought out into the open the issue of "The State versus Rock Culture."

So the show went on with the meaningless sanction of the State, and people camped out on vast fields set aside for that purpose. Many freaks came down from Canada, others from all over the U.S. The spirit of all these music fans rose and flowered in a free, bust-less environment. Subcultures blended together well; in fact the most beautiful sight of the three days was seeing a hundred longhairs enthusiastically square-dancing to the New Lost City Ramblers backed up by Dr. Humbead's New Tranquility String Band. The Sky River Hoedown spirit carried over to other groups as well.

When there are forty groups playing, it's crazy to try to comment on each one, but some deserve mention because of the atmosphere and music they created. Mark Spoelstra and company was the first high quality country and western group to perform, and by the time Country Weather staged their C&W show, the guitar pickin' was especially well received. A change of pace came with the smooth sound of the Charles Lloyd Quartet jazz; and the tone switched once again when Alice Stuart's easy-going, clear quality voice came on.

Back to good hard rock with Yellowstone; then the surprising showstoppers of the first day, the Flying Burrito Brothers with their fine down-home unabashed hillbilly C&W ("the rolling part of rock and roll" they said). Elyse Weinberg did a good open stage presentation of coffeehouse singing, and was obviously overwhelmed with the crowd. Terry Reid was good, but seemed out of place. The most in-place performance was James Cotton, who brought the crowd to its collective feet demanding more. Cotton's blues enveloped the crowd, and was a hard set to follow for Buddy Guy, who also turned in a fine performance. The most hard driving rock of the whole festival was Steve Miller and band.

Music, no matter how good, does not a festival make. Simultaneously competing for attention were legitimate hustlers on a midway within earshot of the stage. Booth sponsors were cultural and political groups. You could get soda from the ACLU or candy from an SDS stand diagonally across the midway ("all power to the people candy"). Raising bail money for streetniks busted in Seattle was a kissing booth, which by the third day had its topless staff equipped for AC/DC clientele. A Soul Sister Kitchen offered good food and the Afro-American Fashion Shop did a fine business. Small-time hip entrepreneurs from Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle peddled their goods, while food concessionaires unloaded adequate eats at respectable prices. And Indians sold baked corn for 15¢ an ear.

The obvious high was not the goods bought and sold on the midway, but the freak carnival atmosphere this created. One guy set up a cigarette stand with bootlegged goods from Oregon. This prompted the most absurd note of the whole affair—a state revenue agent came on the grounds to close down the stand.

Other smokables were not busted. The dope drought vanished into myth and memory, as dealers lined the entranceway. Peddling was so free-dealing that one pusher with Madison Avenue tendencies concocted a party-pak; a lid for \$10, or a combination of a lid plus two hits of mescaline for \$13. Grass was so plentiful heads spread the rumor that U.S. and Mexican authorities had allowed a shipment of marijuana to be flown in for the festival.

Few people got burned, and no hard drugs were visible. The competition for sales got so thick that Sky River Rock promoters can now claim they sponsored the first festival in the country where a dealer used a day-glo paint sales sign. As at other festivals, dope was freely passed around among strangers. Booze was also doing well; Ripple wasn't on sale, but Bali Hai outsold the rest by wide margins. Mescaline was doing better than acid by almost three to one.

Other promoters should check out the way Sky River handled security. The closest state and local police got was traffic control and hassling hitchhikers. Inside the grounds a well-organized brigade of freaks, some with walkie-talkies, patrolled the area and blended in so well no one could tell who they were. They fit in simply because they were in every respect part of the audience—all were grooving with the sound, some were dealing, most were stoned—and all were effective. It resembled a latter-day Keystone Kops routine; when one freak-guard caught someone trying to sneak in at night, he yelled "Far out! We caught you!" Another heinous crime averted. Panthers from Seattle, who grooved with the whole environment, fit in well with the security forces, as did some Washington cycle freaks.

The success of the peaceful high atmosphere was due to the variety of people gathered together in the country. The city-to-country exodus of freaks from metropolitan environs is a good thing; this Sky River cultfest confirmed that for many. Even the straight 49-year-old reporter for a Seattle paper took his first tokes and grooved to the last night stoned.

And the town of Tenino made money, so the locals are happy. But more than that, they are happy because the festival finally put them on the map. Tenino used to be a logging stop on the railroad, but nobody ever knew the town's name. It was stop 10-9-0, get it?

BRUCE KELLMAN

If it shook up Ralph Gleason, imagine what it'll do to you.

Critic Ralph Gleason gets our nomination for the man most likely to have heard everything.

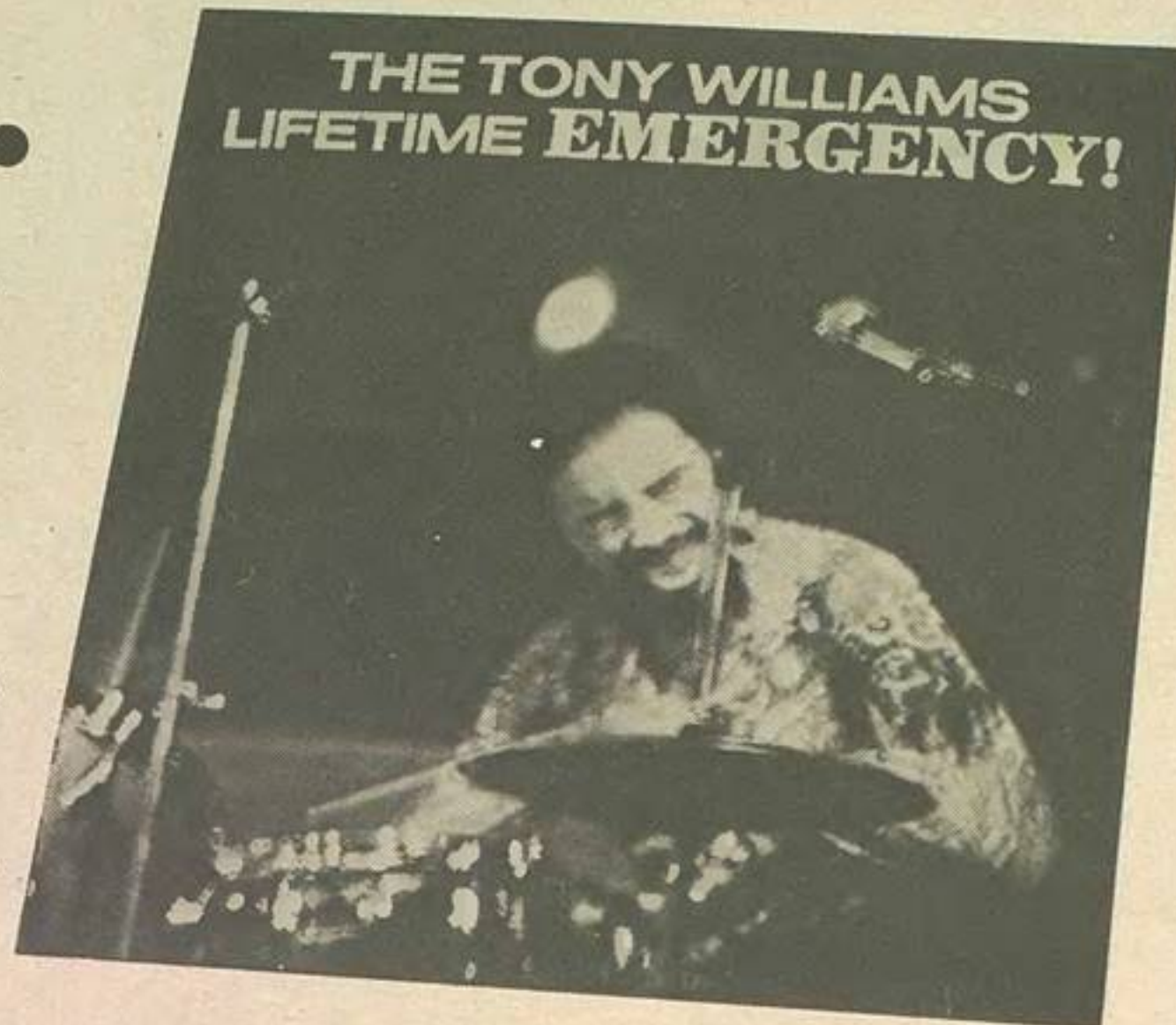
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Airplane Free in Orleans Pot Case

NEW ORLEANS—Jefferson Airplane bassist Jack Casady's bum trip in this Mardi Gras town is finally over. He was given a two-and-a-half year suspended sentence on a marijuana charge stemming from a bust May 16th in his hotel room.

Five others—managers and friends of the Airplane—were either given suspended sentences or dismissals from their charges.

In criminal district court August 22nd, two of the defendants—Casady and his brother, equipment manager Chic Casady, pleaded guilty to charges of "attempted possession of marijuana," which carry a penalty of two and a half years in the state pen. They were duly sentenced, then heard their sentences suspended and replaced with five years probation. An artist friend, Mary Ann Mayer, was convicted of possession, sentenced to "five years at hard labor" at the state penitentiary, then given a suspended sentence and probation.

All three were ordered to pay court costs of \$28 or serve 30 days in jail. They took a total of maybe two seconds to decide.

"Attempt to possess" charges against Airplane manager Bill Thompson, road manager Bill Laudner, and a friend, Tona Cohen, were then dismissed.

The busts were made in a raid after a Royal Orleans Hotel rent-a-cop smelled what he thought was the evil weed coming out of Casady's room and called the cops. The arrests came in the middle of a short southeastern swing of free and paid concerts by the Airplane.

Fillmore's Latest: A Record Label

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—Bill Graham's Fillmore Corporation has given this city's recently-quavering rock and roll scene another shot in the arm: Executive vice-president David Robinson has announced the formation and debut of a Fillmore record label.

The company will bow in with the release of three albums—by Elvin Bishop, Aum, and Cold Blood. Several other acts have been signed, including the locally-popular folk/jazz unit Lamb. Also ready: a distribution setup with two major record companies, a lease on a studio (Pacific Recording in San Mateo), and plans for further developing and recording "contemporary/classical" music forms—including synthesizers and symphonies—in San Francisco.

There will actually be two labels, just as Graham has two Fillmore emporiums. One, called Fillmore, will be distributed by Columbia, while the other, Fillmore East, will be distributed by Atlantic Records.

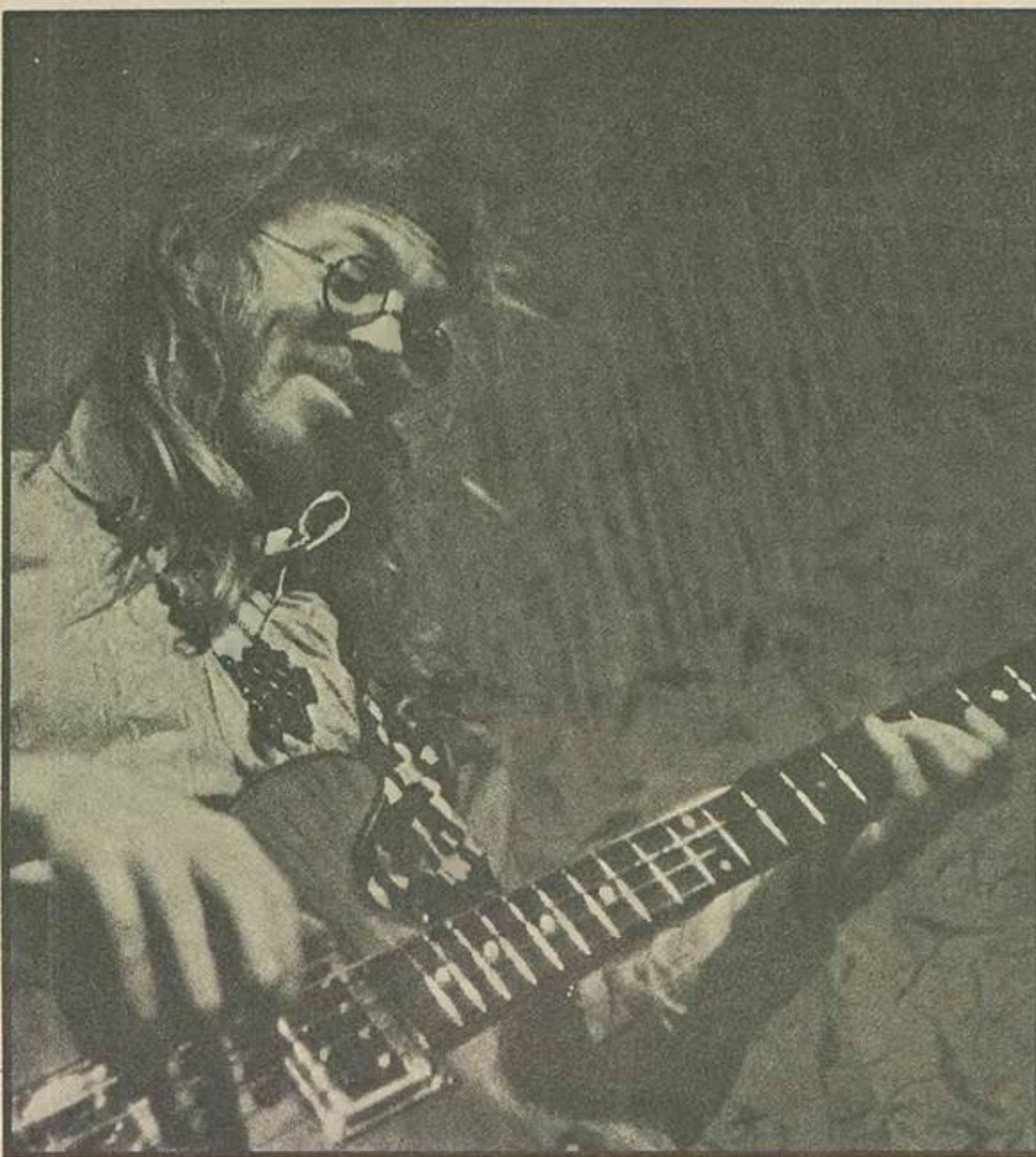
"There are two labels," Robinson said, "because they're different kinds of companies. Columbia is the best company-owned, company-distributed company, while Atlantic is the best independent and independently-distributed company." Aum, formerly with London Records, and Elvin Bishop, ex-Butterfield guitarist, are on Fillmore; Cold Blood, a brassy rock/soul septet, are on Fillmore East.

All three albums were produced by Robinson, known best for his production work for Moby Grape, the Chambers Brothers, Tim Rose, and Taj Mahal.

Fillmore's move into the record industry is the culmination of six months of activities on the part of Robinson, who left Columbia Records and stepped into the corporation in early March.

While here, he set up and has been directing the company's free seminars on rock music. For the past two months, between 200 and 400 persons have been attending regular lectures covering all aspects of the recording business—artistic, legal, managerial, financial and technical—with Robinson, Graham, engineer Ron Wickersham and rock barker Brian Rohan among major successful speakers. The free seminars, eminently successful, will be repeated in December after completion of the current cycle of lectures and workshops.

In short, Robinson said, "I've been making contacts with people to fit myself into San Francisco." The label, he added, will definitely maintain a locally-oriented



HANK LERO

style of operation. "It'll be not exclusively, but basically, San Francisco. All art, layout, and photography work for our product will be done in San Francisco.

"Our goal is to be involved in the stupendous growth of the creative community here, which has so far been hampered only by a lack of expertise."

San Francisco, launching pad nearly four years ago for a hard-edged, heady kind of music arguably labeled "acid rock" and "the San Francisco sound" and home base for literally hundreds of groups arguably labeled "San Francisco bands," has had record companies here before. In 1963, Autumn, owned by former KYA disc jockeys Tom Donahue and the late Bob Mitchell, put out an admirable string of hits—by such groups as the Beau Brummels, the Vejtables, Bobby Freeman, and the Mojo Men—before folding up in 1964, two years before the Haight-Ashbury.

Fantasy Records, once located in the industrial sector of town (they've since moved to Oakland) has always been an unheard-from oasis, removed from the mainstream with the exception of random hits like Vince Guaraldi's "Cast Your Fate to the Wind," Johnnie Taylor's "Part Time Love," and, recently, the barrage of hits from their former stock boy John Fogerty's Creedence Clearwater Revival.

During the height of activity in San Francisco, however, while Mercury, Columbia, Capitol, and a dozen other labels were grabbing up the local bands, Fantasy sat on its island. Today, in rock, the company seems little more than a distributor for Creedence.

Companies that stormed into the city signing up rock bands have displayed a singular lack of ability to handle their new properties, much less record, produce, and market them. So while San Francisco artists helped generate a lucrative new field in the music business, they haven't received a righteous share of the profits. It's been that way since the first band—the Jefferson Airplane—were signed—and it's been obvious that a solid, rock and roll-conscious, community-oriented record company, staffed by able producers and engineers, has been sorely needed.

Fillmore, at the moment, has only one main man on the creative end: Robinson. He has been administrator and scout as well as producer of all of the company's output thus far. But, he said, "We'll be hiring producers for future LPs. We'll also hire engineers and train them if necessary."

Pacific Recording, located down the San Francisco Peninsula, is being outfitted with a new Quad 8 24-track board for Fillmore, which has a lease on prime-time hours on the studio. All three Fillmore's debut albums (Aum and Bishop will be out this month; Cold Blood is due next month) were done at Pacific. And Robinson, maintaining an indepen-

dent producer's status with Columbia (on behalf of Fillmore Corporation), recently produced the Chambers Brothers' latest LP, *Love Peace and Happiness*, there.

Other ideas up Fillmore Records' sleeves include a sound track operation—"a whole new idea in soundtracks," according to Robinson—where the company conceives, develops, produces records, and distributes the music. "We'll deal with the director and the stars to come up with the music; we hire the musicians and writers; and we make the label deal." Again, Robinson said, "We'll keep it in the family, and have people in San Francisco doing the work."

Fillmore, the record company (ies), will remain entirely independent of the corporation's other wings—the Millard booking agency, a now-forming Fillmore Artists' Co-Op, and the mother Fillmores West and East.

Crosby, Stills, Etc. A Sellout, Etc.

LOS ANGELES—Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young made an auspicious hometown debut last month, selling out all seven nights at the city's fashionable Greek Theater.

Capacity of the outdoor theater is approximately 4,400, which means the musical alliance drew more than 30,000 during the week-long engagement. They also earned a tidy \$70,000 for the gig.

What makes this noteworthy is that when CSN&Y were booked to appear in the Griffith Park amphitheater, they'd not yet appeared anywhere publicly, and the Crosby, Stills & Nash album for Atlantic hadn't even been recorded yet.

And, although Tom Jones and the Fifth Dimension—both proven acts, remember—both preceded CSN&Y at the Greek, the theater generally is known for presenting the likes of Johnny Mathis, Henry Mancini, and Don Ho, also scheduled during the current season.

"It was a gamble," a spokesman for promoter Jimmy Doolittle said mid-way through the engagement. "At first we thought we'd made a mistake," she continued. "The act was very weak in advance sales, and we were afraid many of those who had season tickets weren't all that interested in an act like this... let's put it this way: the people who usually come to the Greek Theater aren't used to seeing quite that much hair on men."

But, she said, "Opening night ended our worries. The kids may not have had season tickets and they may not have been much in the advance sale department, but at the boxoffice it was incredible. They came out of the hills in trucks. Now we've sold out every show and opening night we had to turn hundreds away."

As for the show itself, it, too, was exceptional. David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash and Neil Young—sharing the bill with Joni Mitchell—earned standing ovations and encores nearly every night.

The first part of the group's performance, each played two or three songs alone, limiting the accompaniment to acoustical guitar. The drums of Dallas Taylor and bass of Greg Reeves, the latter recently added to the band, were not even in view. With Joni Mitchell preceding them, it was for more than two hours essentially a folk concert.

Songs played during the initial half of the CSN&Y set included the song Stills wrote to Judy Collins, "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" and Nash's "Lady of the Island," both from the album recorded when it was Crosby, Stills & Nash; "Four and Twenty," a new song by Stills; and Young's "I've Loved Her So Long."

Following this gracious, uncluttered opening, a curtain behind the quartet of singer-songwriters opened, revealing banks of huge amplifiers, electric guitars, organ, drums and bass. It was time for some rock and roll.

Joined by Taylor and Reeves now, CSN&Y played, among others, Young's composition "Sea of Madness" and "Wooden Ships" (by Crosby and Stills) and "Marrakesh Express" (by Nash), the latter two from the Crosby, Stills & Nash LP and the last of the songs the band's hit.

Only a few of the older season ticket holders were seen leaving before the concert's end.

This was the group's third public appearance and came only nine weeks after Crosby, Stills and Nash first got together. They had previously performed at the Woodstock Music and Art Fair (at 5 AM on Monday) and at the Chicago Auditorium. Several earlier dates had been cancelled because of nodes on Nash's vocal chords.

Following the Greek Theater engagement, they were to videotape appearances on three television shows, *Tom Jones*, *The Music Scene* and *Hollywood Palace*.

After that they were scheduled to perform at Fillmore East in New York September 19th and 20th at the Fillmore West in San Francisco October 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

Burglars Clean Up At the Matrix

SAN FRANCISCO—The Matrix night club, one of San Francisco's first rock showcases, is looking for some music connoisseurs who took off with a pile of sound equipment and a stack of valuable live tapes early last month.

The loot includes recordings of a Johnny Winter-Elvin Bishop jam at the club and vintage tapes of early Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and Blues Project performances.

The Matrix regularly records booked artists with their permission and keep tapes in a private collection pending negotiations. Previous tapes have been turned into albums of Grace Slick with the Great Society and, more recently, the *Early Steppenwolf* LP on Dunhill.

But sometime in the early morning of August 1st, someone kicked a hole through a side door and burgled the club's office, where the tapes happened to be stored awaiting delivery to a studio for re-mastering. The crooks also took off with a pre-amp, a pair of power amplifiers, ten mikes, two Sony tape recorders, a set of headphones, a ham radio, and 20 reels of blank tape—all Matrix property and valued at some \$4000. The only thing left alone was a huge, heavy control board.

Other recorded tapes swiped included a Steve Miller set taped at a Matrix benefit last summer, a recording of Ten Years After at the Fillmore West, and a Flaming Groovies tape.

The club had no insurance on the stolen goods, according to owner Pete Abram. The recorded tapes, of course, are priceless. Still, the Matrix is offering a "10 percent reward on anything returned" and promises no question to anyone bringing in any of the stash.

The Matrix is still recording its acts with equipment borrowed from various friends and with its own Magnecorder tape machine. It was in the repair shop the morning of the rip-off.

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SAN FRANCISCO AREA

LEAD GUITARIST wanted, exp'd, draft-free, own axe & amp. All-orig. group: must cut time & chord changes. Jerry—681-4001, SF.

LEAD SINGER, 19, rock or blues, with real feeling. Dave—286-4134, San Jose.

DRUMMER & BASS needed by lead singer, guitarist & organist. Heavy blues/rock. Jim or Randy—397-4086, SF.

BLUES GUITARIST looking for real blues people. Charlie—252A Central, SF.

NEEDED: Bass, Drummer & backup guitarist who can honestly play. Bob—388-9695 or 388-8183, Mill Valley.

BLACK LIGHT Explosion Co. needs piano, bass (upright & elec.), reed & brass. 621-4685, 330 Grove St., SF.

FLUTIST / GUITARIST / singer / songwriter wants to join or form blues/rock/jazz group. Jesse—658-6189, Berkeley.

FUNKY DRUMMER & Bass heavy singer wanted, over 21. Ed—648-8033 after 6, SF.

KEYBOARD NEEDED by 3 serious musicians. Positively no freaks, own equip., must have drive & ideas. Write or come talk; Michael Farnham—2023 Oak St., SF.

TUBIST WANTS jazz or rock gig, 12 yrs. playing exp. Rik Bogen—221-8307, SF.

UNUSUAL GUITARIST seeks unusual, proficient group. No blues, R&B, C&W, soul. 1 dig Ornette, Townshend, Zappa & Cage. Mark—525-5702, Berkeley.

GUITARIST & DRUMMER looking for keyboard, bass, vocal or blues-oriented band. Serious. Bob—688-9006 after 7 PM, SF.

CHICK SINGER into jazz blues to team with guitarist/singer. Interesting vocal harmonies, orig. material. Auditions—383-0665, Mill Valley.

INEXP'D DRUMMER wants to get together with other inexp'd musicians to form band from scratch. R&R & R&B. Have place to practice. Hip, weird, over 18. Danny Mars—53 Eastlake Ave, Daly City.

OTHER CALIFORNIA

CHICK SINGER looking for blues band preferably. Exp'd folk/rock. Cheryl—426-2646, Chula Vista.

VIOLINIST, elec. & acoustic, seeks gig. Exp'd classical/rock/R&B/soul. Can read & have equip. & wheels. John Tenney—726-2409, Half Moon Bay.

CHICK DRUMMER, 21, sings, own drums & exp. 4 yrs. Digs good music. Living

in San Diego soon. Janice—5026 Newton Road, Placerville.

NEW YORK AREA

FUNKY GUITARIST wanted who digs Cocker/Rhino type rock. Inexp'd OK. Al—CL 4-7154, after 7 PM, Brooklyn.

LEAD SINGER wanted: Robert Plant style voice for Led Zeppelin type group. Some equip. needed. Marc—KI 7-2320, Bronx.

MUSICIANS WANTED to start new group. No exp. necessary, but must help write material. Vinny—851-6611, Brooklyn.

ELECTRIC VIOLINIST looking for gig. Have acoustic, having first solid-bodied ever made for me. 10 yrs. classical exp., into blues/jazz/rock/atonal. LO 9-7167, 195 Nagle Ave, NYC 70034.

BASS PLAYER needed for rock group. Must know how to use bass & sing. Good equip. Marc—KI 7-2320, Bronx.

LYRICIST SEEKING collaborator with good head & musical soul for blues & ballads. Ronnie Kahn—756-0315, 10 E. 55 St, Brooklyn.

KEYBOARD/DRUMMER needed to form fantastic new rock group. Kim—NR 2-7366, Queens.

DRUMMER, DRAFT-free, wants to join group with week-end gigs. Keith—TA 7-5814, Queens.

THIS GIRL plays that funky beat. Needs band. 'Drumski'—866-7093, NYC.

HEAVY BASSIST looking for group or loose musicians to form group; have good equip., exp'd., can double on guitar, harp & others. Willing to experiment. Vic—434-2266, Jersey City, N.J.

BASSIST, ORGAN &/or piano player needed to complete group. Orig. material. Must be serious & patient. Eddie Verdi—867-2263, after 7 PM, Union City, New Jersey.

OTHER EAST COAST

EXTRAORDINARY SINGER wanted to front loud Latin/R&B group. Guy or chick, black or white. Message 491-1188; Jim Thompson—14 Watson St, Cambridge, Mass.

EXP'D DRUMMER seeks musicians in strictly Grateful Dead style. Exp'd in same & willing to work, dig it. Joe Peterson—WY 4-4777, 4605 Griffin Drive, Wilmington, Del.

BASSIST/VOCALS, some guitar, 6 yrs. rock exp., draft-free, good equip. Libra. Want working group in Phila. area. Charlie—561-2755, 6-7 PM, 1527 Spruce St, Phila. 19102.

RHYTHM GUITARIST, bass player, vocalist needed for Traffic type thing. No exp. necessary but must write. Rich—484-3964 or Joe—484-3707, Baltimore.

LEAD GUITARIST, Calif. exp., wants to join or form group in Durham, Chapel Hill or Raleigh area. Steve—544-2889, Durham, N.C.

BASSMAN WANTED for road band. Double on woodwinds or piano/vocal. No school, draft or chick hangups. Squackman, 3322 Juliet St., Pittsburgh.

LYRICIST SEEKS rock composer with flexible head. In early 20's. R. Ciolino—1203 88 St, North Bergen, N.J.

ELSEWHERE

ORGANIST, DOUBLE piano/guitar available. Good equip., exp'd, blues/rock. Jack—648-4022, Corinth-Baldwin Music, 83 & Mission, Prairie Village, Kan.

SERIOUS, DEDICATED bassist (19) wants good people, heavy rock/blues. Must be professional in sound & looks. Will travel now. Gary Brown—715-11 Ave. No., South St. Paul, Minn.

FEMALE MUSICIANS: rock/R&B/blues/progressive need organ, drums, bass & horns. Want group that really kicks. Only serious, professional musicians. D. Brodie, "Lunatic Fringe" c/o CASK Attractions—6677 Lincoln Ave, Chicago.

SERIOUS BASS player & lead guitarist wanted by serious blues/hard rock band. Must have good equip & creativity. Chris Mizyk—282-2522, 5029 W. Roscoe St, Chicago.

DRUMMER NEEDS bass player, chick singer, lead & rhythm guitarists to form heavy rock group. Kevin—871-4042, Cincinnati.

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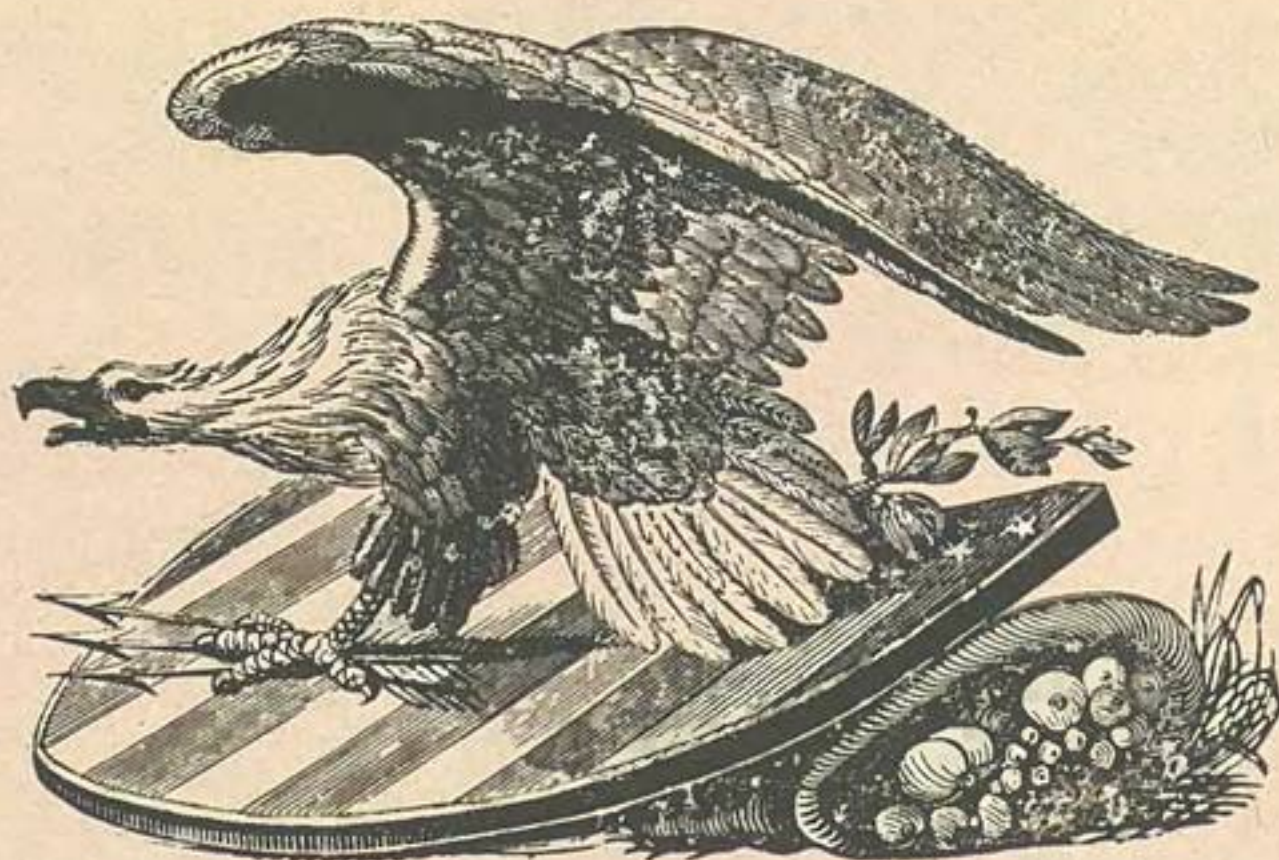
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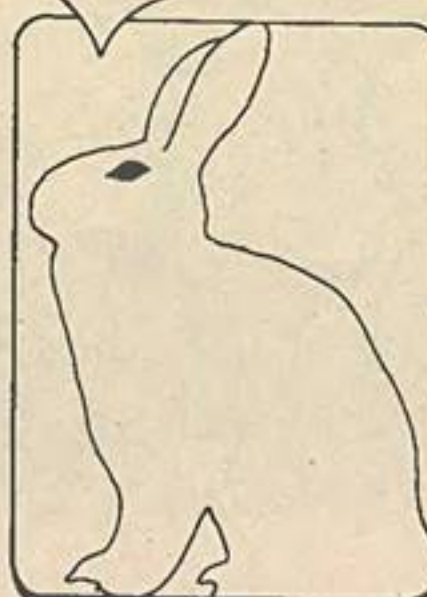
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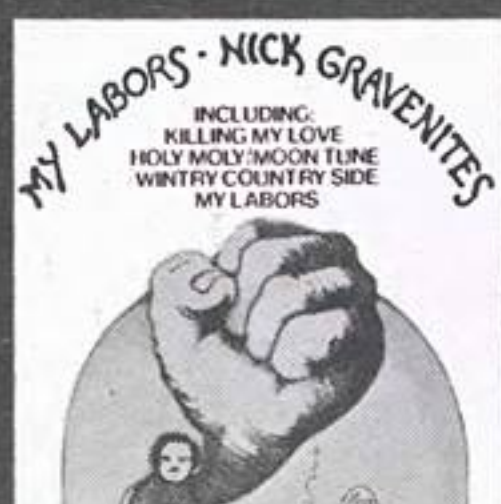
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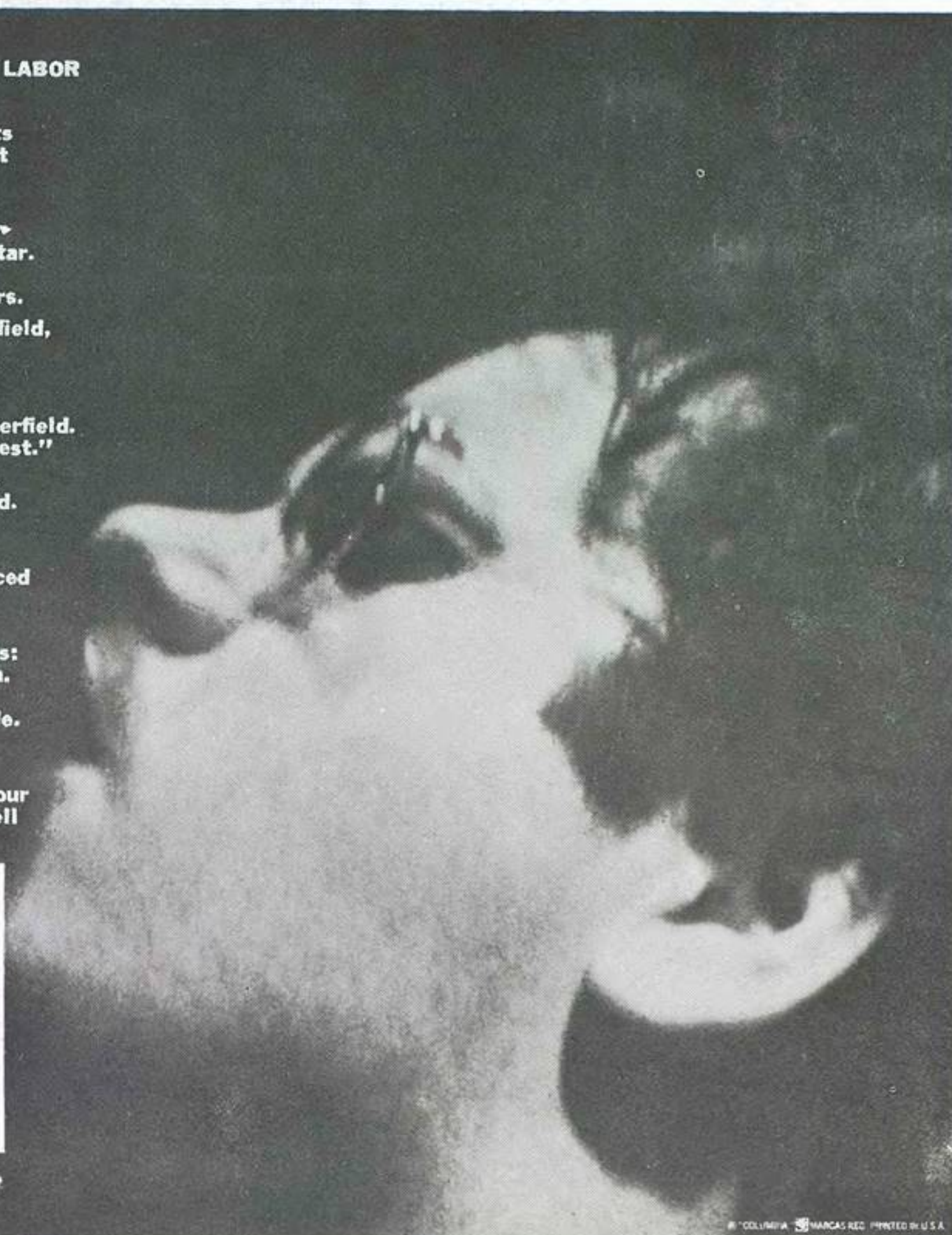
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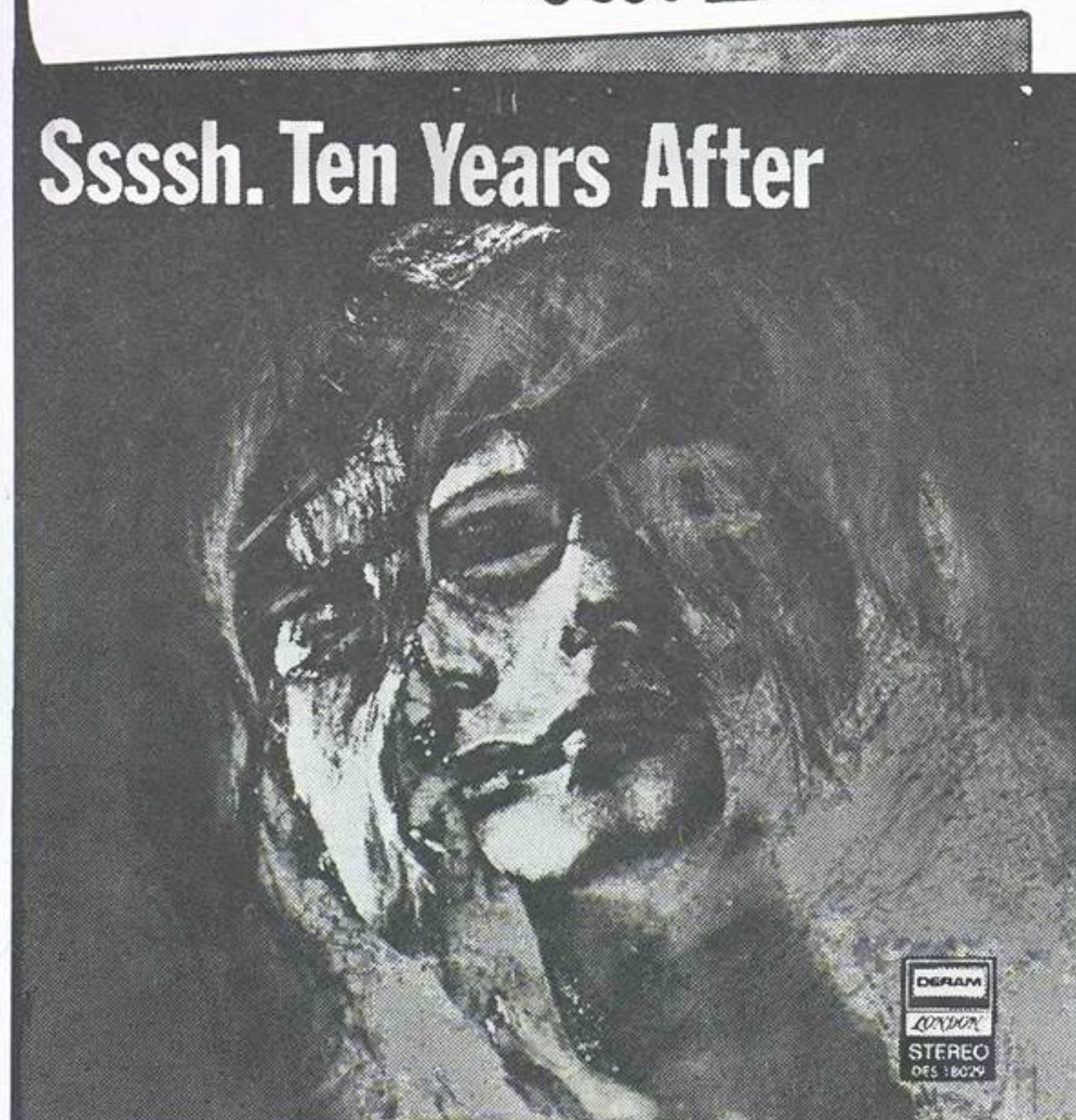
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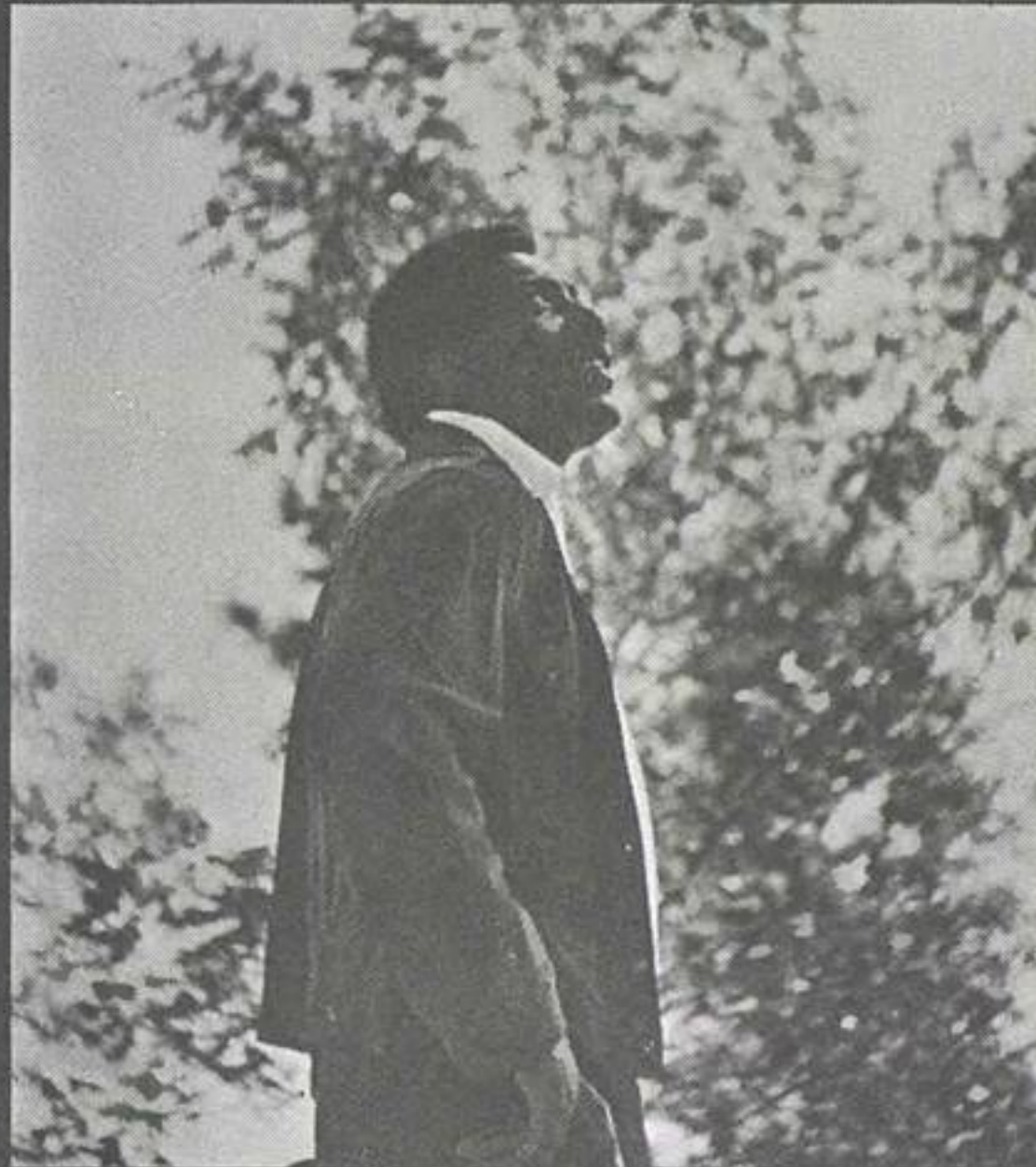
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